CORONET

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Dangerous Myths In The Marriage Manuals

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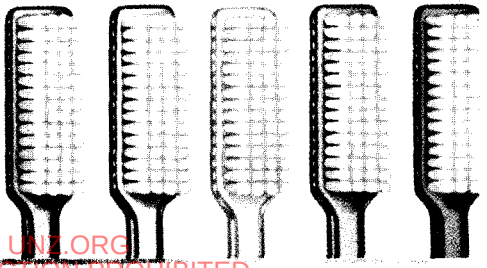

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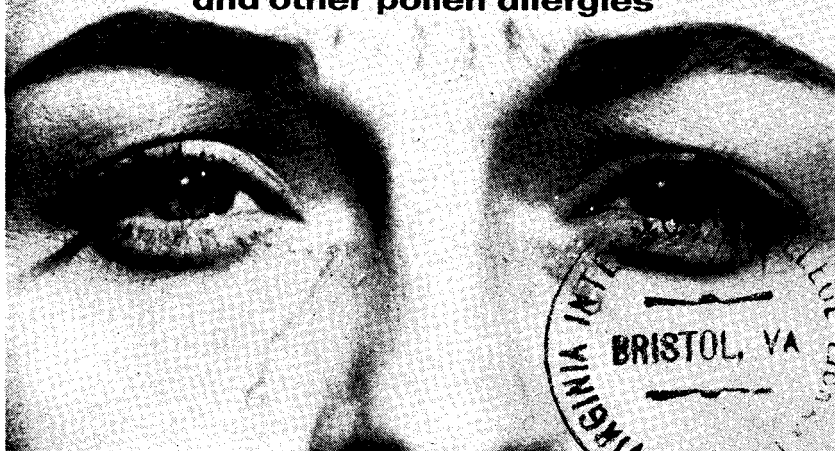

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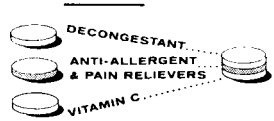

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Dear Reader:

Ungerer: unorthodox artist.

A flair for geology, service in the flamboyant French Camel Corps and years of odd-jobs, from dish-washing to stevedoring, have blended to produce, by some curious alchemy, one of the most original and talented young artists of the day. He is 28-year-old Jean Thomas "Tomi" Ungerer, whose interests also include collecting descriptions of odd-ball inventions of yesteryear, some of which are shown beginning on p. 89. Ungerer traces his fascination for inventions back to the family clock business in his native Strasbourg, France. Rebelling against the family tradition, he delved into the study of geology, and then joined the Camel Corps in a Sahara outpost, where "there were only 800 of us to govern the whole desert, settle disputes, treat the sick and go out on patrol for six months at a time."

Invalided out of the service, Ungerer turned to his childhood love of drawing to make a living. But in Paris his Alsatian accent marked him as a provincial and the clannish Parisians shrugged at his efforts. So he hitchhiked across Europe, working as a laborer when he needed cash. His travels ranged from Yugoslavia to Iceland and finally, in 1956, to New York. "I intended to thumb my way across the country," he recalls, "but I fell in love with this dirty, crazy city. Now I know it is where I am at home." New York has been good to him. In 1957 he established a reputation with the first of a dozen books for children. Advertising art directors vied for his sophisticated, yet child-like drawings and this year the Society of Illustrators awarded him the Gold Medal in the advertising category. In 1959 he married newspaperwoman Miriam Strandquest, and recently the Ungerers bought a Greenwich Village house that once belonged to Aaron Burr and later to Edna St. Vincent Millay. From the top floor studio flows a stream of drawings, many appearing regularly in CORONET (*viz.* pp. 116-117 and 154-155), all marked with the satirical Ungerer touch.

The Editors

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CORONET

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all about you

Grandparents have feelings; 40 years of suffrage; nag, nag, nag

SEX AND AGING

"One commonly recognized belief among younger people . . . is that older persons, especially grandparents, have no sexual feelings," Drs. Gustave Newman and Claude Nichols of Duke University write in *The Journal of the American Medical Association.* They found in a study of 250 men and women between 60 and 93 years of age, "given conditions of reasonably good health and partners who are physically healthy, elderly persons continue to be sexually active into their seventh, eighth and ninth decades." Sometimes social disapproval caused guilt feelings among these persons. But sex still played a part in the lives of 54 percent of the couples studied.

FAMILY FRICTIONS

No family is without moments of dissension. Social workers recognize in some patterns of friction the first signs of family breakdown. Alertness to these warning signals in the early stages can head off real trouble, according to the Jewish Family Service, which lists these typical symptoms: endless bickering instead of discussing problems; happiness being constantly sought outside, with home nothing more than a refueling station; letting the difficulties of family living overshadow the joys; couples ceasing to tell each other what they do when apart; splitting into antagonistic groups or ganging up on each other. When some of these situations persist, Mrs. Frances L. Beatman of the Service advises, counseling may be needed to help avert destruction of the family.

NOT TOO TOGETHER

Birds of a feather may flock together but they're late getting the worm. This, in metaphorical mishmash, is the conclusion reached by University of Michigan psychologists Drs. Richard Hoffman and Norman Maier, who set 41 groups of four persons to work solving problems. Sixteen groups were composed of persons with similar temperaments; the remainder were groups of persons as different as possible. The "unlikes" solved problems better than the think-alikes, whose work got

(Continued on page 12)

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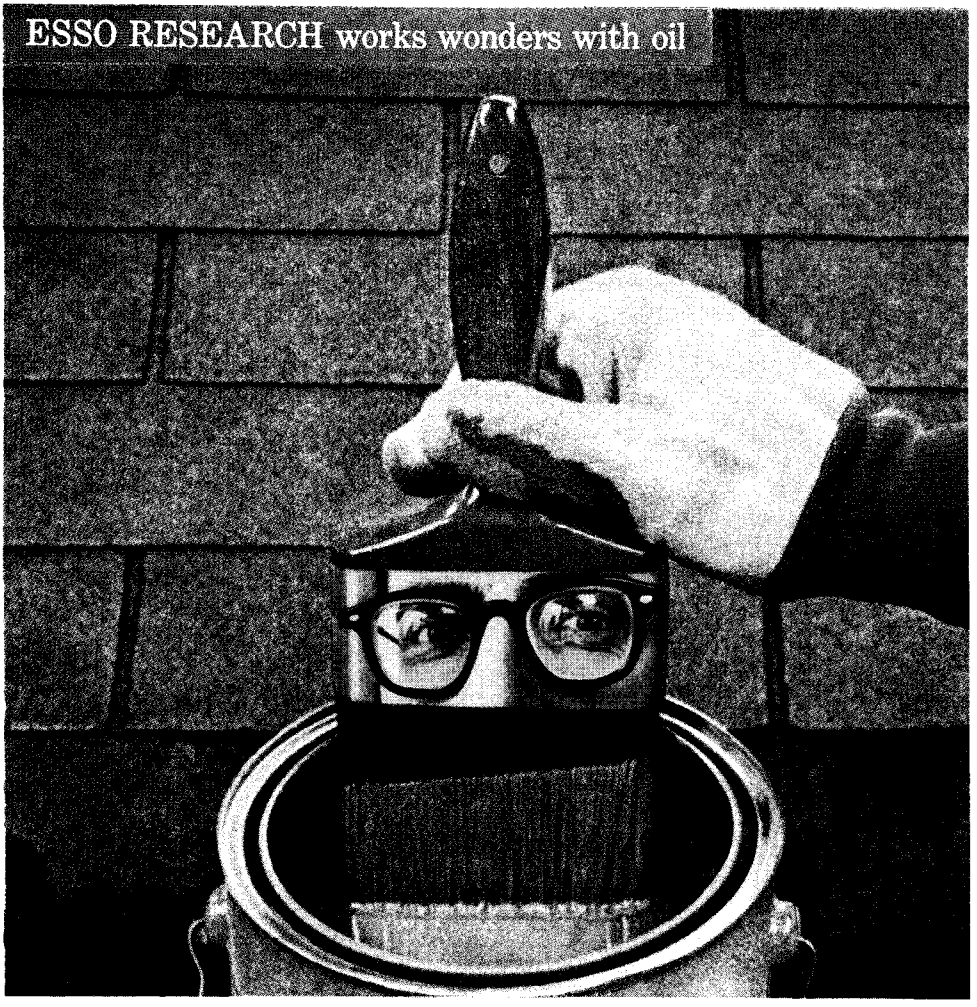

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HIPS

smaller without dieting or changing your weight!

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Most important – this is REAL (not "passive") exercise that does much more, much sooner than you might think possible. Here is why:

If you have always thought of exercise as a tiresome ordeal, you can now change your mind. It is true that the familiar forms of *voluntary* exercise *are* tiresome. That is why you probably can't "do" most "exercises" 40 times a minute – and keep it up for 30 minutes. Ordinary exercises, too, usually involve the use of many muscles – and cause fatigue.

How different Relax-A-cizor exercise is! "Dimensional-Reducing" makes your hips smaller by exercising only the selected group of muscles that surround and contour your hips – while the rest of you RESTS! And – this exercise is CONCENTRATED on this SELECTED area – is so vigorous and active that you see and feel the muscles exercising 40 TIMES EACH MINUTE – WHILE YOU REST!

Most people have never experienced the kind of exercise provided by Relax-A-cizor. It is because of this that they find explanations of what it *is*, and what it *does* difficult to understand – or even believe.

Relax-A-cizor causes SELECTED muscles to exercise vigorously – independently of your efforts. Relax-A-cizor (not you) provides the impulse – and the muscles rhythmically contract and relax. You read, rest or catch a nap. Yet, these *selected* muscles are working just as hard, exercising just as actively and vigorously as if you were "doing" exhausting physical exercises! And – usually there isn't the slightest fatigue. In fact, most women are rested and refreshed after their daily ½ hour with Relax-A-cizor. Hard to believe – but true!

Relax-A-cizor exercises and tightens muscles. Regular use of Relax-A-cizor will cause measurable size loss, where used, to the extent that the muscles lack tone. The less the muscle tone, the greater the benefits.

Many people overlook the importance of muscles. Muscles hold the body erect. Muscles surround, support, and shape almost every part of the figure. Muscles make up about half of the bulk of the body and form the main bulk of the limbs, back, neck, and body walls. Large bands of muscles "hold-in" your abdomen, hips, waist, thighs – and other parts of your figure. When we are young and active these muscles are stronger and firmer. As we grow older and exercise less our muscles lose tone, become more flacid, stretch – and "bulges" appear where the muscles have become lax. This laxness is a fre-

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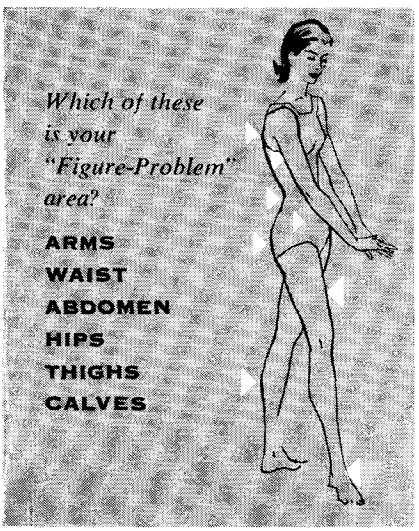
quent cause of over-size hips, a protruding abdomen, a slack waistline – even when overweight is NOT a problem.

We hasten, here, to make clear that Relax-A-cizor is NOT intended as a *weight*-reducer. It is, instead, what might be called a "muscle-girdle-builder" – because it exercises, firms, tones, and tightens the muscles that "hold you in." And, this is remarkably effective – much more effective than you might expect if you think of Relax-A-cizor in terms of ordinary, voluntary exercise – because of the greater *amount* of more *vigorous* exercise for a *longer* daily period of time given to SELECTED parts of your body . . . while you REST . . . and usually without fatigue.



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DON'T confuse Relax-A-cizor with oscillating couches. It is NOT a couch. DON'T confuse Relax-A-cizor with vibration, heat, or massage – It is none of these.

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all about you *continued*

worse the longer they stayed as a team. Mixed groups performed better than all-male teams. So if you ever have to appoint a committee to get a job done, pick men and women of different personalities and watch the chips fly!

VOTES FOR WOMEN

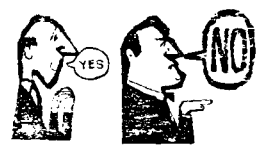
This election year closes the fourth decade since women won the right to vote via the 19th Amendment. No one knows how many women cast their first ballot for Harding or Cox in 1920, but this year women may outvote men. On election day there will be 3,283,000 more women eligible to vote than men, according to the Census Bureau, which forecasts a steady increase in the female advantage. By 1980 they'll have 5,500,000 more votes, and remember there's no law against a female president. "Women now hold the balance of power," Republican party executive, Mrs. Clare B. Williams, has noted. But so far they haven't exercised it to the full. The American Heritage Foundation reports that more men than women voted in the last two Presidential contests, though the margin is shrinking fast.

"IF I'VE TOLD YOU ONCE . . ."

People who nag, yet self-righteously believe they are trying to straighten others out, are deluding themselves, according to Dr. Allan Fromme, New York psychologist. "Basically, a person does not nag to correct another person but for hidden reasons," he explains. These reasons often involve profound dissatisfactions with life too big to cope with. Despite the uselessness of such petty faultfinding, the nagger continues to scold as an outlet for frustrations. For some this outlet is essential to keep them sane. "Get some fun out of life," Dr. Fromme advises the nagger. "The more a person adorns his existence, the less irritable he will become."

YES AND NO

Are you a "yes man"? That is, do you tend to answer "yes" or "true" on questionnaires that delve into your instinctive reactions? If you can say "yes" to this question too, chances are you are dependent, anxious and impulsive. That is what Harvard psychologists Drs. Arthur Couch and Kenneth Kenniston believe. They found in studying the personalities of "yes men" a weakness in self-control and a willingness to follow suggestions or



gratify impulse. People who are inclined to answer "no" or "false", by contrast, generally are more stable persons who have their impulses under control. The doctors don't reveal how they'd judge a person who answered "yes" to: "Are you independent, calm and *not* impulsive?"

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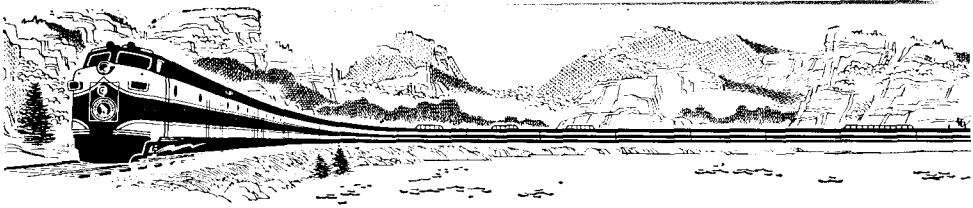

The incomparable train that's five different places *"all at once"*

It's 7 p.m. A sleek streamliner whisks along between the beautiful Mississippi River and the towering bluffs rimming its banks. Inside, a business executive leaves the quiet privacy of his Pullman suite and strolls into the dining car. His place at dinner has been reserved, and he orders from a menu of superb foods. He dines leisurely—pausing to take in the magnificent sights rolling by the window.

In less than two hours his train, Great Northern's Empire Builder, will arrive in the Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Then, on towards his destination—Seattle.

At the very same moment, almost 1200 miles away, a second Empire Builder has just come down out of Montana's Rockies at Glacier National Park. Proceeding west, it skirts the frothy green waters of the Kootenai River. High up in Great Dome seats a young couple marvels at the view. The great scenery is adding new pages to their "memory book". Soon they will step below to the full-length Dome Lounge for a beverage before retiring. By midnight the train will be in Spokane.

Meanwhile, a third Empire Builder is descending from the Cascade Mountains into the Wenatchee Valley's famed "apple country". This train is eastbound, and has just afforded a small boy the thrill of his adventuresome life as it passed nearly 8 miles through a mountain via the Cascade Tunnel. (Longest in the Western Hemisphere.) An hour earlier, the boy and his parents had dined amid colorful "wild west" decor in the Ranch Car.

Yet, at this exact time (7 p.m.) still another Empire Builder hustles eastward, across the vast Williston Oil Basin in western North Dakota. An elderly lady summons the porter to make up her berth. She will spend an hour or two reading in the cozy comfort of her Pullman bed before lights out.

Finally, at the same hour, a *fifth* Empire Builder sits quietly a short distance from Chicago's Union Station. It has been scrubbed and vacuumed spotlessly clean. Tomorrow at 2 p.m. it will receive a throng of pleasure-minded passengers and begin a 2200-mile journey across the top of the nation.

Next time you have reason to travel between Chicago and Seattle-Portland, discover what a great *experience* a train ride can be. Go great on Great Northern's *incomparable* Empire Builder.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

The Empire Builder leaves Chicago Union Station westbound daily at 2 p.m. (C.S.T.); eastbound daily it leaves Seattle at 3:30 p.m., Portland, Ore., at 3 p.m.

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"The Legend" grows mellow

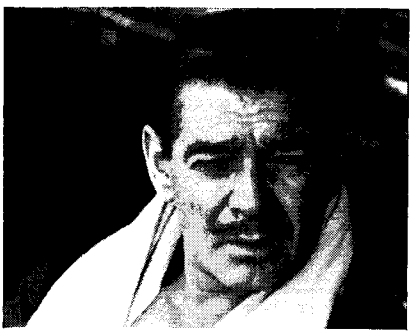
SIPPING WINE after a day's filming on Capri, **Clark Gable** talked happily about his family. His wife, Kay Spreckels, has two children by a former marriage—Adolph, ten, and Joan, eight—and Gable, childless through four previous marriages, basks in their affection.

"I've taught Joan to fish and Adolph to hunt," he said proudly. "They love to travel and we toured Europe before I began this picture, *It Started in Naples*. An Austrian champion taught them to water-ski, and they had a ball.

"I love to travel, too," said Gable, who was born in Ohio to Pennsylvania Dutch parents. "When I finish a picture, I start packing." At M-G-M, where he earned $7,500 weekly, he demanded four months off between films. After 25 years and 54 movies, Gable left the studio with a $112,000 annuity in 1955 to free-lance. He now collects ten percent of his pictures' grosses.

A little more lined and heavier, but still distinguished by his famed dimples, Gable, 59, cautiously buttresses his movies today with the best talent available. He said he chose *It Started in Naples*, a romantic comedy, because "I liked the script, and Jack Rose and Mel Shavelson, its producers, have a long record of hits. Also I thought Sophia Loren and I might generate some sparks as a team." He co-stars next with Marilyn Monroe in an Arthur Miller story, *The Misfits*.

Naples marks the ruggedly masculine Gable's 30th year in movies. His bad teeth were capped and his "stand-aside" ears corrected by plastic surgery when he launched his career. "I want to make only one picture a year now," he said. "And I'm not doing any TV—I feel I owe movies something."



Clark Gable: at 59, he's the happy father of two.

Overprotected by M-G-M publicists for years, Gable became the "King" of the screen and a legend. Actually he is an easygoing, dignified man who enjoys talking to people. He and Kay, who suffers from a heart ailment, live quietly on his 20-acre ranch in Encino, California. Hunting, fishing and golf are his favorite sports.

The 6'1", 220-pound actor prefers white Brooks Brothers shirts both on the screen and at home. "And my suits," he said, "are conservative—dark brown, blue or black. I brought only three to Europe. You can wear a light flashy suit just once; dark ones give more mileage." A most conservative point of view for the screen's most colorful he-man.—MARK NICHOLS

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Ex-beatnik on the range

THREE YEARS in C.B.S.-TV's popular western series, **Wanted—Dead or Alive,** haven't quite mellowed intense, restless Steve McQueen. The Actors Studio cowboy still fights over scenes with producers and directors ("I'm not an eyebrow lifter; I'm an *actor*") and is even suspicious of his horse Ringo ("He's out to get me").

But the volatile McQueen, now married, is happier at 30 than ever before. His present is more secure than his colorful past—racing motorcycles with the late James Dean; working as a beatnik sandalmaker, lumberjack and carnival pitchman.

Wanted's producers spotted McQueen in a TV courtroom drama. They decided his sandy hair, piercing blue eyes and weather-beaten features—plus his Actors Studio training—would give "an offbeat quality" to the character of bounty-hunter Josh Randall. McQueen took it "because I was hungry. And the chance to make a 'heavy' into a hero intrigued me."

His performance in *Never So Few* has McQueen riding high in movies. also. His next: *The Magnificent Seven* with Yul Brynner.

A bitter boyhood has left Missouri-born McQueen superstitious, knowledge-thirsty and happiness-hungry. An only child, he never knew his father, who was killed while flying in China for Chennault's Raiders. Steve clashed with his stepfather ("I was looking for love and found only insecurity") and ran off to sea at 15.

After a stint as a Marine tank driver and mechanic, this 5'11½", 174-pound maverick "bummed around" New York before studying acting. "I hadn't had much schooling—my handwriting is still ridiculous," he says. "But I met people in Greenwich Village who talked about the arts, and I dug them. So I enrolled in some classes and taught myself a few things."

McQueen, his Polynesian wife, dancer Neile Adams; daughter Terry Leslie, 14 months, and a husky dog, Mike, live in a California hill-top house "decorated in Bohemian style—African masks, the works." *Never So Few* introduced him into Frank Sinatra's inner circle of pals, "The Rat Pack." Now, McQueen confesses, "I want to learn to sing. This is my big frustration."—M.N.

McQueen: fast draw with sawed-off carbine.

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Music maker of Paris

MUSIC IS A universal language. But in most cases it is evocative of the composer's homeland. The melodies of Mussorgsky signify Russia; Sibelius, Finland; and Villa-Lobos, Brazil.

Jacques Offenbach's tunes mean Paris: gay, merry, embossed with champagne bubbles and pulsating with the gyrations of can-can dancers. So authentic are his images that they remain undimmed by time. When the choreographer Leonide Massine, in 1937, was faced with the necessity of providing truly Parisian music for the ballet of *Gaîté Parisienne,* he unhesitatingly chose striking tunes from Offenbach's various works.

Yet this master music maker of Paris was not even a Frenchman. He was born in 1819 in Cologne, Germany, as *Jakob,* the son of a Jewish cantor who had moved his family from Offenbach, another German city. As a child, Offenbach was a concertizing cello virtuoso. He went to Paris at 14 and so impressed the great Cherubini that the latter accepted him as student at the Paris Conservatory. Shortly thereafter Offenbach became conductor of the orchestra of the *Théâtre Française.* In 1855 he opened his own theater and produced an unending flow of his comic operas. Most of them were successful in France; two, *Orpheus in Hades* and *The Beautiful Helena,* achieved international acclaim.

Jacques Offenbach

Offenbach created an entirely new genre of opera. His librettos were actually political satire, poking fun at the mores of the Second Empire. His operas were particularly popular with the nobility, whose downfall he helped promote. They were also beloved by French society, whom he also subtly lampooned. *Orpheus in Hades* appeared to ridicule the ancient Greek gods who did not take their divine business too seriously and enjoyed a raucously danced can-can. Offenbach's critics accused him of trying to demoralize France through his titillating music and off-color witticisms. In truth, his effect went deeper. His chansons were a powerful protest against a corrupt regime; and Offenbach as much as any political writer, was instrumental in uprooting it. He was a frequent target of political cartoons, which depicted him with side whiskers, dominating eyeglasses and spindly legs.

After the Franco-Prussian War during which Offenbach, as a former German, was under suspicion, success failed him. To replenish his empty coffers, he embarked on a tour in America.

Many of the 5,000 New Yorkers who heard his first concert were a bit disappointed. The composer of

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TODAY, IT'S FASHIONABLE TO COLOR YOUR HAIR

BY STEPHANIE DEMAREST

People change as times change. Take the case of the style-conscious woman who wants to change hair color. No longer is she gossiped about nor regarded with questioning eyes. The artificiality of yesterday's hair colorings is gone forever! Today, natural-looking temporary colors carry milady's charm above the hairline, with delightful effect. But the really big news is the new INSTANT color hair rinse that "takes" instantly, yet won't rub off (when properly applied) on pillows or collars.

The new cosmetic marvel is LIQUI COLOR, developed through the manufacturing ingenuity of Denver's House of Noreen, America's most popular temporary hair coloring. LIQUI COLOR is *different*. It requires no messy patch or strand tests and no waiting for color to develop, yet it's safe. It gives clean, lustrous, temporary color make-up that lasts from shampoo to shampoo so you can refresh your hair color, just as you refresh your facial make-up.

This quick color refreshment at shampoo-time is a real boon to milady, especially since all hair colors fade from sun, exposure and time. Now, it's easy to keep your hair looking its best all the time. The discreet color improvement imparted to your hair by LIQUI COLOR lets you look younger, more vivacious. You can change color tones to match your costume change, almost as easily as you change lipstick colors. Yet, the secret of your new hair charm remains yours alone.

Your hairdo has new "staying power." LIQUI COLOR's revolutionary protective Moisturizing Base keeps hair soft and easy to mould . . . controls the moisture content to keep the hair pliable . . . not too dry in dry weather or too lank in humid weather; repells dust and dirt; never a sticky or greasy feeling.

Application of LIQUI COLOR is remarkably easy. Simply pour it on or brush it on. A clear warm-water after-rinse is optional. You can choose from 8 delightful shades to glamorize your present color, blend-in gray or correct off-colors. The color selector on the package shows shade variations obtainable with LIQUI COLOR. Wonderfully economical too, as little as 18¢ per application. Each 6 oz. bottle gives 5 to 10 applications. Only $1.75, plus tax. Backed by the Good Housekeeping Guaranty Seal. Try INSTANT LIQUI COLOR . . . this week. © 1960 NOREEN DISTRIBUTORS

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Music, cont.

the can-can, and a devoted family man, did not behave as wickedly Parisian as they had expected. Some French were angered when he came home and sang the praises of American women: "perfectly ravishing and coquettish the way they exhibit their exquisite angles."

Upon his return he began writing the romantic and fanciful opera *The Tales of Hoffmann,* hoping thus to restore his fame. Its weirdly imaginative happenings center about a German poet who tells the story of the three women he loved: Olympia, who turned out to be a life-sized mechanical doll; Giulietta, a courtesan who demanded his shadow; and Antonia, incurably sick, who dies singing of her love to Hoffmann. Offenbach had completed only the piano arrangement when he died in 1880.

The Tales of Hoffmann had its première in Paris. Shortly afterward during a performance of the opera in Vienna, a fire, in which hundreds died, destroyed the theater. For a long time superstitious theatergoers shunned the opera. When it regained its place in the repertoire, Offenbach, long famous as master of the light and frivolous, had gained new posthumous fame as the master also of the bizarre.

—FRED BERGER

CORONET'S CHOICE FROM RECENT RECORDINGS

Beethoven, Sonata in F Minor, Sonata No. 7: Horowitz; RCA Victor LM 2366, *LSC 2366

Birth of the Baroque: Consort of Viols, Pro Arte Antiqua; Vanguard BG 591, *BGS 5019

Brahms, Symphony No. 4: Columbia Symph., Walter; Columbia ML 5439, *MS 6113

Chopin, 24 Preludes: Brailowsky; Columbia *ML 5444

De Falla, The Three-Cornered Hat: Jorda, Howitt, London Symph.; Everest *SDBR 3057

Dvorak, Symphony No. 2; Slavonic Dances Nos. 1, 3, 7, 8: Haitink, Concertgebouw Orch.; Epic LC 3668 *BC 1070

Elman Jubilee Record (Violin); Vanguard VRS 1049, *VSD 2048

Gilbert & Sullivan, Iolanthe: Sargent, Pro Arte Orch., Glyndebourne Chorus; Angel 3597, *S 3597

Handel, Acis & Galatea: Sutherland, Pears, Boult, Philomusica of London; London Oiseau 50179/80, *SOL 60011/12

Handel, Concerti Grossi Nos. 4a, 5, 6: Wenzinger, Capella Coloniensis; Archive Production Deutsche Grammophon ARC 3140, *73140

Mendelssohn, Piano Concerti Nos. 1, 2: Serkin, Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch., Columbia Symph.; Columbia ML 5456, *MS 6128

Puccini, Love Scenes (orch.): Newman, Hollywood Bowl; Capitol P 8516, *SP 8516

Rachmaninoff, Piano Concerto No. 3: Pennario, Susskind, Philharmonia Orch.; P 8524, *SP 8524

Schubert, Symphonies Nos. 3, 5: Beecham, Philharmonia Orch.; Capitol G 7212, *SG 7212

Schubert, Lilac Time: Bronhill, Round, Collins; Angel 35817, *S 35817

Valetti (tenor): Town Hall Recital; RCA Victor LM 2280, *LSC 2280

Wagner, Kirsten Flagstad sings Wagner; London 5259, *OS 25101

Warren, Leonard (Operatic Arias); RCA Victor LM 2453

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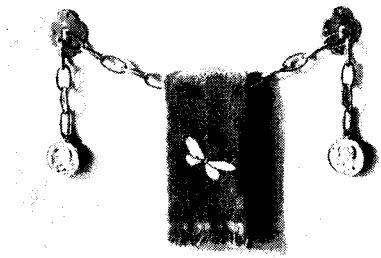
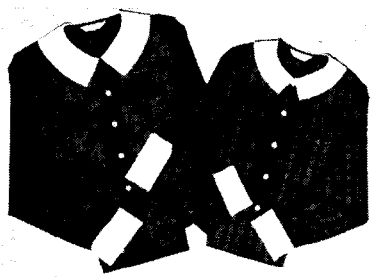
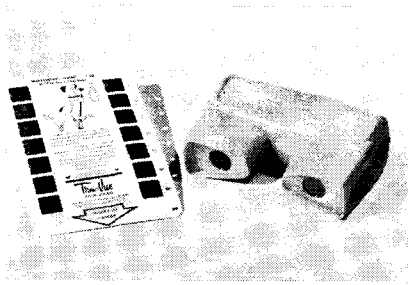


Unique towel holder of solid brass is new look for the bath. Full 24" chain slips over brass-plated hooks at any width you wish. Heraldic coin at each end of chain. Lacquered, so no polishing necessary. $2.95 pp. Lavive Co., CO, 4 N. 3rd Ave., Mt. Vernon 10, New York.

Action-packed collection of genuine foreign postage stamps honors the 1960 Rome Olympics. Athletes from around the world are pictured on commemoratives, airmails, diamond-shaped and giant pictorials; 21 stamps for only 10¢ pp. H. E. Harris, Dept. R-7, Boston 17, Mass.



Mother and daughter blouses of plaid cotton have long sleeves with white collar and cuffs. Red, olive and blue or olive, gold and blue. Washable. Sizes 28 to 36, $4.00; sizes 7 to 14, $3.00. Add 30¢ postage for each. By Ship N' Shore. Bonwit Teller, Dept. 41, N.Y. 22, N.Y.



True-Vue 3-dimension viewer for 4 to 12 year olds comes with a story card. Choice of Huckleberry Hound, Lassie and Timmy, Popeye, Donald Duck or Snow White. Viewer made of sturdy plastic in bright red color. $1.29 set pp. Sawyer's, Inc., Dept. C, P.O. Box 444, Portland 7, Oregon.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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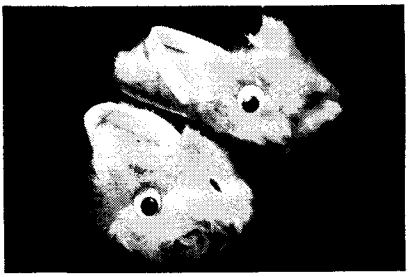
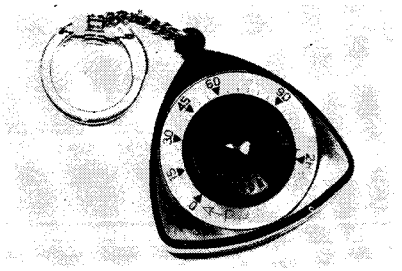
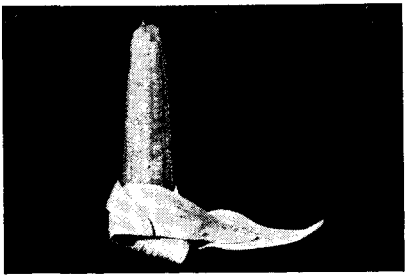
Bunny Hug slippers have movable eyes that jiggle when a child walks in them. Washable, colorfast Acrilan in yellow or white. Non-skid soles. Small for 2 to 4 yrs.; medium, 4½ to 6 yrs.; large, 6½ to 9 yrs. $2.00 pr. pp. A. L. Robbins, Dept. CR-1, 36 Bowery, N.Y. 13, N.Y.



Ticket Stopper. Combination pocket-meter-alarm key chain can be set from 5 minutes up to 2 hours. Emits loud buzz when parking time is up. Made in Switzerland. In plastic case, $4.95; metal case, $5.95 pp. Atlantis Import & Export, Dept. 12, 19939 Derby, Detroit 3, Michigan.



Feeling and color of fall is captured in this unusual corn candle with husk holder. Husk is ceramic. Made in Italy; wax candle measures 10″ high, holder 9½″ long. Set $8.50 pp. Extra candles, $4.00 ea. Charles of the Ritz Boutique, C-1, 461 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y.



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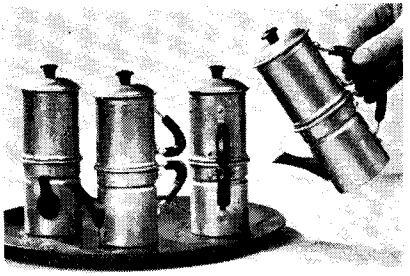

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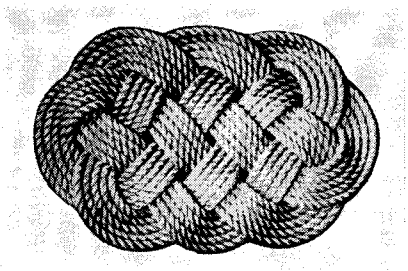
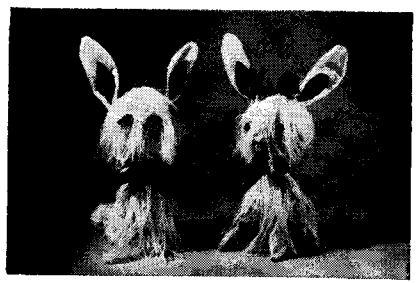
PRODUCTS ON PARADE



Landlubbers will step lively on this Nautical Rope Doormat in the lover's knot design. Handmade in 5 passes of heavy natural-colored ¾″ rope. Hand-stitched for permanent shape; 18″ x 30″. Always lies flat. $12.95 pp. Johnny Appleseed's, Box 705, Beverly, Massachusetts.



Silly looking Shaggy Dogs make fine roommates for teenagers, college girls, etc. Don't do anything, but they're always good for a smile. White cotton with pink or blue trim. Each 10″ high. $2.95 ea. pp. Empire Merchandising Co., CO, 140 Marbledale Rd., Tuckahoe, N.Y.

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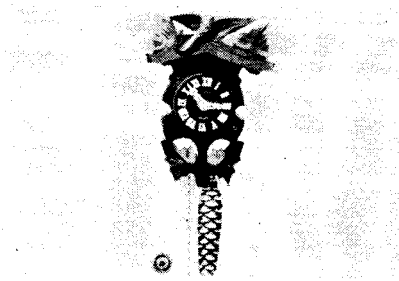

Cuckoo clock from Black Forest of Germany is excellent time keeper. Hand-carved, finished in antique walnut. Pleasantly cuckoos every 15 minutes. With weight and pendulum. $3.95 pp. Larger model, $4.98 pp. Best Values Co., C-77, 403 Market St., Newark, N.J.

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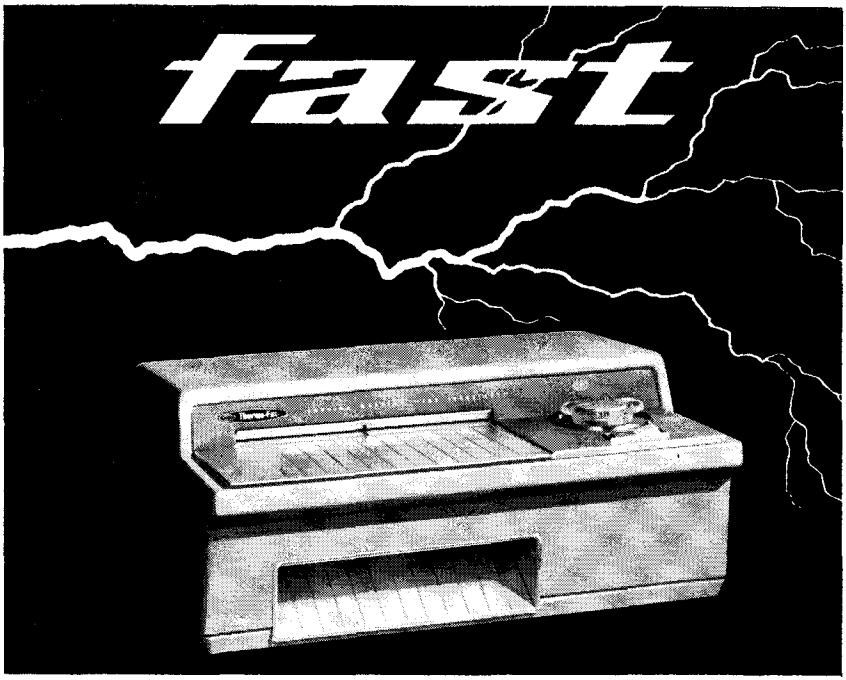

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CORONET

BY EDWIN HOAG

A warm remembrance of a rare father—
part poet, artist, inventor,
musician, historian—and **all** character

I FEEL SORRY for the kids I know. Even my own. Why? Because they don't have my old man for a father. I work all day at an unexciting job, come home, eat dinner and complain to my wife for a while, play with the children for another while, then settle down to an evening's reading or TV. All the fathers I know do the same.

But not my old man. When I was a kid we didn't have TV; we had him. A successful, if frustrated, businessman by day, he was by night and week end part poet, part inventor, part artist, musician, historian, collector—and all character. I mean a real one.

Consider, for example, his inventing. Who but my old man would come up with a patented pencil with a supply of erasers inside, each to pop up as its predecessor wore out? Of course it wasn't much of a hit with the pencil industry because it meant they wouldn't sell as many pencils, or erasers, or both.

Then there was the soap, carved to 100 points on one side in order to do away with the need for a scrubbing brush. The soap, unfortu-

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nately, was also a financial washout.

When I come home at night my kids run and kiss me. Sometimes. Usually they just look up from their coloring books, then look back down again. But it wasn't that way with my old man.

His arrival home was an event each night, because he always brought something. While my brother and sister and I looked forward to this time of evening excitedly, my mother's enthusiasm was considerably more restrained. There was the time, for instance, when he appeared with the reducing machine —the kind where you wrapped a strap around your trunk, then turned the switch on and shook like all get-out. Mama, insulted by the implication, didn't talk to Pop for a week. But I made a child-sized fortune giving rides to neighborhood kids for a penny apiece.

Then there were the pinball machines he brought home, with the help of a friend who had a small truck. Now in whose house would you find three man-sized pinball machines in the dining room? In my old man's house, that's whose.

On various occasions he produced (1) a giant, nasty-tempered cat that would eat nothing but boiled shrimp, (2) a cradle that allegedly rocked the infant George Washington, (3) six baby minks, three male and three female, with which he intended to make our fortune, (4) a French general's uniform from World War I, including broken pistol, (5) four years' worth of sun-bathing magazines (Mama promptly confiscated those).

Yes, my old man liked things old, all right. When we played Monopoly it was with Confederate money, and I mean the real thing. When I went out for a session of cowboys and Indians with the other kids, I was armed with a decaying Moorish flintlock. When snow came we didn't have ordinary sleds, like the other kids. Ours was a big, rusty sleigh with a double seat covered with what may have been blue velvet 100 years before. And on holidays? The flag that draped our front door had 13 stars.

I guess in his time my father has collected just about everything. Instructed by Mama to give me my lunch money before I went to school, he'd count out 25 Indian-head pennies from his collection, insisting they were legal tender. Teacher, who gave up after trying several times to get an explanation from me, finally began accepting them without a word. And I guess she's got just about the biggest collection of Indian-head pennies in Brooklyn today.

I remember clear as a bell my brother slamming through the back door, complaining to my father that the movie cashier wouldn't change the 100-franc note the old man had given him for his weekly allowance. And I guess I'll never forget the look on the clerk in the men's store on Flatbush Avenue when the old man counted out 45 hundred-year-old silver dollars in payment for a greenish-yellow tweed suit he had just chosen.

There was a time when our big, old house was illuminated (rather

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Pop collected everything from George Washington's cradle to fretful cats.

dimly, I admit) with electric light bulbs that looked like they were among the first ever manufactured. My father also had, at one time or another, 400 walking sticks, three suits of armor, a mahogany chest full of semi-precious stones, 22 top hats (all size 6⅞), autographed letters of nearly every signer of the Declaration of Independence, likewise the autographs of most presidents, and two cardboard cartons of German paper money.

One thing about my old man and his collecting. He didn't start off small and gradually add to his store over the years. He'd get a whole collection at once, fool with it for awhile, then swap it for a whole collection of something else.

We kids went to a private school for several years, then suddenly

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found ourselves back in public school. It wasn't until years later that I learned we were yanked out because the headmaster decided he wanted the tuition paid in money, instead of the first editions my old man was digging up to add to the headmaster's book collection.

My father's varied and unusual interests made themselves evident throughout our three-story home in Brooklyn. We had a pair of dueling swords riveted on the inside of the front door, a moose head over the kitchen stove and a genuine Indian totem pole between the sofa and the cocktail table in the living room. But his real domain was our basement, a full one, finished in beautiful pine paneling—for which he swapped the carpenter a complete body-building course, with weights to lift.

There he reigned, among ancient cutlasses and pistols, creaking antique furniture he wouldn't let anyone sit on, hundreds of books on every topic imaginable (which he really read) and other mementos ranging from a document signed by Hitler to an oxbow hanging from the ceiling.

Yes, our cellar was something. Neighborhood kids used to pounce on me every few weeks to take them down there to "see what your old man's got now." And how my chest puffed out as they stared in wide-eyed envy at *real* old guns, genuine bows and arrows, the Army helmet with the bullet hole in it, and—until he swapped it for a French typewriter—the cane with the secret compartment holding the dagger.

My father didn't only collect *things*. He had a knack for accumulating people too, also of odd varieties. Herman, a tattooed man who was between sideshows and who slept with his head on a little wooden block instead of a pillow, stayed in our spare room for three months paying his board with odd jobs, until he finally got on with a small circus. Then there was Mr. Billip, the 80-year-old watchmaker who claimed to have worked for Thomas Edison and who further claimed that *he* really invented the electric light. He sponged on us for a month.

Another one was Mr. Borris, who convinced the old man that I had a rare talent for art—but needed training, and especially the kind he could give me.

So every Saturday morning, Pop would pick me up at the ball field and he, the eager patron, and I, the reluctant student, would head to Mr. Borris' studio in uptown Manhattan for my "art lesson." For nearly a year I labored weekly with my piece of charcoal over a reasonable facsimile of a wine bottle.

Frustrated in his preparation of me for the world of art, my father decided I would become a great violinist. So whom did he pick for my instructor? A drummer, naturally. A tall, lean, nearsighted man whose claim to fame lay in the fact that he had taught the Prince of Wales to play the traps. I must admit the drummer did know something about the violin because I eventually learned a complete "piece" which I performed with great aplomb in his little room behind a vacant store on Flatbush Avenue.

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Actually, my father was a pretty good musician himself. He played second violin in the Brooklyn Philharmonic when he was about 20 and was adept at the bass fiddle, cello, viola, xylophone, musical saw and jew's-harp.

I guess my old man was what they call a rugged individualist. It never occurred to him to care about what other people did or thought. When other men babbled about the Yankees or Dodgers, he never hesitated to wonder aloud how grown men could find nothing better to do with their time. While other fathers lectured their offspring on the importance of good marks and attendance at school, my father never had any qualms about keeping us home —if he had something more interesting, more educational for us to do. And he wrote just that in his "excuse" notes to the teacher.

Maybe my father couldn't fix the plumbing when it went wrong. But he could tell you who was President Garfield's Secretary of State or describe in detail the economic conditions preceding the Civil War or any other war. Maybe he didn't take me and my brother to ball games or take us all for picnics. But he could recite "The Shooting Of Dan McGrew" with gusto and cook the best potato pancakes you ever ate. And maybe he wasn't much on discipline. But he could juggle four oranges in the air, draw hilarious caricatures of our neighbors and dance the Charleston like a pro.

Yes, that's the kind of guy my old man was when we were kids. And still is, for that matter. Last I heard from him he was driving (at age 65, alone) from New Hampshire (where he had gone to catalogue a friend's library of rare books) to Florida (where he wanted to look over some old woman's collection of letters from a Civil War soldier). That's his idea of being retired.

They just don't make many like him any more.

Well, I've got to go now. There's a guy coming over with a dozen stuffed fish that he wants to swap for my fast-draw gun and holster set. Might be able to make a good deal.

DRIVING DILEMMA

BACK IN 1912 there was a Nebraska law which provided that "autos running on country roads at night must send up a skyrocket every 150 yards, wait eight minutes for the road ahead to clear, then proceed with caution, blowing the horn and shooting Roman candles." Those Nebraskans didn't aim to have their horses frightened!

—GEORGE RIDGEWOOD

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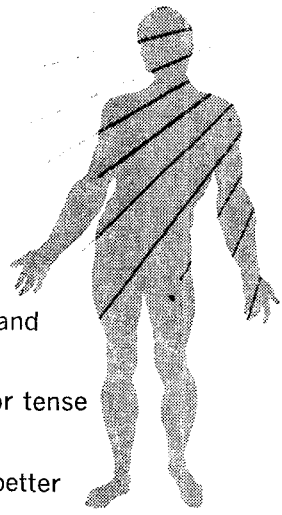

A change in climate often causes perverse physical and emotional reactions. Balmy areas seem best for tense victims of modern living, but most Americans are better off where they are

How climate [illegible]

BY HERBERT S. BENJAMIN, M.D.

AN ELDERLY, RETIRED New York couple, both sufferers from rheumatism of the joints, last year decided to realize a lifelong dream. They sold their home and belongings and moved to the tropics. But their joint pains grew worse in the moist heat, they were lonesome and unhappy in their new surroundings. After six months, they packed up and made the sad trip north to start over again in their old neighborhood. A tragic misconception about what a change of climate could do for their health and happiness had strained them physically and wrecked their bank account.

Today, more than ever before, city dwellers are making or planning to make permanent moves. Depending on your state of health and the ease

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with which you are able to adapt to new surroundings, the right change of climate might do wonders for your life. But if your present plans or dreams are based on misconceptions about which climate would be best for you, you may be in for deep disappointment.

It is usually true that the health of tense, nervous people and sufferers from civilization's "stress" diseases often improves in a balmy climate; that steady, moderate, dry warmth is best for rheumatism, diabetes and heart conditions; and that sufferers from most chronic infections and most lung diseases fare best in dry climate *coupled with moderate elevation*. Conversely, a dry atmosphere frequently irritates sinusitis, asthma, and other ailments of the breathing passages and eyes.

But exceptions to these rules are common, and doctors are not always able to prescribe a change in climate with certainty about the results.

The importance of psychological factors—such as how a person adapts to new surroundings—was shown in recent summers when physicians accompanied a group of convalescents and chronic disease sufferers to areas with different climates. No matter what the ailment or the part of the world visited, nearly every patient felt at his best as the new destination was reached.

In a few weeks, however, when the novelty had worn off, symptoms returned, and those who didn't adjust to the new customs and way of life suffered relapses. Patients who got along best with their companions and found the new activities to their liking usually enjoyed an important improvement in health.

Many people in search of health —and a new place to live—head south; some in the mistaken belief that "the souther" and the closer to the tropics the better. To them, "tropics" has a magical connotation. But their disenchantment can be tragic. For there is a vast difference between the moderately warm climate common to many sections of the southern U. S. and the actual subtropics and tropics such as in parts of Central and South America, with its vitiating heat and stifling humidity. Moreover, some of our own southern areas at times have their counterpart of this health-menacing weather.

A brief vacation most anywhere can be beneficial. The psychological aspects outweigh the climate. But large chunks of the tropics, particularly the lowlands, are poor choices for permanent residence. The reason is clear if one thinks of the human body as a combustion machine, always chemically burning up food and releasing the resulting heat through radiation, sweat and breath warmth to the surrounding air.

In continuously hot, humid weather, the body is less able to release its warmth efficiently; to protect tissues from over-warming, its internal heat-making chemistry must slow down. The individual's thinking processes, blood circulation and nearly all bodily functions slow up. The human organism thus becomes less able to develop extra needed energy to meet stresses and challenges to health, and physi-

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cal and mental sluggishness sets in.

In contrast, look at the climate which has proved to be the most energizing for human beings. Picture two narrow belts circling the earth—one girdling the northern hemisphere through most of the U. S. and southern Canada, crossing the Atlantic and taking in Europe, northern India and Japan. Another belt in the southern hemisphere touches southern South America, South Africa, southernmost Australia and New Zealand.

These strips of earth are known as the world's "belts of highest climatic stimulation." Though they span the very middle of the so-called "temperate" zones, their climate is anything but "temperate." It is subject to the great extremes—summers of almost equatorial warmth, winters of nearly arctic cold, the most bewildering, changeable daily weather in the world, and the highest incidence of combined natural catastrophes, storms, earthquakes, hurricanes, tornadoes and floods.

And yet the seemingly health-threatening climate of these belts has produced the most vigorous of modern civilizations. People living in such regions of stimulatingly changeable weather and variable climate grow fastest, mature earliest, live longest, create and produce the most, become most resistant to infections and probably live the basically healthiest lives on earth—because their organisms have learned from birth onward to adapt to and withstand best whatever unpredictable attacks their health may face.

Statistically, of course, one can cite that these regions have the highest rate of heart disease, mental breakdowns, etc. But these can be ascribed more to emotional, social and hereditary factors than basic physical environment.

You may have heard it said that in the tropics—which teem with plant and animal life—human fertility is higher than in temperate zones, that children grow faster, reach puberty and sexual maturity earlier, that tropical inhabitants suffer less from respiratory diseases, have more resistance to infections, and unburdened by clothes and living close to nature, suffer less strain on vital organs such as heart and lungs than in the temperate climes. But careful research and recent collection of statistics from all parts of the world have shown just the opposite to be true.

Human fertility has been found to be highest when average air temperature is around a temperate spring or autumn 64°F. It drops steeply when average temperatures rise above 70°F., and is very low in equatorial heat. And despite all reports to the contrary, medical studies have recently determined that children mature later in the tropics than in temperate zones. In northern U.S. cities, girls reach puberty at 12-and-a-half years of age on the average, at New Orleans a year later. Further south, in Panama, sexual maturity is reached at about 14, and in Manila around 15 or older.

Animal livestock, too, suffer the stultifying effect of continuous climatic warmth on their growth. In the tropics, they take twice as long

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to reach full size as in the "temperate" latitudes. For children with growth problems a move south could be a mistake, and for sufferers from respiratory diseases the same thing holds true.

Colds are now known to be at least as frequent in the tropics, probably because people living in the monotonous heat for long periods become highly sensitive to even the slightest dips in temperature. Moreover, severe diseases of the lungs have been found to run their most serious course where the climate is warmest.

IF YOU PLAN to make your livelihood in a way which requires strong physical labor or prolonged mental concentration, it might be wise to consider first that human beings do physical work most comfortably and efficiently when air temperature is 65°F. or somewhat less, and are at their mental best at around 40°. Above 70°F., thinking ability drops steeply, and is at its lowest in torrid weather.

Bearing this out recently, college students given intelligence tests during summer and winter sessions scored 40 percent lower in the steady heat than in changeable winter weather. Even lying motionless in bed, a human heart is forced to work harder as temperature and humidity rise—so persons with acutely damaged hearts should think twice before considering a move to the tropics. Moreover the body's resistance to infection seems to drop somewhat as air temperatures climb. A welter of infectious diseases — malaria, sleeping sickness, worms, cholera, dysentery, relapsing fever, and many others—plague the tropics and take a heavy toll on health and longevity.

Such is the picture of the less healthy side of the tropics. In some of the subtropics, however, there is an important, saving, healthy side. Winds which evaporate moisture from the surface of sweating bodies can do much to ease a person's well being in the heat; and warm areas favored by balmy air movements can often cut down considerably on the physically and mentally unfavorable effects of steady heat. A move south might be just the right medicine for many people whose physical and emotional health have succumbed to the ever-accelerating strain of modern-age competitive life in the active temperate zones.

If you have been hit by any one of civilization's "stress" diseases, such as high blood pressure, arteriosclerosis, hyperthyroidism, gastric or duodenal ulcer or any of a number of nervous or psychological ailments, a ticket to some balmy spot might be a wise investment.

A person's blood pressure drops somewhat in warm weather, arteriosclerosis is less frequent in the subtropics, ulcer symptoms usually become less severe and the thyroid gland, which "paces" the body's heat production, is far less subject to damaging overstimulation in continuous warmth. The suicide rate is lower in warmer areas, and the relaxing effect of a more predictable always-warm climate often has a long-term soothing effect on emo-

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tionally tense and unstable people living in the strenuously stimulating temperate latitudes.

Climatologists believe that temperate zones are gradually becoming warmer. This may bring a welcome easing of modern man's physical and mental strains. Central heating, air conditioning, indoor lighting, sun lamps and devices like electrostatic air regulators are also freeing us from the tyranny of climate's caprices and excesses.

But with every technical revolution and expansion in industry, new pollution from industrial exhausts has invaded the natural atmosphere of cities, so that today "city climate" is a relatively poor choice as far as one's health is concerned.

Rickets, the most serious crippling disease of children, was rarely known before the fumes in manufacturing towns began screening out the sun's rickets-preventing rays; many impurities from automotive and industrial combustion, which may stay suspended for months in the air, are under strong suspicion of causing cancer; and on days of smog (*sm*oke-laden f*og*), especially in areas like London and Los Angeles, where wind movements often suddenly cease, heart and lung-ailing patients, or even normally healthy persons, may suffer acute strangling threats to their life from noxious particles and volatile gases which choke the air. Fortunately, fast, cheap transportation has made it possible to escape from the depressing impure atmosphere of industrial areas to cleaner suburbs and far-away healthier places.

Though the climate in which a person lives is one of the most important facts of his life, medical climatology is a science which has made comparatively slow progress. Although an international scientific society for bioclimatology was formed a few years ago and the U.S. Weather Bureau recently opened a section devoted to such problems, it is still an inexact science, since individuals in the same state of health, but with different personalities and temperaments, often react quite differently to a new climate.

Experience with climate treatment has taught one basic rule: no matter where you move, don't make the change permanent until after a long trial period. It is best to obtain accurate information first and make sure your ideas about your new climate are not based on illusions or wishful thinking. Then try it out. But if you don't experience a new interest in life or come out of the slump of ill health, look elsewhere. Perhaps you'll be better off where you were in the first place—your old home town.

OLD INN ON NEW HIGHWAY

Historical flavor is kept here
And those who belittle it shouldn't
But even though Washington slept here
I couldn't.

—E. C. HARVILLE

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HUMAN COMEDY

WE HAVE A FRIEND who has just traded in his tiny sports car.

"It got too embarrassing," he said. "Whenever I drove through the park people tried to feed it."

—*A. M. A. Journal*

PLAYING a water hole at a local golf club, an avid golfer, the guest of a club member, promptly drove the ball into the pond. Then he asked his host to supply him with another as he had no spares. The guest unerringly drove the new ball into the pond, too, and did the same with a third, fourth and fifth.

"Sam," the host finally protested, "those are my brand new $1.25 golf balls you're losing."

"Look here, Charley," replied the dunker, "if you can't afford this game, you shouldn't be playing it."

—MRS. V. GEISLER

WHEN WE ANNOUNCED to our small children that there would soon be a new baby in the house, our three-year-old daughter became a bundle of enthusiasm and curiosity. So one morning when the baby was especially active, I said to her, "Linda, come and put your hand on mommy's tummy."

As she felt the activity beneath her little hand, her eyes grew round with wonder. "Mommy," she exclaimed in a hushed tone, "it's a frog!"

—MRS. GEORGE YARNS

A BRITISHER in the French Foreign Legion was bidding farewell to a fellow legionnaire who was returning to Europe after completing his enlistment.

"When you get to London," the English soldier said, "please ring up Joan Littlefield at Whitehall 0011 and tell her that I have forgotten her."

—JOYCE WILLIAMS

THE STORY GOES that artist Pablo Picasso once surprised a burglar at work in Picasso's new chateau. The intruder got away, but Picasso told the police he could do a rough sketch of what he looked like. On the basis of his drawing, the police arrested the minister of finance, a washing machine, and the Eiffel Tower.

—*Quote*

AN ELDERLY MAN visited his doctor for a checkup. When the doctor completed his examination, he reported, "Mr. Jones, you're sound as a bell. You'll live to be 80."

"But I *am* 80," was the reply.

"See—what did I tell you!"

—VIRGINIA LYNDEY

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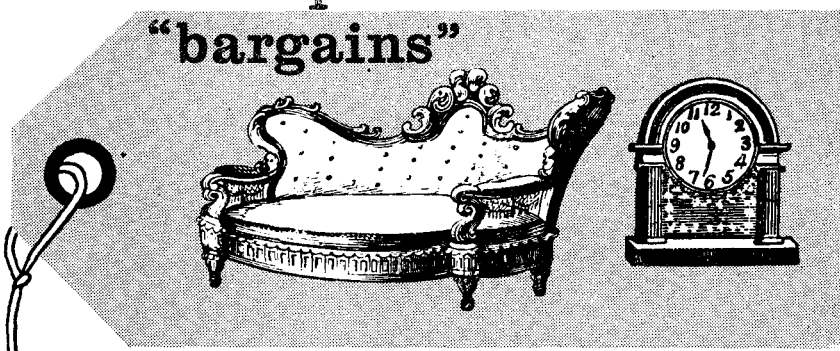
BY PATRICIA SILLECK
as told to Wilbur Cross

The truth about antique "bargains"



An outspoken dealer reveals the tricks of the trade—and how to avoid being gypped

A NEW YORK CITY COUPLE recently drove 75 miles upstate to a quaint country auction and proudly returned with a "bargain"—an antique mahogany desk, which they had bought for $450. Actually they could have bought the same desk a week earlier, right in New York City—and at considerably less cost. Because the antique had been gracing a Manhattan dealer's showroom right up to the day when he shipped his entire stock north, to stage one of his frequent "Country Auctions"—complete with rustic atmosphere, a local auctioneer and a naive-looking, but experienced, shill to spur the bidding along.

This same deceitful practice, with variations, is as commonplace as cornflowers along a rural road. Many colorful, rustic auctions, held in old

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barns and tents, are staged by big-city antique dealers, and in these countrified surroundings eager shoppers often pay through the nose for bric-a-brac transported to the site only a few hours earlier.

It would be pleasant to report that this is the only way in which amateur antique hunters get taken for a ride. But such is far from the case. I'd estimate that at least 25 percent—and possibly as high as 50 percent—of all amateur antique buyers get gypped regularly.

How do I know? I'm an antique dealer myself. Naturally, I do not want to frighten you away from "antiquing"—a fine and fascinating pursuit. I hope you enjoy buying and using antiques because I do myself. But I do suggest that you go in with your eyes wide open.

One of the biggest mistakes many shoppers make is failing to pay close attention to details. They let themselves be carried away by the thrill of buying a piece of old furniture they have their hearts set on. For example, whenever an auction is held there is a preview, a time when prospective bidders can examine pieces that catch their eye. At a country auction, this preview period may only last an hour or two. At a professional auction, the hall may open a week or more beforehand, to permit careful examination of the merchandise.

Thorough examination is very important, since minute differences in shape or design or condition may determine whether a single chair is worth $40 or $400. Yet 85 percent of the amateurs who end up bidding at auctions do little more than take a cursory glance around before the action starts.

Here are some tips which reflect my own methods of determining the value of a piece:

1. Examine the woodwork to see whether it has a real patina—a mellow, satiny finish that comes from years of proper care.

2. Make sure that no parts are missing—knobs, parts of ornamentation or beading, or wooden pegs.

3. Examine all joints to see that the piece is firm, well put together and usable.

4. Look underneath the piece, or at hidden parts, to see that their condition is as good as the part that strikes the eye first.

5. Finger fabric carefully to see whether it is in good condition, or whether it is dried out to the point of disintegration.

6. Smell the piece to see if it is moldy (a possible indication that the piece is in poor shape), or to detect the odor of varnish, glue, fresh wood and other indications of recent restorative treatment.

7. Look at exposed metal parts and ornamentation (brass work, copper, etc.) to see whether it is worn, scratched or pitted.

Of course, my own experience teaches me that knowing these rules is one thing; following them is another. Even professional antique collectors get carried away. They spot an old barometer hanging in the back of a shop, and all at once there is a great urge to buy *that* particular barometer, as though some competitive buyer were lurk-

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ing just outside. It has happened to me, and I cannot account for it other than to say that it is an emotional urge that afflicts the collector. However, be especially wary of any dealer who urges you to buy or hints that he has "another buyer" coming in soon. Hasty buying usually leads to regret.

Antiques so rare that they are "one-of-a-kind" are either museum pieces or freaks which are better off in the attic. A typical boner is one I pulled at an auction not long ago. Somehow, I became intrigued with a blunderbuss musket—aptly named in this instance. Without bothering to examine it carefully, or look it up in my research books, I bought it for $100. But if I had known the first thing about guns, I would have seen that the stock, barrel and firing apparatus came from three different periods. I later sold it at a 40 percent loss, and felt lucky at that.

Generally speaking, hobbyists should confine their purchases to items, styles and periods which are recognized as meaningful, and which become familiar through reading, attendance at auctions as a spectator only, and visits to museums. By restricting yourself you will not only end up with better values and fewer regrets, but your home will have a harmony or décor and not resemble a roadside junk shop.

Whenever you buy a large piece at a good price, ask the dealer whether any restorations or repairs have been made to it. Reliable dealers will not be offended, and they will explain any repairs that have been made. If you find an antique with a price tag much lower than expected, you can be almost certain that its value has been lowered by repairs. This happens frequently with upholstered pieces, where inside woodwork can be replaced without it showing.

I remember a friend who bought a fine-looking Duncan Phyfe sofa, circa 1810. Later, she discovered that the whole interior had at one time been attacked by furniture worms, and the replaced framing was circa 1950. An antique can still be classified as such with up to 40 percent new wood, but the value goes down in direct proportion to the percentage of new material.

MANY FRIENDS ask me, "What about outright fakes? Are there a lot of them on the market?"

Yes, there are; but they're not quite as flagrant as you may fear. A number of years ago, there used to be a tremendous market in fake antiques, many of them from Europe. But today your chances of getting stuck with a pure swindle are small. On the other hand, almost every buyer sooner or later gets hooked by misrepresentation. A talented cabinetmaker can take a broken-down ladder-back chair and restore it by adding new rungs made of aged wood. The wood may be old, or it may be synthetically "aged" by treatment with steam, then stained and rubbed until an expert can hardly tell the difference.

There are no real "systems," other than long experience and caution, for determining the authenticity of a piece. There are, of course, warn-

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ing signals to look out for. Beware if the woodwork seems to be overly camouflaged by layers of dust or dirt, and be wary of wormholes as a sign of age.

Last fall, a man who had been collecting antiques for many years came back from a vacation in Europe with what he described as a 15th-century Italian Renaissance table. When he showed it to me and described where he had bought it and how much he had paid, I had a hunch that something was wrong.

Then I saw the "wormholes." Instead of curving inward with a hook, characteristic of the way worms burrow, they were *straight*. It turned out that the whole table was a fake. It had been "aged" 600 years by the following 20th-century techniques: spattered with bird shot to make wormholes; pounded with bricks and stones to give the top an old, battered look; treated with sulphuric acid and blistered with burning shellac to make the wood look extremely aged.

Another question friends ask is, "What is the most valuable type and style of antiques to collect?" There is no "most valuable." *My* opinion (and it is only an opinion) is that you should collect pieces that will be of the most *use* to you in your own home. And wade in carefully, buying smaller, less expensive antiques, rather than taking the plunge with large items like breakfronts or four-poster beds. Think in terms of small end tables, rather than desks or a replacement for your dining-room table; of occasional chairs, rather than sofas and love seats; of small wall ornaments, rather than a grandfather's clock.

When it comes to styles and periods, you can get thoroughly confused. So why not concentrate on Americana first—rather than try to understand 1,000 years of European styles and periods or several thousand years of Oriental antiquities? There are only *three* major American periods, and they are not hard to recognize once you study them a little:

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY *(1700-1775): I am not talking about crude, "log-cabin" furniture, but the fine English styles which American families of means bought new. Colonial cabinetmakers, like Townsend, produced domestic adaptations of Chippendale and Queen Anne furniture. These are elegant pieces, yet simpler in design than the English originals.*

POST-REVOLUTIONARY *(1776-1820): This period is known for "Neo-Classical" lines, in a simplified Grecian style. And the individual pieces bear the names of the American cabinetmakers who produced them: men like Duncan Phyfe, Seymour and Shaw.*

VICTORIAN *(1840-1900): Most people fear that anything "Victorian" will be too garbaged up with ornamentation. But many of the earlier pieces were graceful and in good taste.*

How can an amateur collector assure himself of getting both proper value and authentic antiques? There

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are two methods: 1) patronize only reliable dealers; 2) insist on a detailed description of the item, as the dealer represents it to you, on your sales slip.

How do you *know* that a dealer is reliable? One way is through friends who are satisfied antique buyers and recommend their own dealer. But, in the long run, it depends on how well a dealer serves your purposes. Does he give you a "trade-in option" (the right to trade one item you bought from him toward purchase of another)? Does he let you take out an antique "on approval"? Recently, for example, I found what was described as a bronze Japanese urn, circa 1630. I took it out "on approval" and had it examined by an expert in Oriental arts. It turned out to be a most valuable buy, not Japanese at all, but a Chinese Han Dynasty piece from the era approximately 200 B.C. to 220 A.D. Naturally, I bought it right away.

You can also have pieces appraised, for about $5. If you do not know of a qualified antique appraiser in your community, write to The Appraisers Association of America, 510 Madison Avenue, New York City. Local museum authorities will also examine valuable antiques for you. However, they will merely authenticate them and not try to estimate their retail value.

It is not always possible to state just how old an item must be to rate the label "antique." About 30 years ago, the Government set 1830 as the date to judge by. This date was selected because it was the time when mechanization started to take over from the old hand craftsmanship. However, many fine things produced since that date are incorrectly classified as antiques—French paper weights, for example, and representative pieces from the Victorian period. Such pieces may be worthy art objects and may be collected as such but technically they are not antiques.

Age alone is not the only criterion, of course. Hundreds of roadside shops charge outrageous prices for articles 150 or 200 years old. But they are sheer junk.

No matter what you buy or where you buy, think of good antiques as something to be enjoyed. If you collect just so you can turn the house into an amateur museum, you will be defeating the purpose of an intriguing and rewarding hobby. If you devote your time and energy toward speculating or pursuing the "sleeper" that will bring a rich profit, you will not only end up disappointed, but most likely broke.

DEFT DEFINITIONS

OFFICER: A cop who refrains from giving you a ticket.
—FLETCHER KNEBEL *(Detroit Free Press)*

DEBT: Something a man gets into when he spends as much as he tells his friends he earns.
—*General Features Corporation*

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BY JAMES POLING

THE TRUTH IN THE MARRIAGE MANUALS

By stressing the difficult goal of "perfect" compatibility they have caused many women to take refuge in frigidity—and suffer pangs of guilt

TO PROVE THAT too much emphasis on sex can be as dangerous as too little, a new type of frigid wife is now emerging in our society. She is the wife who has been taught to demand so much of physical love that she achieves complete frustration. In the past, frigidity usually grew out of the climate of prudery in which sex was coupled with sin. But today, more and more troubled young wives are being victimized by "enlightened" modern sex education. Many are highly sophisticated and none feels guilty about making love. Nevertheless they are frigid—not in spite of their liberal sex educa-

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tion, but because of it. In effect, they have been sexually anesthetized by the marriage manuals.

The majority of these books set preposterous norms. Most insist that a wife should *always* reach a climax. ("This is the love right of every married woman," according to Dr. Eustace Chesser, in *Love Without Fear.*) Many manuals also state that a wife *must* achieve fulfillment at the same time as her husband. Hannah and Abraham Stone's *A Marriage Manual* says, for example, "Sexual love must aim at achieving this mutual harmony." Dr. Theodore Van de Velde goes even further. In *Ideal Marriage* he says bluntly that physical intimacy is normal *only* when "it concludes with the nearly simultaneous orgasm of both partners."

The fact that two of these manuals are more than 20 years old, and one is more than ten, points up the social lag at the root of the modern woman's dilemma. These books were written at a time when the main problem of marital adjustment was to overcome the puritanical attitudes toward sex that were thwarting many marriages. They were successful. They helped to remove the old problem of guilt. Sex has become a topic of family—even public—discussion, no longer shameful or secret.

Yet in accomplishing their task, these manuals—and the pervading attitudes they embody—helped to create a new problem. In their exaggerated praise for technique, and their insistence on perfect mutual satisfaction, they have unwittingly brought forth a new kind of guilt—resulting frequently in a new form of frigidity. Many women feel they have failed in marriage because they cannot achieve the total sexual bliss which many marriage manuals—and some marriage counselors—say they *must* feel.

Today, many authorities believe that a wife who reaches a climax 50 percent of the time is normal. And they don't think it is all-important for her to reach it at the same moment as her husband. Many doctors agree with Milton R. Sapirstein, a New York psychoanalyst, who says, "Some sex manuals can actually wreck a marriage."

Dr. David R. Mace, of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, says that the young wife who fails to respond as she is "supposed" to may be driven to the false conclusion that something is wrong with her and feel a panicky need to do *something* about it. Since most manuals neglect the role of emotions in love-making and imply, instead, that technical skill is the principal guarantee of physical success in the marriage relationship, she usually tries to correct her imagined deficiencies by endeavoring to become more adept at the mechanics of sex. As she concentrates on technique she sabotages her desires. With repeated failures, she grows even more anxious.

Then she begins to resent sex. It becomes an increasingly disturbing, even unpleasant experience. And since nature always provides us with the means for adjusting to any prolonged frustration, at this point the

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protective mechanism of frigidity begins to operate.

The false norm of simultaneous fulfillment even takes its toll of older wives. Dr. Sophia Kleegman of New York University-Bellevue Medical Center tells of a 42-year-old woman who had been happily married for 20 years. She was a person who didn't react with intense emotion in *any* area. Even so, she'd had a good marriage, and had enjoyed a contented, though passive, relationship with her husband.

Then a friend lent her a marriage manual. She'd never been swept away by the soaring music of passion described in the book. The book led her to believe she'd been cheated of 20 years of bliss. She began to insist that her husband carry her to the peak described in the manual—a peak that was simply beyond her. When her husband failed, she blamed him. She grew bitter and unforgiving; their whole marital relationship collapsed. In time she became frigid.

THERE ARE two forms of frigidity. In the primary form, the patient has always been a woman of ice. In secondary frigidity, a once sexually adequate wife (as in the above case) has turned cold. In both forms a distinction is made between the totally frigid woman who never responds, and the relatively frigid woman who responds to some degree but is never able to achieve a climax.

Contrary to general belief, primary frigidity is seldom a symptom of severe neurosis. After 36 years of practice, Dr. Kleegman estimates that only 15 percent of her patients with primary frigidity have had deep-rooted psychiatric problems. Of these, a few were homosexuals. The others were mainly women who had rejected their femaleness. In this small group a condition known as vaginismus—an involuntary tightening of the muscles that prevents physical union—is common and psychiatric treatment is the only hope. Vaginismus in other types of primary frigidity can, however, be cured by a gynecologist.

In Dr. Kleegman's experience, most sufferers from primary frigidity fall into two groups—the Innocents and the Brake-Appliers. The Innocents are those women whose overprotective parents have brought them up to be "mountain peaks of cold and snowy virtues." The only thing they've been taught about sex is to repress it.

The Brake-Appliers are the girls who before marriage have developed the habit of braking their emotions in order not to be carried away. With marriage, they may be frustrated in one of two ways. They may find they're incapable of giving themselves freely to their husbands. Or they may discover that elaborate petting techniques have conditioned them to substitute gratifications.

In either case, these women have feelings of inadequacy and shame that further complicate their problem. And, because the woman who is aroused over and over again without ever reaching a climax suffers far more than the completely cold woman, nature may bring the protective mechanism of absolute fri-

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gidity into play to end her suffering.

Shame, sometimes combined with an ignorance of her own physical make-up, is usually all that stands between such a wife and a satisfactory marriage. Her husband may not excite her. Or, she is ashamed to ask him to preface his forthright approach to love with those petting techniques she needs. She'll usually tell her marriage counselor she's ashamed to ask her husband to revert to anything so "childish." Then the counselor has to teach her that there is nothing shameful about her requirements, or about asking her husband to meet them. Once she has been persuaded of this, she and her husband can quickly reach compatibility.

One of the most common factors in secondary frigidity is the fear of pregnancy. Also, it is not unusual for temporary frigidity to set in during pregnancy and/or after childbirth, when many women are greatly fatigued. Illness, too, can take its toll. And while some women only begin to enjoy love-making after menopause, with others the aging process can lead to loss of sexual desire. Usually, though, when a normal woman suddenly finds herself unable to achieve fulfillment her problem is emotional. A woman who enjoys an excellent response with her husband under one set of circumstances can turn cold when conflict enters her marriage. A wife, for instance, may be shocked into frigidity by the discovery that her husband is unfaithful.

Matters of seemingly small moment sometimes have a glacial impact. In one case a bride turned cold after having reacted normally during the first three months of her marriage. Her doctor learned she was embroiled in a furious quarrel with her husband over who should wash the dishes and how they should be washed. When the doctor negotiated a truce, the bride's frigidity disappeared. In another case, a bitter, running family argument over the question of a joint checking account versus a doled-out weekly allowance resulted in a wife remaining unresponsive for two years.

Thanks to our greatly improved understanding of frigidity, many cold wives can now be cured with surprising ease. Unless they are suffering from an acute neurotic condition or have a really deep-rooted personality conflict in their marriage, an experienced counselor can resolve their problem in as few as one to five interviews.

The up-to-date gynecologist, psychotherapist, marriage counselor or family doctor now knows how to dispel feelings of shame and guilt. Should counseling fail, there is still an alternative. In recent years it's been found that a group of hormone-like drugs, the androgens, are a useful adjunct to the treatment of secondary frigidity. They are most often used in conjunction with counseling but they can also be used alone, particularly in cases brought on by anxiety, tension or emotional fatigue.

For years doctors have used androgens for many therapeutic purposes. But it wasn't until 1942-1944 that attention was focused on these drugs' ability to stimulate desire in

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women. During that time, a Southern girl was given an androgen compound in an attempt to control excessive uterine bleeding. After several days of treatment she confessed to her doctor that she'd lost all sexual control and become nymphomaniacal. As soon as the drug was withdrawn she returned to normal.

The doctors who studied her case began to experiment with the use of androgens in treating frigidity. Treatment has now been refined to the point where it is believed that, properly used, the drugs will restore almost any woman's lost desire.

To illustrate its effectiveness, a leading authority on androgen therapy cites the case of a 28-year-old woman patient, married at 19, who enjoyed a satisfactory marital relationship for five years. Then her inability to conceive began to prey on her mind and she became almost hysterically tense in her anxiety for conception. As time passed and she still didn't conceive, she began to lose desire, then to abhor sex. Her physician put her on a course of androgen pills. She now gets greater satisfaction from love-making despite the fact that she still cannot conceive.

Frigidity is always a serious matter because it's crippling both to women and to marriage. But doctors agree that it need not be. With the drugs and various psychological therapies now available, it's no longer necessary for any woman to accept frigidity as her lot.

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It's called "foot-in-mouth" disease. And when it suddenly afflicts diplomats it causes international convulsions—of laughter

Washington trips on its tongue

BY KAY HALLE

DIPLOMACY IS a polished, but precarious way of life sometimes afflicted by "foot-in-mouth" disease; a chronic predisposition to blurt the wrong thing at the right time. The malady is rampant in all the world capitals. But it seems particularly indigenous to Washington, D.C., where representatives of almost every nation furnish the ingredients for a rash of glorious gaffes, linguistic bloopers and slips of the tongue that, paradoxically, help soften the sometimes solemn business of government.

Protocol-minded hostesses are still convulsed with laughter, for example, when they recall the Pakistani official and his wife who responded to toasts at a dinner given in their honor. In perfect Oxford English, the husband thanked his hosts for their kindness. Then, smiling shyly, his wife chorused in halting English, "And I thank you, too, from the heart of my bottom."

Different languages and customs provide the richest soil for bloopers. When George Bernard Shaw once remarked that Americans and Englishmen are divided only by a common tongue, he must have foreseen the plight of the wife of a green American diplomat, newly arrived in London. While unpacking her bags, she instructed her maid to take out her best nightgown and put it in the closet. To her horror, she watched the very correct servant flush the filmy nighty down the toilet. Only then did she learn that in Britain our toilet is their "closet."

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The late Lord Inverchapel, when he was British Ambassador to the U.S., reversed the proceedings by perpetrating a perfect blooper in a speech. Extolling British women for gallantly suffering wartime hardships, he listed some of their privations: "Two dresses a year; one-and-a-half pairs of shoes; no nylons —and each woman was allowed one slip every six months."

Linguistically, many Americans still live in splendid isolation, unaware that foreigners can speak English. Charles E. Bohlen, now the State Department's Russian-affairs expert, gleefully remembers a lunch he gave once for a Saudi Arabian delegation. The visitors cut dashing figures in their flowing burnooses, and, at a table nearby, a group of Washington debutantes were swooning over the handsome Arab princes, loudly commenting on their particular charms. As the visitors left the room, they stopped before the tableful of girls. Bowing chivalrously, one of them smiled and said in perfect English: "And you should see us on our horses!"

Occasionally, foreign guests cannot help striking back at their unwitting tormentors. Wellington Koo, former Chinese Nationalist Ambassador to the U.S., once found himself seated next to an American dowager who peppered him with silly questions punctuating them with, "Speakee English?" Later in the evening, Ambassador Koo was called upon for a brief speech, which he delivered in perfect English. As he sat down he could not resist turning to his dinner companion and asking, "Likee speechee?"

But the society woman's embarrassment paled before that of a Cabinet Member who, during the dark days of World War II, sought to console Chinese Foreign Minister T. V. Soong with "Don't worry, T. V., we'll get those little yellow so-and-sos yet!"

And the U.N. can usually be counted on to produce some memorable gaffe. The late Warren Austin, then chief American delegate to the U.N., nearly broke up a hot debate one day when, in sincere exasperation, he asked why the Arabs and Israelis couldn't settle their disputes together like true Christians!

Some of the most undiplomatic blunders occur at the dinner table. When Mrs. Edward Page Jr. gave her first diplomatic dinner in Moscow, where her husband was First Secretary at the U.S. Embassy, everything went off beautifully until the meat course arrived—accompanied by what appeared to be boiled potatoes. But when the guests tried to spear the potatoes they kept skipping off the plates and bouncing on the floor. Poor Mrs. Page subsequently learned that her maid had mixed up two cylindrical tin boxes and had served boiled tennis balls.

Press receptions are famous for bloopers. At one shindig given by the Women's National Press Club, columnist Betty Beale, who headed the receiving line, was obliged to greet an endless queue of guests. The last man in line was Secretary of the Treasury Robert Anderson. Giddy from uttering so many amenities, Miss Beale grasped his sleeve

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and cried cordially, "Mr. Sandwich, won't you have a Secretary?"

When another capital hostess was introduced to French statesman Jean Monnet, then the High Authority of Europe's Coal-Steel Pool, she purred, "Oh, I am so thrilled to meet you, Mr. High Authority." And one of Washington's all-time favorite examples of absent-mindedness concerns the wife of a distinguished columnist who once wrote out a dinner invitation to Cardinal Spellman, then mused aloud: "Shall I ask his wife, too?"

Slips of the tongue—and mind—are common in Congress, where orators frequently stumble over their own figures of speech. For instance, Senator Everett Dirksen of Illinois once addressed Senator James Eastland of Mississippi as "Sinister Eatvold." But Dirksen's most deathless crack came during the debate over Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce's nomination as Ambassador to Brazil: "Why beat an old bag of bones?"

The late Senator Kenneth Wherry of Nebraska was known for his verbal errata. He once referred to the Joint Chiefs of Staff as the "Chief Joints of Stiff," although Senator Ernest McFarland of Arizona subsequently topped him with the "Joint Thiefs of Chaff."

Former Senator Tom Connally of Texas was the favorite of reporters who reveled in his "blunders" which were often cleverly devised booby traps. One day he referred to Saudi Arabia as "Pseudo-Arabia," and on another occasion he dismissed Chiang Kai-shek with: "The trouble with Chiang is that he doesn't Generalissimo enough."

But the unkindest cut of all was delivered by a Washington taxi driver who was driving a group of women from Union Station to Constitution Hall. When they became noisily argumentative, the cabby turned around to ask who they thought they were. Pompously, one stout woman informed him that they were members of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Abruptly, the cab driver pulled over to the curb and told the ladies to get out. "I don't want any revolutionaries riding in my cab!" he said. Horrified, the D.A.R. members tried to explain that they were descended from the founders of our country." "Oh yeah?" shrugged the driver. "That's what they all say."

SIGN LANGUAGE

SIGN IN A SHOP WINDOW on New York City's Broadway: "Going Out Of Business, Inc." —MIMI KURTZ

SIGN IN AN OCULIST'S WINDOW in New Rochelle, New York: "Eyes Examined While You Wait!" —SHIRLEY ZICHT

STREET SIGN in Birmingham, Alabama: "No U-all Turns." —A. E. DOWNEY

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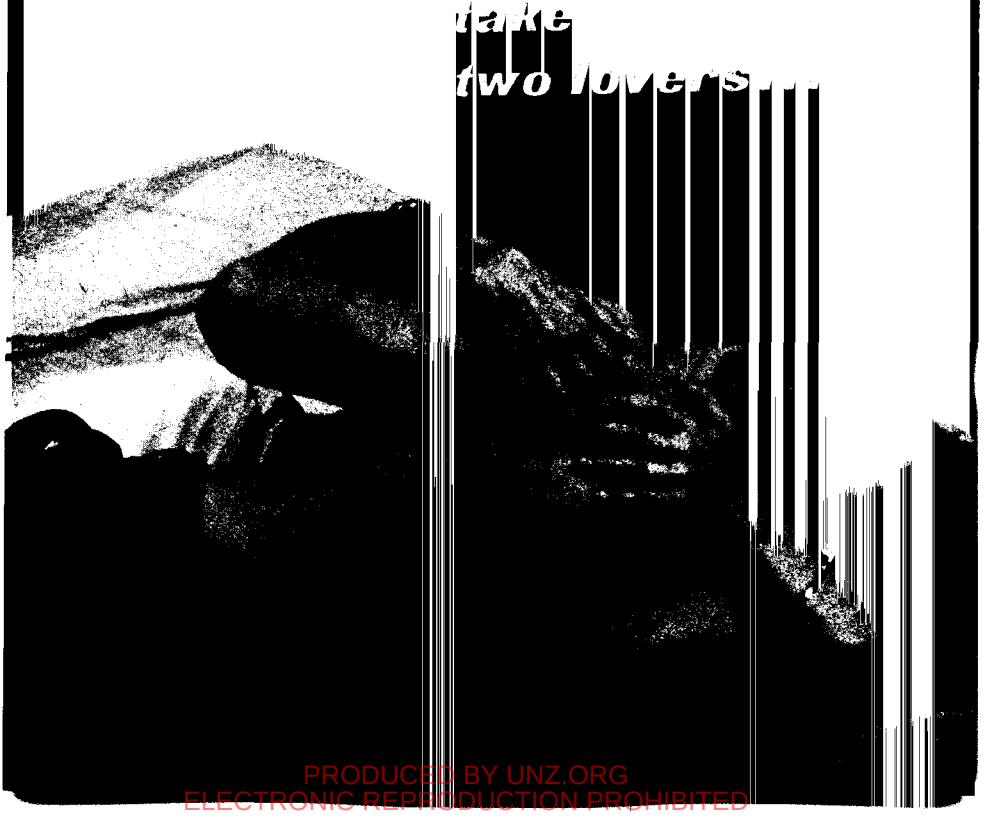

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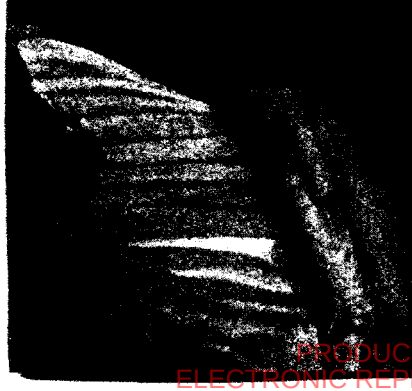
every murder



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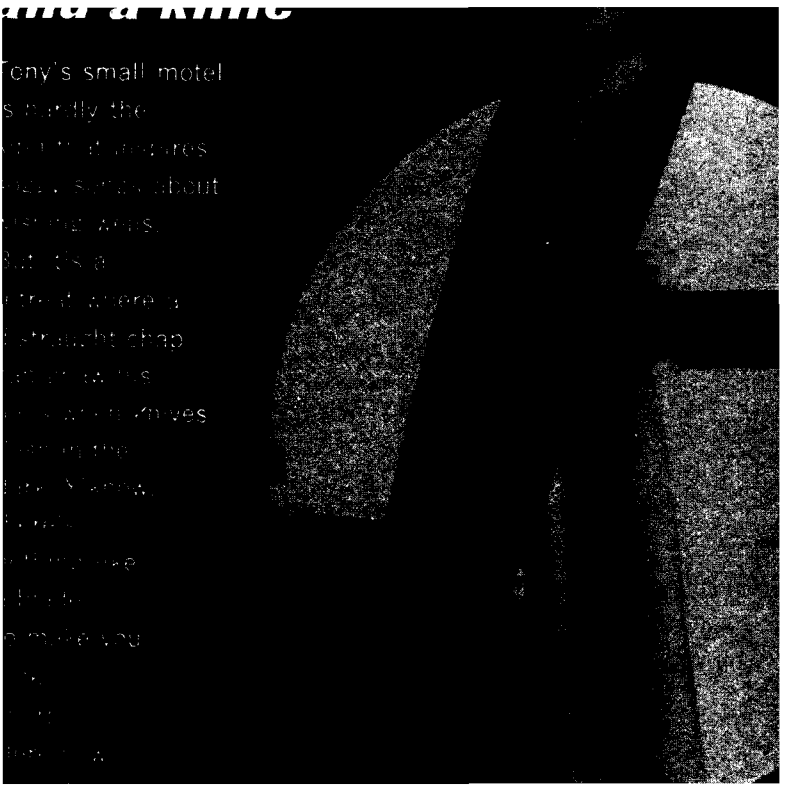

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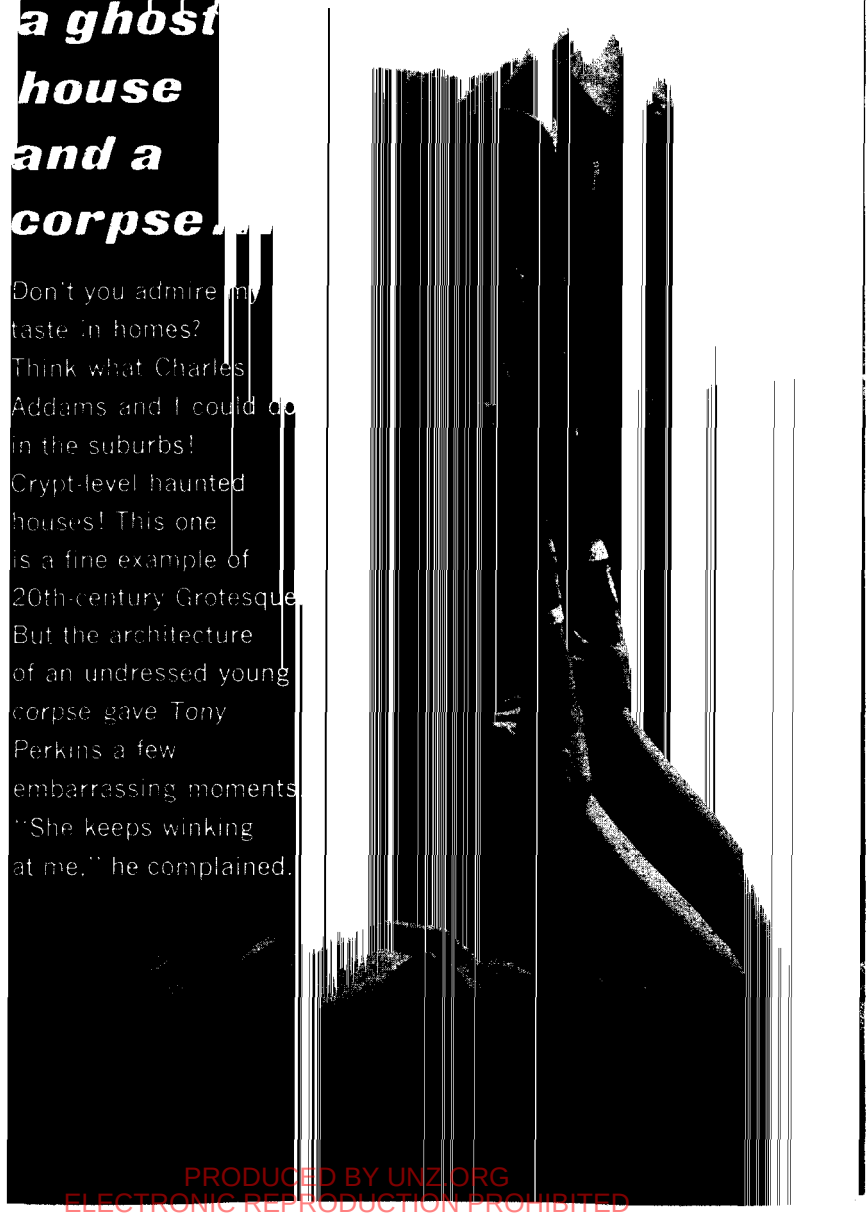
season with a ghost house and a corpse...

Don't you admire my taste in homes? Think what Charles Addams and I could do in the suburbs! Crypt-level haunted houses! This one is a fine example of 20th-century Grotesque. But the architecture of an undressed young corpse gave Tony Perkins a few embarrassing moments. "She keeps winking at me," he complained.



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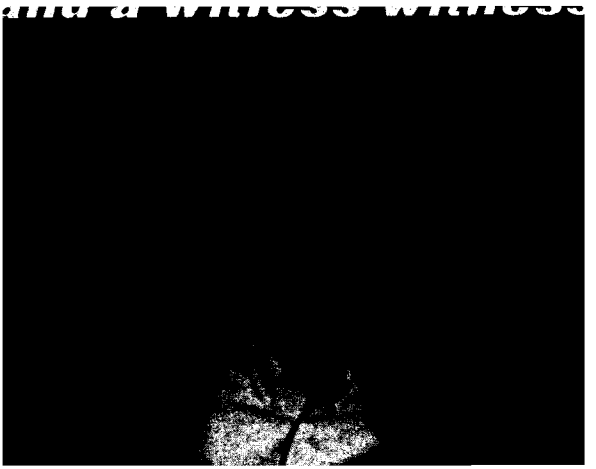

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BY ROBERT B. MEYNER,
Governor of New Jersey

BOMB SHELTERS

In a challenging, forthright article, the Governor declares that our hope for survival lies not in underground vaults, which may become mass mausoleums, but in the militant might of the human spirit— shielded by faith and armed with reason

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WILL NOT SAVE US!

"AREN'T YOU GAMBLING with the lives of 5,000,000 people?" A friend put that question to me at my office in Trenton recently. He was referring to my misgivings about civilian defense underground shelters. He reminded me of the flight of the U-2 spy plane, the shattering failure of the summit talks, the other disturbing signs of international instability and tension. The need for fallout shelters, he said, was surely more urgent now than ever before. How could I, as Governor of New Jersey, possibly maintain so unreasonable and ostrichlike an attitude in the face of the frightening facts of 1960? My friend genuinely believed that deep, sturdily-built underground shelters are the only reasonable answer to the perils of nuclear war. His view is shared by many people, including Leo Hoegh, director of the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization, and Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York. As the power of nuclear weapons increases, as the atomic stockpiles grow, there is a corresponding increase in demands for a massive network

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of fallout shelters into which the people of the U.S.A. can scurry in case of an enemy attack.

A careful study of the probable nature of nuclear war has convinced me that these demands do not fit the facts. There is only one way to assure the survival of 180,000,000 Americans. We must have peace. Not a cringing, cowardly "peace at any price," as destructive to the human spirit as the most devastating defeat; but a peace predicated on strength, dignity and reason. This is a dynamic peace for which we must mobilize every resource at our command. And to achieve it, we must intensify the battle for control of nuclear weapons by an international agency.

Instead, the proponents of bomb shelters suggest we find peace of mind in bleak holes in the ground, where we would cringe in a state of fear and futility. In any large metropolitan area a nuclear attack would turn these primordial caves into nothing but mass burial vaults.

Under certain circumstances, some lives might be saved by such shelters: *if* the attack were a weak one; *if* there were adequate warning; *if* necessary services and facilities remained in operation after the attack, and *if* the shelter were not buried and sealed beneath mountains of rubble. But experts such as John M. Fowler and Ralph E. Lapp, both prominent physicists, feel these circumstances are unlikely to occur. The probability is that damage would be swift, extensive, sustained. It is the cruelest deception to create the impression that shelters are an *adequate* defense.

Before the world got its first glimpse of nuclear warfare 15 years ago, I would have recommended that underground shelters be built quickly. But the pace of nuclear research since Hiroshima has made ordinary means of protection obsolete. The weapons of 1960 are as different from those of 1945 as a cannon is from a cap pistol. The Hiroshima-type bomb now becomes the fuse that sets off the megaton hydrogen bomb.

Of course, it is argued, the proposed shelters of 1960 would also be different from those of World War II. They would be equipped with uncontaminated food and water, built of radiation-resistant materials and anchored deep in the earth. They would have heavy doors that could be bolted against the deadly radiation—*and against any contaminated people who might try to get in after an attack.*

But shelters like these are predicated on the assumption that an enemy attack would be a relatively puny one. The superbombs now in the stockpiles of the U.S. and Soviet Union make it possible that even a moderate-sized attack would be roughly 1,500 times the total destructive power that was released by all the conventional bombs dropped during World War II.

What would be the result of such an attack on the U.S.? It would depend on where the bombs and missiles fell. The first targets would probably be those on which this country relies for retaliatory power —the Strategic Air Command and

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ICBM bases. An enemy deciding to strike the first blow in a nuclear war would know that we would try to reply swiftly and powerfully; he would therefore attempt to render our reply as weak as possible.

To destroy the runways, aircraft and equipment of a SAC base would probably require no very large bomb. But ICBM installations, which will eventually be housed underground, and known as "hard" targets, would have to be destroyed by bombs and missiles of massive power. And because these installations will soon be located all over the U.S., large-scale nuclear explosives would have to be directed at all parts of the country. Only in this way could an enemy hope to get in the first crushing blow without being crushed in return.

LET'S ASSUME that an enemy were to use weapons of ten megatons —about half the power of the largest bombs that the U.S. and Soviet Union now possess. What happens when a ten-megaton bomb explodes?

Over the area of impact, and for thousands of square miles around it, a deadly canopy of radioactive particles is formed, contaminating food and water, destroying the delicate biological balance that makes human life possible, and leaving a possible legacy of malformed children to future generations. But radiation, as deadly as it is, accounts for a mere five percent of the force released by a nuclear blast.

A second effect of a nuclear explosion is heat and light, which account for about one-third of the energy released. A moment after a ten-megaton bomb explodes, a blazing fireball expands to a diameter of three-and-a-half miles, scorching the target and surrounding area with temperatures approximately equal to those at the sun's surface.

If the same bomb were exploded 30 miles above the earth's surface, an intense wave of heat could sear an area of about 5,000 square miles, setting afire everything inflammable. A side effect, experts say, would be a rash of "firestorms"—fierce simultaneous infernos. The sudden, rapid temperature rise causes huge updrafts of air, creating a vacuum; air rushes in and in so doing the oxygen is burned out of the surrounding atmosphere. To cope with this problem successfully, every fallout shelter would have to have a long-term supply of manufactured oxygen.

The third result would be the blast effect. A ten-megaton surface blast would destroy frame houses over an area of 80 square miles and carve out a crater roughly a half-mile across and 250 feet deep.

These facts would be enough to make me skeptical about the effectiveness of fallout shelters. But there is also the matter of warning time. An intercontinental ballistic missile can travel well over 5,000 miles in less than half an hour; a rocket launched from a submarine 200 miles off the East Coast would reach New York in a matter of minutes. If the U.S. were hit by surprise, few people would have time to climb, crawl or fight their way into shelters.

What would happen to those who did? When would it be safe to come

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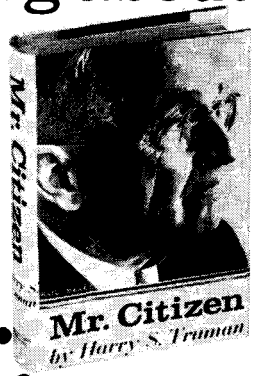

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out? Survivors of a nuclear attack would discover that our society and civilization no longer existed. The psychological and physical consequences of this realization—raw shock—are almost beyond comprehension.

The havoc of blast and heat would be matched in destructiveness by fires. Such blazes would denude land of timber and ground cover. This, in turn, would lead to the destruction of watersheds. Winter snow and spring rain would set in motion a vast process of erosion.

Man would have to depend solely upon his own devices to exist. He could not grow nourishing food because the soil would be shot through with radioactivity, particularly strontium 90, a long-term by-product of nuclear explosions. As direct fallout, it settles on vegetation which is consumed directly by animals and humans; it also lodges in the soil and seeps into growing matter through root systems. Like calcium, when ingested, it lodges in the bone structure. Strontium 90 is a breeder of bone cancer and leukemia. Thus many survivors would literally die a lingering death.

The aftermath carries with it the seed of even more far-reaching destruction: the potential genetic damage caused by radioactivity beyond man's normal tolerance.

Meanwhile, the lack of medical and public health facilities would invite disease and aggravate it. Even the most superficial injury could become a cause of alarm.

What of the psychological consequence of such an attack? It has

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been said that "One can speculate about the sustaining virtues of the pioneer spirit of cooperative assistance in times of crisis. But one can also speculate about the traumatic consequences of finding that there is nothing to assist with."

Just how much of a pioneering spirit will exist in the first place is another point to ponder. A survivor of the atomic bombing of Nagasaki has said, "We did wicked things like wolves to stay alive. This thing, this atom bomb, one thing it did was to make us unashamed of doing wrong, mean things."

Imagine the extent to which such a reaction would be multiplied among that portion of the surviving population which is part of the criminal element, the emotionally unstable and the mentally ill.

In fact, we might ask ourselves how the public would react not only to the after-effects, but to the nuclear explosions themselves, with cities afire, horrible casualties and huge clouds of radioactive dust.

There is also the question of cost. Estimates of the price of a massive fallout and blast shelter program range from $5 billion to $40 billion. This kind of money could better serve the cause of peace if it were invested positively in the future welfare of ourselves and our allies. Assuming, however, we could afford an outlay of this size, what of our friends abroad, what of the people of other lands whose friendship we seek? In countries where even above-ground housing is inadequate, it would be inconceivable that sufficient funds could be appropriated

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for shelters. If these people look to us to set an example, we serve them poorly in selfishly recommending something beyond their reach.

I am not saying that some people would not be saved by shelters. In outlying areas, far from main targets, shelters would afford some safety. But in heavily populated areas they would offer hardly any protection. I would have no quarrel with the advocates of shelters if they made it clear that shelters are no solution for the population as a whole, that shelters might benefit just a minority of our people.

Is this what our political ideals, our religious beliefs, our traditions as a people come down to—the salvation of a handful? Must we sit mutely while the world's tensions increase at such a perilous rate? I am convinced that it is within our capacity to devise a far more effective protection than any network of fallout shelters ever could be.

One frightening aspect of this period of technological progress is that our ability to control nature seems to have temporarily outstripped our wisdom. We build larger nuclear reactors, but we fail to have the larger ideas required to put them to uses of maximum benefit. We talk boastfully of our destructive capacity, but we neglect the positive goals that give human life its deepest meaning. It seems to me that this lag is particularly evident in the reasoning of those who advocate fallout shelters. These people are trying to resolve the most urgent problem of the 1960's with a solution borrowed from the 1940s.

There is only one solution: peace. Anyone interested in protecting more than a minute fraction of the American people ought to devote himself to obtaining—while there is still time—an enforceable peace. Control of nuclear weapons, to be effective, must be administered by an international organization. Today, that means the United Nations.

But the making of a genuine peace is too important to be left to governments alone. It needs the active support of individual citizens. By making known to their governments the growing strength of their commitment to peace, they can create a mandate so powerful it will not long be denied. The only shelter against a nuclear war is a workable peace.

The most convincing argument against the "shelter psychosis" arises, I believe, in the area of the human spirit which, at its finest, has always resisted restraint and closure. Shelters represent a niggardly estimate of mankind's destiny and capabilities—at complete variance with the optimism that has characterized the American spirit. Has this faith so shriveled, our vision so dimmed, that we plan our future in terms of a cringing subsistence underground? Does man who has made proud symbols of the lion and the eagle settle now for the mole and the worm?

I say no. When primitive man left his cave and began to live in the light, he was meant to travel onward and upward; not to circle back.

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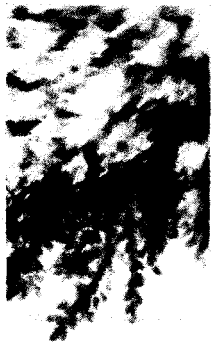

The mystery of the frozen mammoths

BY CHARLES H. HAPGOOD

For 10,000 years this "whodunit" has defied solution. Here a renowned scientist comes up with what may be the key to the strange case

LOCKED IN THE ETERNALLY FROZEN MUD of northern Siberia is an unsolved mystery that has intrigued scientists for more than a century. The arctic wasteland is a burial ground for hundreds of thousands of mammoths, a hairy species of elephant, now extinct, that seem to have died about 10,000 years ago and been quickly deep-frozen, some in *midsummer*. Frozen mammoth bodies have been found so perfectly preserved that their flesh is almost as delicious today as fresh beefsteak.

What caused the death of such huge herds of animals? How could some have been frozen solid in a warm season? How could Siberia's climate change so suddenly from one able to provide grazing for elephants to one so cold that many carcasses have never thawed in 10,000 years? And how could this change have occurred in Siberia at a time when North American regions in fairly similar latitudes were getting warmer?

The remains of mammoths are incredibly numerous in Siberia and, strangely enough, their numbers in-

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Charles H. Hapgood, co-author with J. H. Campbell of "Earth's Shifting Crust," is Professor of Anthropology at Keene Teachers College, New Hampshire.

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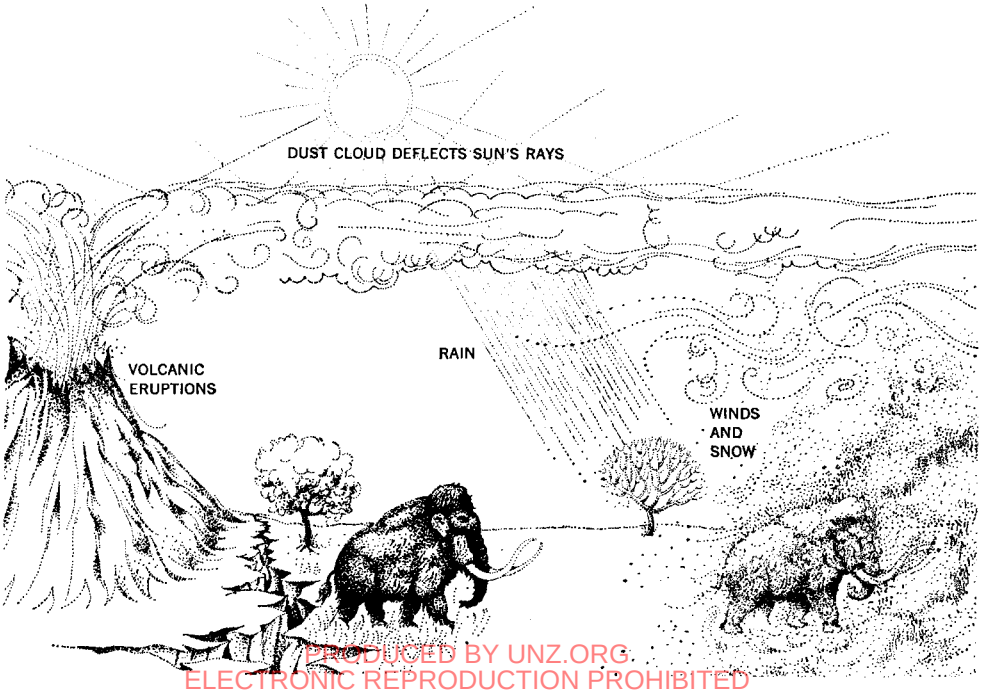
crease farther north toward the Arctic Ocean. Their bones are spread over the bottom of that ocean, where ships have dredged them up. And 200 miles to the north, in the New Siberian Islands, not much farther from the North Pole than New York is from Chicago, mammoth remains are thickest of all.

Throughout Siberia and in the New Siberian Islands the remains are found in frozen soil. Although preserved bodies and complete skeletons are found, most of the bodies have been torn apart, as if by a colossal force. In some places the bones have been piled up in huge heaps, large as hills, bones of mammoths mixed with those of horses, antelope, bison, bears, wolves, giant cats and smaller creatures.

Men have known about this mysterious graveyard since the earliest times. Mammoth tusks, often ten feet long, have supplied Asia's ivory trade for hundreds, if not for thousands of years. From 1880 to 1900, about 10,000 pairs of tusks were recovered from Siberia and still the supply shows no signs of running out.

The mystery deepened in 1901, when a complete mammoth body was found near Siberia's Beresovka River. This animal had apparently frozen to death very suddenly in the middle of the summer. His stomach contents were so well-preserved that the plants he had been eating could

Gradual shift of earth's crust caused fierce volcanoes. Volcanic dust obscured sun's warming rays. Avalanche of snow fell on Siberia, quick-freezing—and



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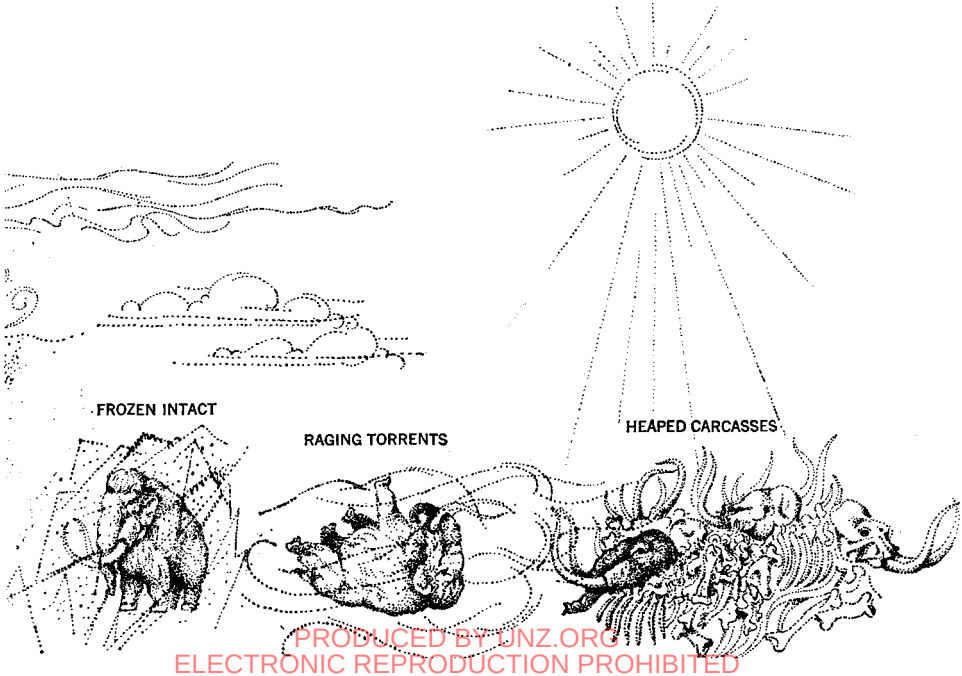
be identified. They included buttercups and wild beans in full bloom, a stage they reach only in late July or early August. Death had been so sudden that his last mouthful of grasses and flowers were found in his mouth. He had been caught up by some terrific force and carried some miles away from his feeding ground. He suffered broken leg and pelvic bones, and then, in a kneeling position, froze to death—at the hottest time of the year!

There are several distinct mysteries wrapped up in this remarkable package. Could the mammoths and other animals found with them have lived in the present climate of Siberia? If so, could the country have provided them with a sufficient food supply? If climatic change occurred, how do we account for it? If climatic change is usually slow, how do we account for its apparent suddenness in this case?

The great area where the mammoths once lived today is called the tundra. It stretches for thousands of miles along the Arctic Ocean and extends to Alaska. It is comparatively flat. The ground is frozen straight down for hundreds of feet. It never thaws, except for about three feet at the surface. This temporarily melts during the six-week summer. Winters are more severe than at the North Pole. In the summer the melted snow turns into bogs, which

burying—herds of mammoths. Then came a thaw, and raging torrents piled carcasses into mounds. But many remained frozen, their meat still edible today.



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breed clouds of mosquitoes; there are no forests or grassy plains.

Out on the tundra the average annual temperature is only two degrees above zero, ranging from 56° below in January to a July peak of 60°. With such a short growing season and with grass areas reduced by swamps as they are today, millions of mammoths and other animals could not have found enough food on the tundra to keep alive.

To support these great herds, Siberia's climate must once have been warmer. When the weather became arctic, the animals perished.

But many scientists argue that Siberia couldn't have frozen up 10,000 years ago because at that time in North America, in similar latitudes on the other side of the globe, the climate was getting *warmer* and the glaciers of our last Ice Age were melting away for good. How could Siberia freeze and North America grow warm at the same time? These scientists insist that the mammoth with his thick hide and shaggy hair was really an arctic creature, like the reindeer and musk ox, quite able to survive in Siberia.

A re-examination of evidence indicates the opposite. It suggests that the mammoth was little better adapted to cold climates than his cousin, the Indian elephant.

A French biologist, H. Neuville, made microscopic studies of the skin and hair of the mammoth prior to 1919. He found that the creature had a woolly undercoat as well as sparse, shaggy hair; but the mammoth's skin—no thicker than his cousin's—like his had no oil glands.

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And hair's ability to keep out cold, Neuville explained, depends on oil from these glands. Without it, damp penetrates the skin and exposes the animal to cold.

Furthermore, if the mammoth was so well adapted to the climate, why did he disappear? And what about the other animals? The arguments used for the mammoths—their thick skin, their hair—will not do for antelope, horses, bears, bison and saber-toothed cats, also found in the frozen ground. Nor will they do for plants. Baron Eduard Toll, the explorer, reported finding a fallen 90-foot fruit tree, with ripe fruit and green leaves still on its branches, in the frozen ground of the New Siberian Islands. The only tree vegetation that grows there now is a willow one inch high!

Why then do some scientists argue, against the evidence, that the mammoth was an arctic animal? In my opinion, the plain truth of the matter is that they are unwilling to admit that there was a great climatic revolution in Siberial that they cannot explain.

Before we can even guess as to the extraordinary chain of events that entombed these animals—killed in the prime of life—in an icy sepulchre, we must take a look at another continent: Antarctica. Here we will find still another mystery.

Until recently, scientists believed that Antarctica has been drowned in mile-thick ice for millions of years. Since World War II, however, we have discovered evidence of periods of temperate climate in Antarctica in relatively recent times. The Byrd

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Expedition of 1946-47 took samples of sediment from the sea floor off the continent which showed layers of fine mud from times when the weather was warmer and rivers washed earth into the sea from an ice-free interior.

Radiation tests established that the fine sediment of the most recent warm period only began to be replaced by the coarse deposits of the present icecap within the last 10,000 years or so—the same time the climate was changing both in Siberia and North America.

In other words, there were three great climatic revolutions in the same epoch, yet the changes were in different directions: North America grew warm, the Antarctic became ice-covered and Siberia became arctic. What single factor could possibly produce these effects?

ONLY ONE POSSIBILITY, I believe, can explain this riddle of science and with it the mysterious extinction of the mammoth. In my opinion, the climate did not change; the entire surface of the earth migrated from one climatic zone to another!

Geologists now know that underneath the thin, rigid crust of the earth lies a semi-liquid layer. If the "skin" of the earth were loose enough, it might shift on this soft foundation.

Over perhaps 10,000 years, this crust, slipping as a unit, could move Siberia up from a warm climate to a position inside the Arctic Circle, slide North America down from the North Pole to its present location and displace Antarctica from a semi-arctic to a polar climate.

This theory has the advantages of explaining why the North American icecap extended as far south as Ohio, but did not cover certain islands near the North Pole; and why the center of that icecap lay in the Hudson Bay region, 2,000 miles south of the present pole: a fact never satisfactorily explained up to now. It will explain the temperate period in Antarctica, because the crust's position before the slippage would have placed most of Antarctica in a warmer zone. It would explain the warm climate in Siberia, because with the pole at Hudson Bay the Arctic Ocean would have been no colder than the present North Atlantic.

But if the movement of the crust of the earth was so slow, how can we account for the quick-freezing of the mammoths?

The answer may lie in the possible effects of such a movement on the weather. It seems certain that there would have been a very great increase in volcanic eruptions. The earth is not perfectly round but, instead, is slightly flattened at the poles and bulged at the equator. As some sections of the earth's crust moved poleward, where the diameter of the earth is less, and others moved equatorward, where it is greater, stresses and strains would accumulate to the breaking point and then would be relieved in widespread earthquakes and in volcanic eruptions.

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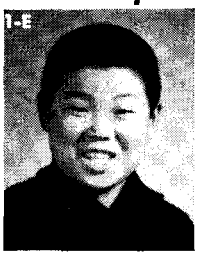

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where winds rapidly spread it across the whole globe. This dust layer deflects the sun's light back into space and cuts down the heat reaching earth. W. J. Humphreys, a noted meteorologist, calculated that the dust from just the 1912 eruption of Katmai in Alaska temporarily cut off 20 percent of the radiant heat from the whole earth. So it seems reasonable to suppose that the simultaneous eruption of dozens of volcanoes all over the world, such as might happen with a movement of the earth's crust—and such as we know actually occurred late in the Ice Age—could produce extremely radical changes in the weather.

Phenomenal storms, such as a 40-foot snowfall or 40 days of rain, conceivably could be produced when volcanic dust cut off the sunlight and chilled the air. One such snowfall could kill animals over a great area and swiftly freeze the bodies. The deep snow might last through the following summers, deepening as each winter added to it.

Evidence shows that a thin ice sheet actually was formed in Siberia. It seems to have melted away during a warming of the climate about 6,000 years ago.

For more light on the fate of the mammoths let's go back to North America. Incredible as it may seem, when the last icecap came down from Canada it was chock-full of frozen animals. Remains of horses, deer, giant beavers and smaller animals typical of temperate climates have been found in swamps of upper New York.

At first it was believed that the animals lived there after the icecap disappeared and had become mired in the swamps by accident. But the remains were found underneath the peat and mud, mixed with the sands and gravels laid down by the great ice sheet itself.

Like the mammoths, they must have been trapped in ancient snowdrifts which ultimately became a mile-thick sheet of ice. They must then have dropped out of the ice as it melted. Only those bodies deposited in bogs would have been preserved; those exposed to air would have rotted entirely away.

Similarly, when the thin Siberian ice sheet melted, the animals it contained would probably have been washed out and carried in raging torrents of ice-cold melt water, along with quantities of mud, then deposited with the mud on plains we now call the tundra. In this process, most of the animals would have been torn apart and reduced to skeletons. Since the Siberian warm season is short, the mud would quickly have frozen again, preserving the tusks and bones.

But some of the mammoths may never have been disturbed from the positions in which they died if, during thaws, the ice melted from over them and was replaced by freezing mud before the bodies themselves thawed and decomposed.

Does this sound farfetched? Science has learned never to dismiss a theory too quickly. The fantasies of yesterday often become the space flights of tomorrow.

How else can we explain the mysterious fate of the mammoths?

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by Ruth Stone, Perma·lift Stylist

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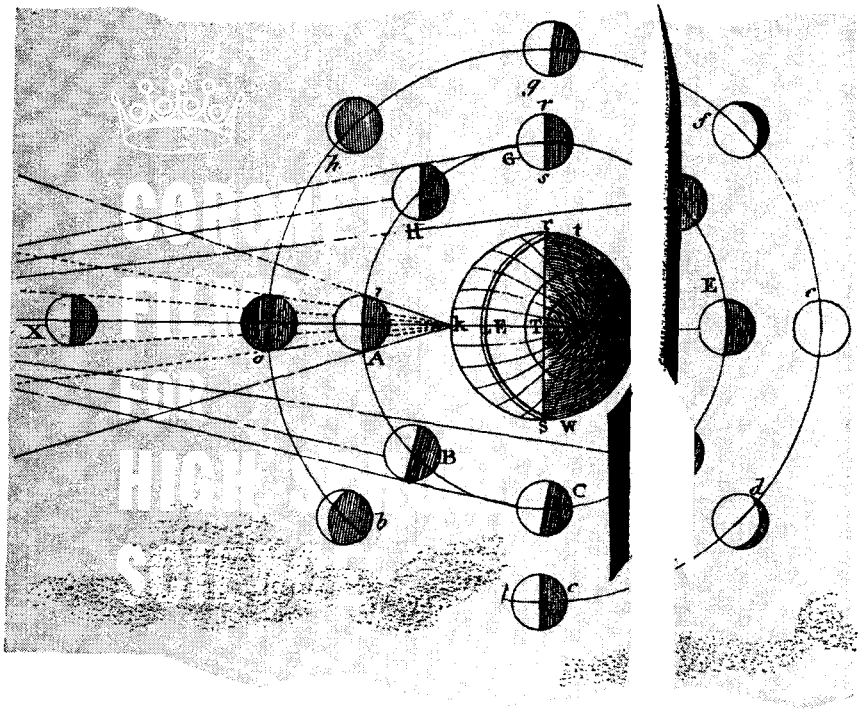

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Conserving Our Soil Today
The Earth (Series of 4 films)
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Introduction to Electricity
Matter and Energy
Properties of Water
The Solar System
A Story of a Storm
The Story of Soil
The Sun and How It Affects Us
Understanding Our Universe
Using the Scientific Method

Biology

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The Cell—Structural Unit of Life
Development of the Chick Embryo (5 min.)
Heredity and Environment
How Green Plants Make and Use Food
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Life in a Cubic Foot of Air
Life in a Drop of Water
Life in a Pond
Marine Animals and Their Foods (8 min.)
Microorganisms that Cause Disease
Reproduction in Animals
Reproduction in Plants (13 min.)
Simple Plants: Algae and Fungi (13 min.)
Simple Plants: Bacteria (13 min.)

Chemistry

Acids, Bases and Salts (21 min.)
Carbon and Its Compounds
The Colloidal State (16 min.)
The Halogens
Hydrogen (13 min.)
Introduction to Chemistry
Ionization (18 min.)
Laws of Conservation of Energy and Matter (8 min.)
The Laws of Gases
Metals and Non-Metals
Nitric Acid Compounds and the Nitrogen Cycle (18 min.)
Nitrogen and Ammonia (16 min.)
Oxygen
Solutions (16 min.)
Sulfur and Its Compounds
Using the Laboratory (Chemistry and Physics)

Chemistry Laboratory Series

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Chromium and Manganese (37 min.)
Demonstrating the Gas Laws (21 min.)
Determination of Atomic Weight (18 min.)
Elements, Compounds, Mixtures (30 min.)
Hard Water (28 min.)
Heat of Solution (16 min.)
Indicators and pH (28 min.)
Ionic Equilibrium (16 min.)
Molecular Weight of Oxygen
Molecular Weight of Solutes (8 min.)
Nitrous Acid and Sodium Nitrite (18 min.)
Oxides of Nitrogen (16 min.)
Phosphorous (18 min.)
Physical and Chemical Change (28 min.)
Preparation and Properties of the Halogens (32 min.)
Preparation and Properties of Hydrogen (18 min.)
Preparation and Properties of Nitric Acid (21 min.)
Principles of Ionization (13 min.)
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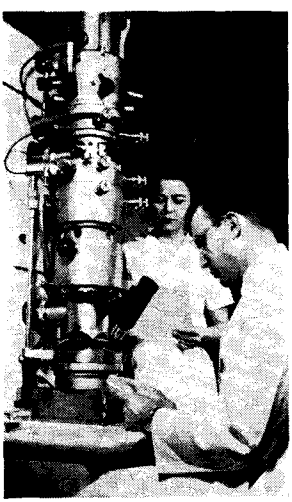

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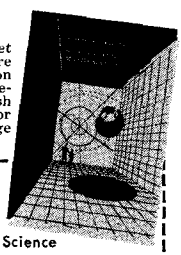

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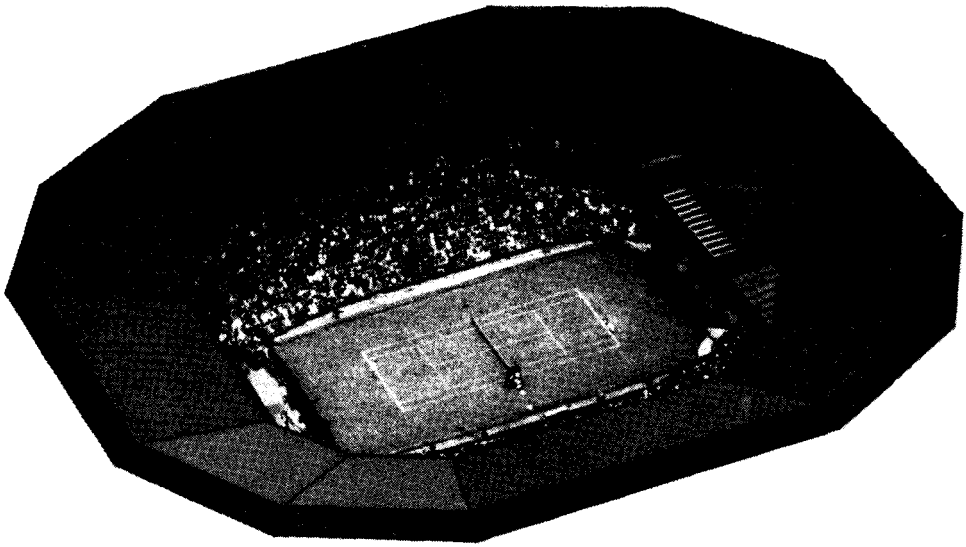

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BY GRAHAM AND HEATHER FISHER

For 50 weeks a year this hallowed rectangle of English turf is babied beyond belief to prepare it for the world's greatest tennis players

IN THE DRAB London suburb from which it takes its name stands one of the most famous stretches of turf in the world. One hundred and thirty-four feet long, 72 feet wide, hemmed in by ivy-covered walls, it has been the setting for thrills, drama, heartache, glamor and laughter. For this is the center tennis court at Wimbledon, England, nursed and nurtured, weeded and watered, cut and rolled for 50 weeks a year so that it can be at its peak of perfection every June for just 12 days of brilliant international tennis.

It is the driving ambition of every young tennis player to appear on Wimbledon's famed center court. A famous U.S. star of the 1930's, Helen Jacobs, was once asked what

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was so special about Wimbledon. She promptly replied: "It's just the world championship, that's all."

Today, Wimbledon no longer bills itself as The World Tennis Championships. The U.S. and other tennis-playing nations objected so the word "world" was dropped, but Wimbledon spoke the last word by cunningly renaming itself *The* Lawn Tennis Championships on Grass.

Between tournaments, Wimbledon's center court and the almost equally famous No. 1 court—there are 17 courts in all—are guarded almost as closely as the Crown Jewels. No alien foot is permitted to tread on the sacred turf which veteran head groundsman Edwin Fuller swears is like good velvet. No sooner is one Wimbledon tourney over than Fuller and his 12 assistants start renovating the courts for the next. The Silloth turf has not been replaced since the courts were laid in 1921. Beneath it are 14 inches of top soil, three inches of fine ash, nine inches of clinker and the intricate herring bones of the drainage system.

The famous turf is mown by hand. The cropping starts in February and by June the 12-bladed cutters have the grass down to a uniform one-eighth of an inch. It takes five of Fuller's assistants, their feet shod in soft-soled pumps, to drag each of the two rollers across the courts.

There were 471 players from 36 nations competing at Wimbledon last year, and about 250,000 spectators attended during the 12 days—a far cry from the 22 players in the first Wimbledon tournament in 1877, and the 200 spectators who paid 14 cents apiece to watch the final.

One story—some say it's apocryphal—is that the first Wimbledon tournament owed its inception to the fact that the ancient roller employed on the lawns of the All-England Croquet Club broke down. Short of money, the club cast about for some way to raise enough cash to have the roller repaired. "Why not organize a tennis tournament?" said someone, suggesting what was then a novel idea. In any case, those club members keen on lawn tennis pushed for a competition.

So Wimbledon was born, and today the world's premier tennis tournament is still run by the All-England Lawn Tennis *and Croquet* Club. This year croquet was played again for the first time since 1904.

Though Wimbledon is tight-lipped about finances, its yearly profit is estimated at almost $100,000. But expenses are heavy. It takes 200 stewards to marshal the spectators, 140 umpires to supervise the matches and 60 boys to retrieve the 10,000 tennis balls used during the competition. Each ball is weighed and kept in an icebox on court until required for play.

Tennis dress at Wimbledon has changed drastically since the days when one Mrs. Beamish shocked the spectators by appearing on court in something less than an ankle-length skirt. Many of the changes have been brought about by Americans, though not without difficulty. When John Hennessey walked out to play in 1925, he was wearing trousers which sported a faint gray stripe. He was ordered to change them for

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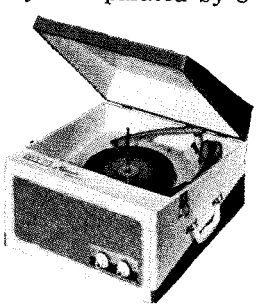
Swing back to school

pick a portable fonograf for fun while you study, or a

HOLIDAY This Webcor stereo automatic portable, *above*, produces console-quality hi-fi sound. Its two corner-angled wide-range speakers may be played as shown through "sound contact" hinges, or they may be separated by 8′ cords on either side. Stereo volume and tone controls. Automatic Diskchanger plays all four speeds —stereo and monaural records. Shuts off automatically. Choice of color combinations.



MAESTRO This Webcor automatic high fidelity fonograf, *right*, is built for easy portability—weighs only 17 pounds. Automatic Diskchanger plays all four speeds—intermixes 10″ and 12″ LP's; two sapphire needles; separate volume and tone controls; wide-range speaker.

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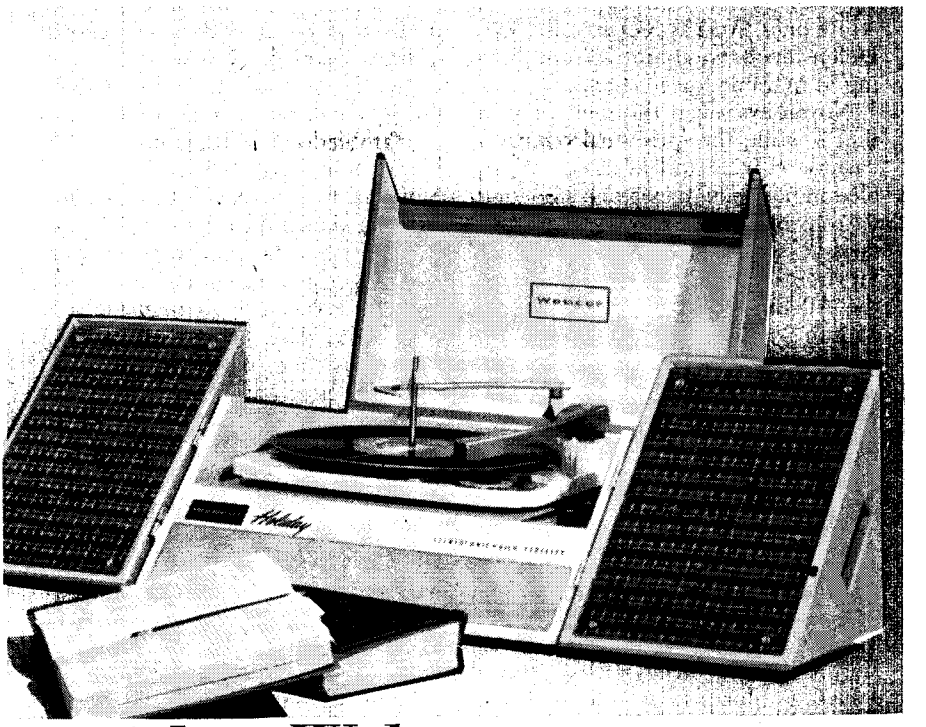
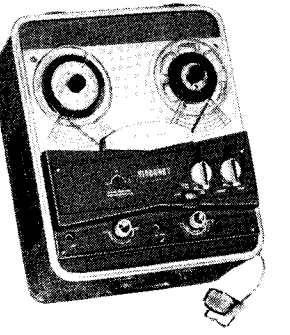


with a Webcor room-mate

high fidelity tape recorder for study, fun and tape-letters

VISCOUNT This lowest price Webcor high fidelity tape recorder, *at right*, is engineered to take hi-fi snapshots of the sounds of life—parties, language and music lessons, even letters-by-tape to the folks back home! Easily operated—it records and plays back in all three speeds, dual-track.



Webcor

WEBCOR IS BUILT *with an ear to the future*

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white ones. And as recently as 1933, Helen Jacobs was banned from playing at Wimbledon in shorts.

Nowadays, even the men play in shorts while the girls turn out in a variety of frills and fancies. "Wimbledon has been in existence too long to rely on frilly panties for popularity," was the acid comment of Sir Louis Greig, then chairman of the All-England Club, after Gussie Moran's appearance on court in her famous lace-trimmed undergarments. More recently, when Florida's sun-tanned Karol Fageros announced her intention of appearing in gold *lamé* panties, she was sharply reminded that the rules of Wimbledon insisted on all-white outfits.

But it is still the tennis which really draws the crowds year after year. There is always the possibility of another bitter struggle like those waged by poker-faced Helen Wills Moody and her long-time rival, Helen Jacobs, both of whom came from the same San Francisco suburb, went to the same college and shared the same tennis coach.

Four times they met in a final on the famous center court, and four times Helen Wills Moody won. But it was their last meeting in 1938 which produced the greatest tension. They were 4-4 in the first set and Helen Jacobs, playing with a bandaged right leg, was leading 40-30 on her own service when she landed heavily on her already injured foot. After that, she could only hobble. But Helen Wills Moody showed her no mercy, ruthlessly hitting her way to her eighth Wimbledon victory—an all-time record.

Each year brings some new drama or hilarity, as when California's Jack Grigry, making his first appearance at Wimbledon last June, interrupted his match against Spain's Miguel Santana to ask for a glass of beer. Stonily, the umpire ignored the request. Grigry harangued the crowd, pleading and moaning for beer, Finally, a spectator brought him a brimming glass, which he drained amid laughing applause. It was the first time beer had been seen on the sacred courts, though America's Jack Crawford had munched sugar soaked in brandy between games.

Perhaps the most dramatic match ever seen at Wimbledon—and certainly the longest—was the 1953 clash between Budge Patty and Jaroslav Drobny, the exiled Czech. That duel lasted so long that the sun went down and Drobny had to change his dark glasses for a pair with clear lenses. Six times he was within a stroke of defeat, and six times he saved the match.

In their dashes about the court, Patty suffered a groin injury and Drobny pulled a thigh muscle. Twice the Czech protested that there was not enough light to continue. That brought the tournament referee, Colonel John Legg, to the umpire's chair. The match had been going on for four hours and ten minutes. The fifth set stood at 10-10; and the clock pointed to ten minutes past nine.

"Stop the match at 11 games all," Legg instructed the umpire.

There was no need. Drobny broke Patty's service and then

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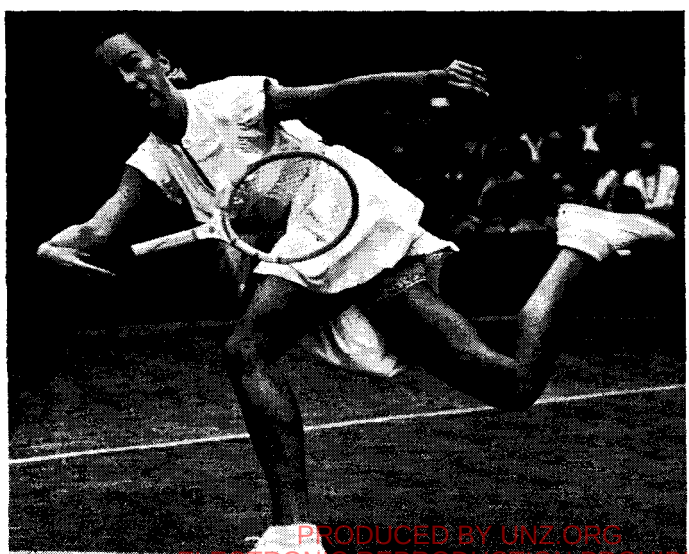
served his way to victory, 8-6, 16-18, 3-6, 8-6, 12-10.

The Duchess of Kent, president of the All-England Club which runs the tournament, is a regular spectator at Wimbledon. Last June she was joined in the royal box by Princess Margaret, who came there to see Alex Olmedo, the Peruvian-born U.S. Davis Cup player, beat Australia's Rod Laver in the men's final.

Queen Elizabeth II has been to Wimbledon once only—in 1957—when she saw the Americans, Gardnar Mulloy and Budge Patty, win the men's doubles. At a London garden party 11 years earlier the whimsical Mulloy, who was quite aware that the Princess had not yet used the royal box at Wimbledon, said to her, "How come I never see you at Wimbledon? If it's because you can't get tickets I'll fix it for you." When he emerged victorious in '57, Queen Elizabeth presented him with the coveted trophy and equally prized—a reminiscent smile.

The Queen's father, the late King George VI, once played at Wimbledon, in the men's doubles of 1926, when he and his partner, Sir Louis Greig, were beaten in the first round. That same year Suzanne Lenglen, France's queen of the courts, threw a tantrum in the dressing room and refused to play, despite the fact that Queen Mary sat waiting to watch her. The next time Suzanne walked out to play, she was booed by the crowd—the only such incident in Wimbledon's long history.

In another incident involving strait-laced old Queen Mary, Don Budge, the big, red-haired California athlete, was in the middle of his semi-final match against Germany's Baron Gottfried von Cramm when the Queen entered the royal box. The crowd came to its feet. Von Cramm, letting Budge's last drive whiz by, promptly dropped his racket and snapped to attention;



Puritanical Wimbledon officials frowned when U.S. star Gussie Moran revealed frilly lace panties on court in 1949.

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soon Budge followed suit, but also proceeded to wave unceremoniously. It was a breach of royal etiquette and the crowd gasped, waiting to see what the Queen would do. But she seemed determined to overlook the lapse in decorum and continued to sit stiffly upright.

A year or so later, when Budge met the Queen, she acknowledged him with a regal bow and said smiling, "I didn't see you when you waved to me but had I, I would have waved back." The Queen had read accounts of his untimely salute. Budge delicately refrained from telling Her Majesty that his telltale wave had been nothing more than force of habit. He had simply wiped his perspiration-soaked hand on his forehead and sleeve as he was wont to do, and his timing was such that the crowd misinterpreted the gesture.

For the winner of Wimbledon, there is nearly aways a big professional offer just around the corner. Australian Lew Hoad, for example, grossed $125,000 by turning pro after his two Wimbledon victories. And for the losers there is the consolation of knowing that there is always another Wimbledon next year. And for winner and loser alike there is untold wisdom in those words inscribed above the players' entrance to the center court:

If you can meet with triumph and disaster,

And treat those two impostors just the same.

IN OCTOBER CORONET

HE DEFENDED A SOVIET SPY

When lawyer James Donovan defended Russian spy Col. R. I. Abel, he and his family were harassed and abused for months by cranks and "patriots." In this article he reveals his compelling reasons for taking a job everyone urged him to refuse.

NEEDED: 20,000 SCHOOL GUIDANCE COUNSELORS

Though the guidance counselor is the vital link between student, parent and teacher and helps to shape a child's future, about 40 percent of our secondary schools do not have them. Here are the facts about this shocking shortage.

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The sensitive story of a woman's career as a Catholic nun, a nurse, a housewife and mother. Her adventure moves from England to the remote jungles of Thailand, and finally to India, where she now lives with her husband and two children.

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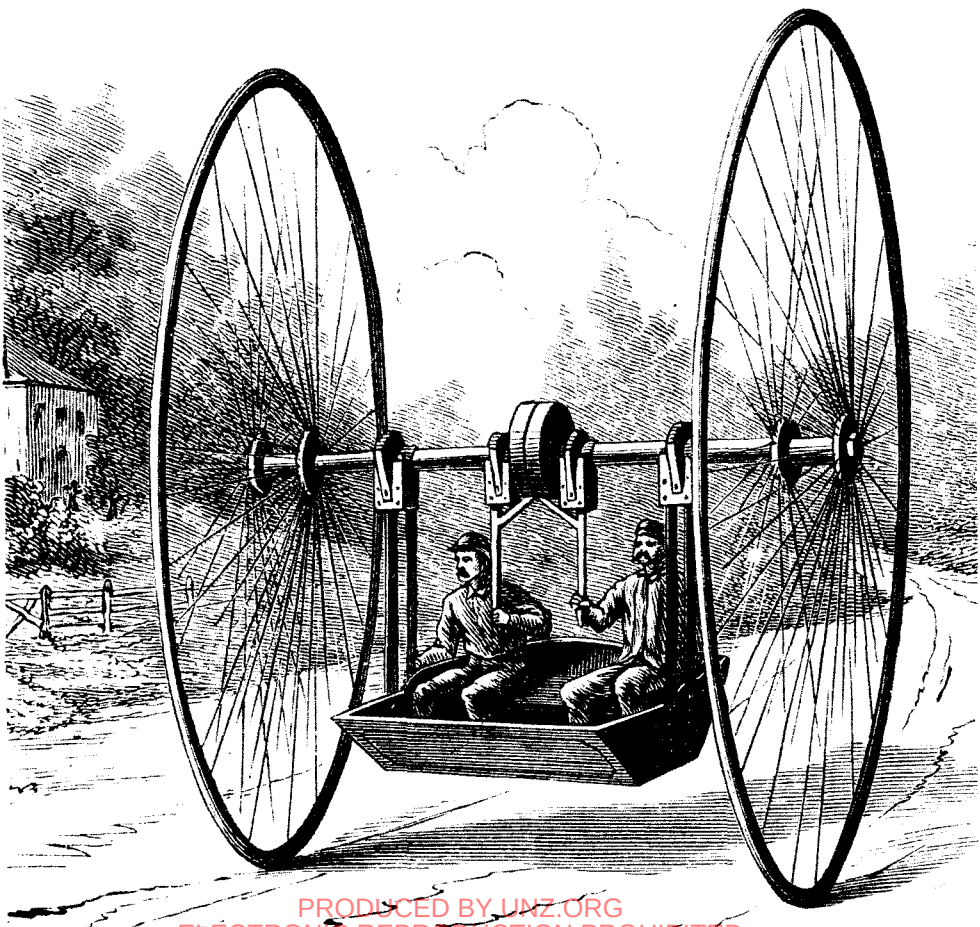
Bygone brain storms

For each Edison there are countless also-rans, such as the inventor of the unsuccessful swing-bike below. Many of these latter-19th-century ideas seem outlandish today. But others still seem plausible. Here, from the collection of artist Tomi Ungerer, is a gallery of now-forgotten inventions.



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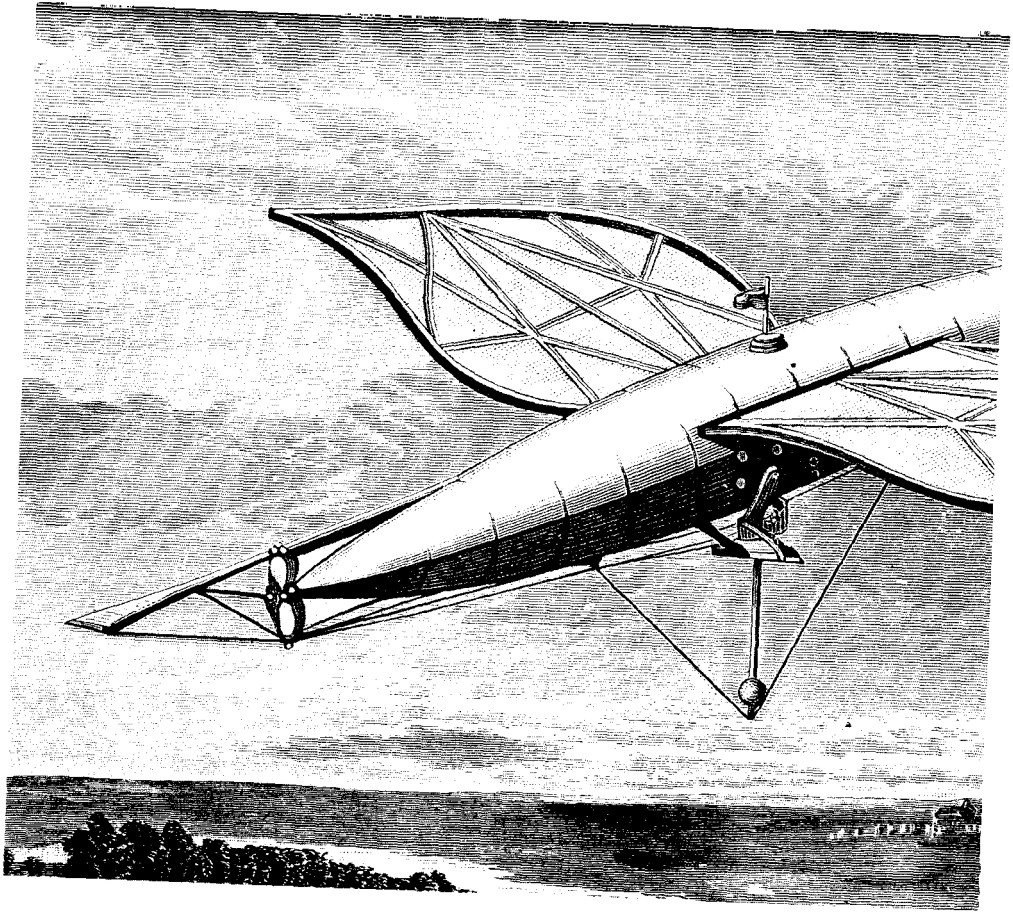

Baranowski's steam flying machine was a Russian attempt to solve the riddle of flight. The weird craft contained a steam engine within its metal fuselage and spewed smoke like a modern jet plane. At that time—well before the Wright Brothers—science still favored flapping, birdlike wings to keep an airship aloft. At first, the old *Scientific American* magazine likened Baranowski's device to a great, soaring albatross. It *was* an albatross—around the neck of its ultimately disillusioned inventor.

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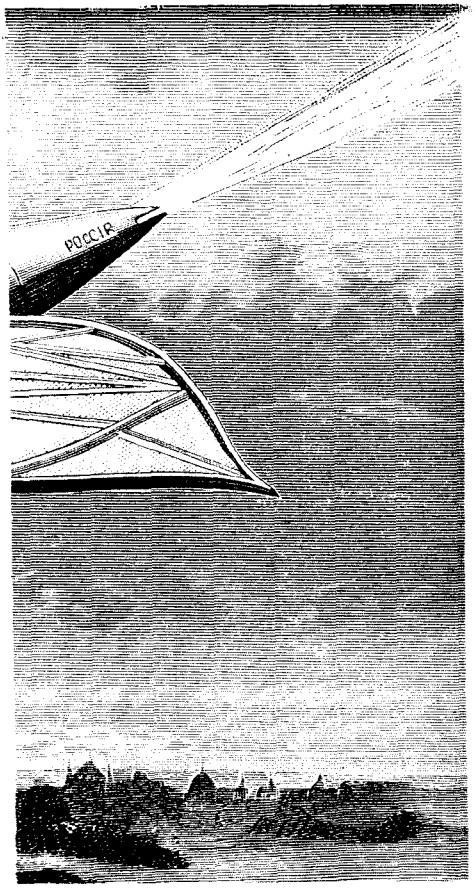

Cane hearing aid: Patented by Henry Waldstein of New York City, this invention sought to capitalize on 19th-century vogue for walking sticks. He attached a compact ear trumpet to a cane in lieu of a handle, so that hard-of-hearing individuals could carry it easily and use it unobtrusively in public.

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Bustle-stool: The ample bustles worn by Victorian ladies hid much, including this portable stool which could be strapped to the waist. Gushed one writer: "The transformation the style has effected in... a lady properly fitted out in walking costume is really wonderful."

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Umbrella struts: In Vienna, in 1882, Joseph Forster patented this improved umbrella designed to overcome an annoyance that still plagues us: how to keep one's head centered under an umbrella. His answer was four supports linked to the umbrella frame and locked into place.

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Swan quadricycle—patented in 1883 by H. S. Blanchard of Cairo, Illinois—was said to be ideal for travel on land and water. The water paddles were operated by foot pedals, and on land, the ellipsoidal cork floats became wheels.

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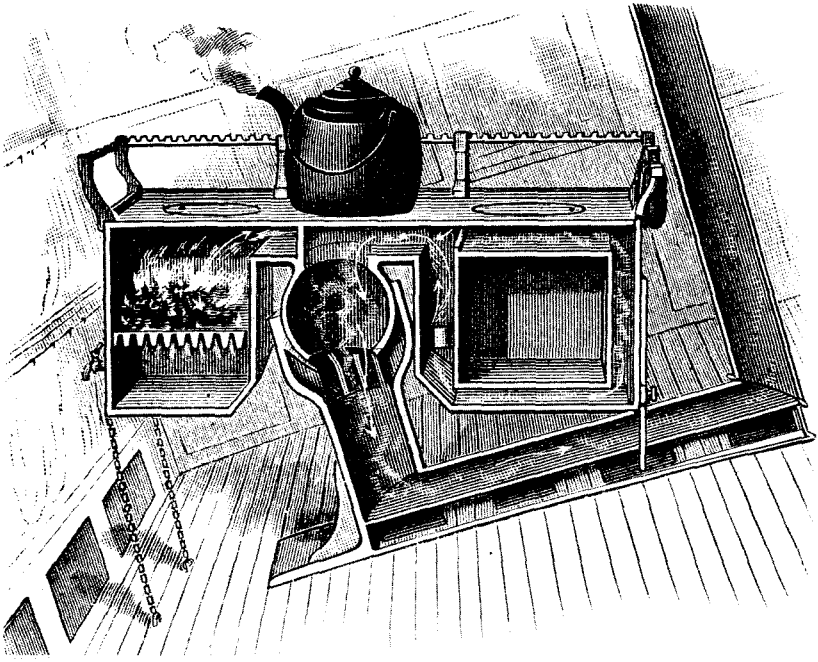

Rock and roll ship's stove was one inventor's solution to a problem that bedeviled seagoing cooks. Balanced on its base, the stove was designed to remain in a horizontal position no matter how the vessel pitched in a storm. The patent was filed by V. S. Bekofsky, Isaakiefsky Place No. $\frac{6}{39}$, care of Restaurant, Mrs. Michel, St. Petersburg, Russia.

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Walking support: Patented in 1866 by P. Pallissard of Kankakee, Illinois, this contraption was designed especially for toddlers. A cushioned belt went around the youngster's waist and was connected to a wider ring just above the floor. Thus a child was less likely to fall while learning to walk. Casters gave the harness mobility in all directions, while toys or candy could be fastened to the waistband.

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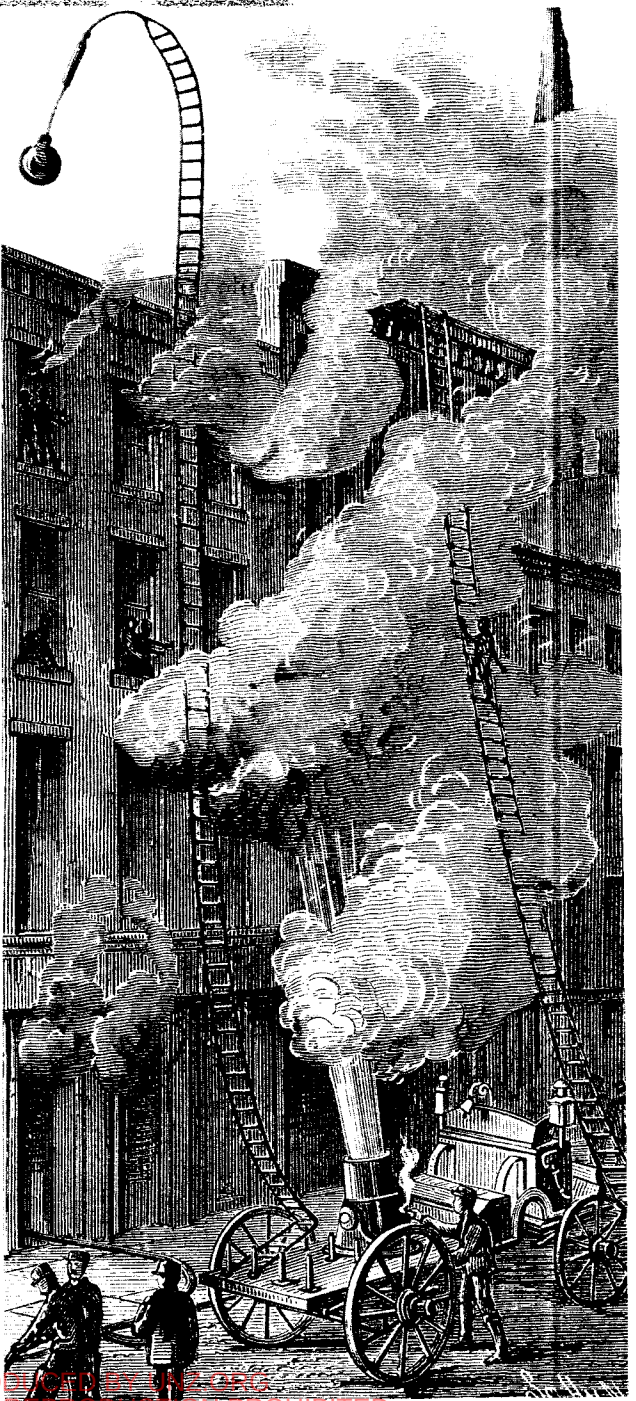
Cannon ladder: George W. Watts of New York City hopefully believed that his invention would be a fireman's delight. A cannon ball connected to a ladder would be lobbed onto the roof of a blazing building. Once the projectile was firmly lodged in the masonry, Watts insisted, it would support the weight of six people, who could then scramble down the ladder to safety.



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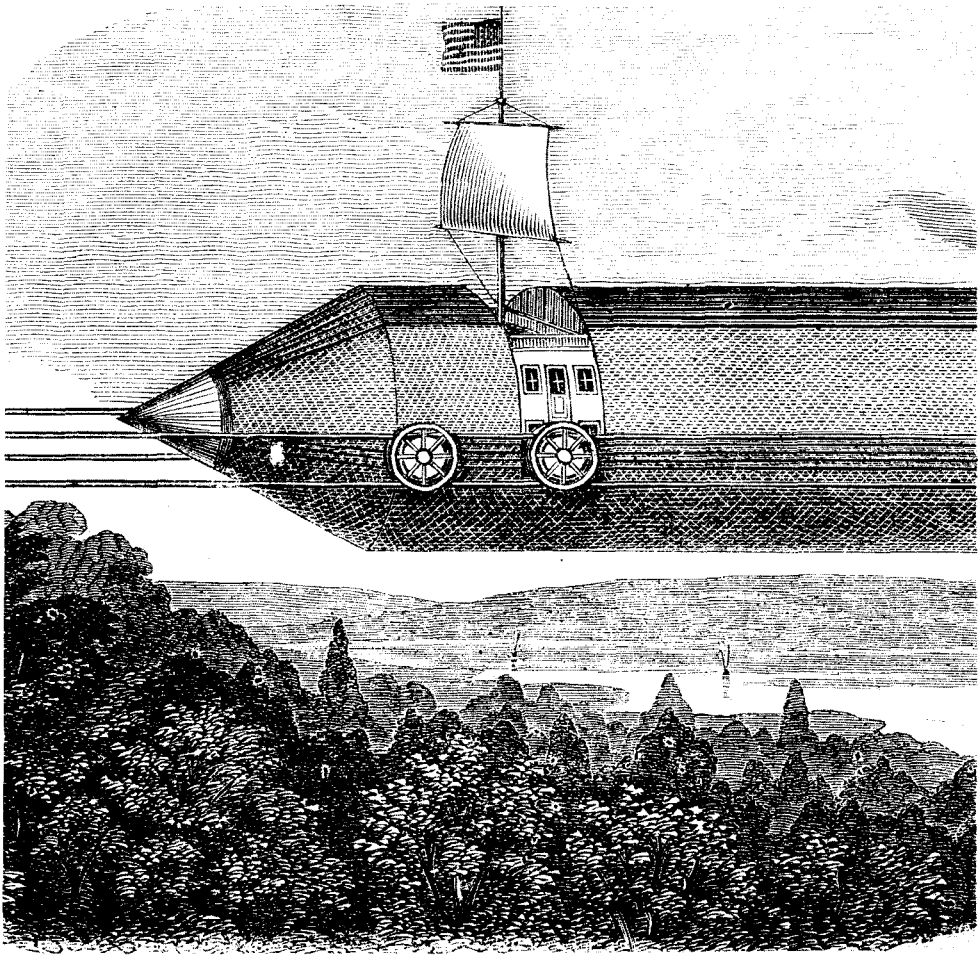

The Aero-Steamer—patented in 1867 by Dr. J. A. A. Fontaine of New York City—was a distant precursor of the elevated railway systems in many big cities. Fontaine's streamlined vehicle, a bullet-shaped balloon inflated with a lighter-than-air gas, was designed to ride along elevated ropes or rigid rails. Propulsion was to be supplied either by steam, the

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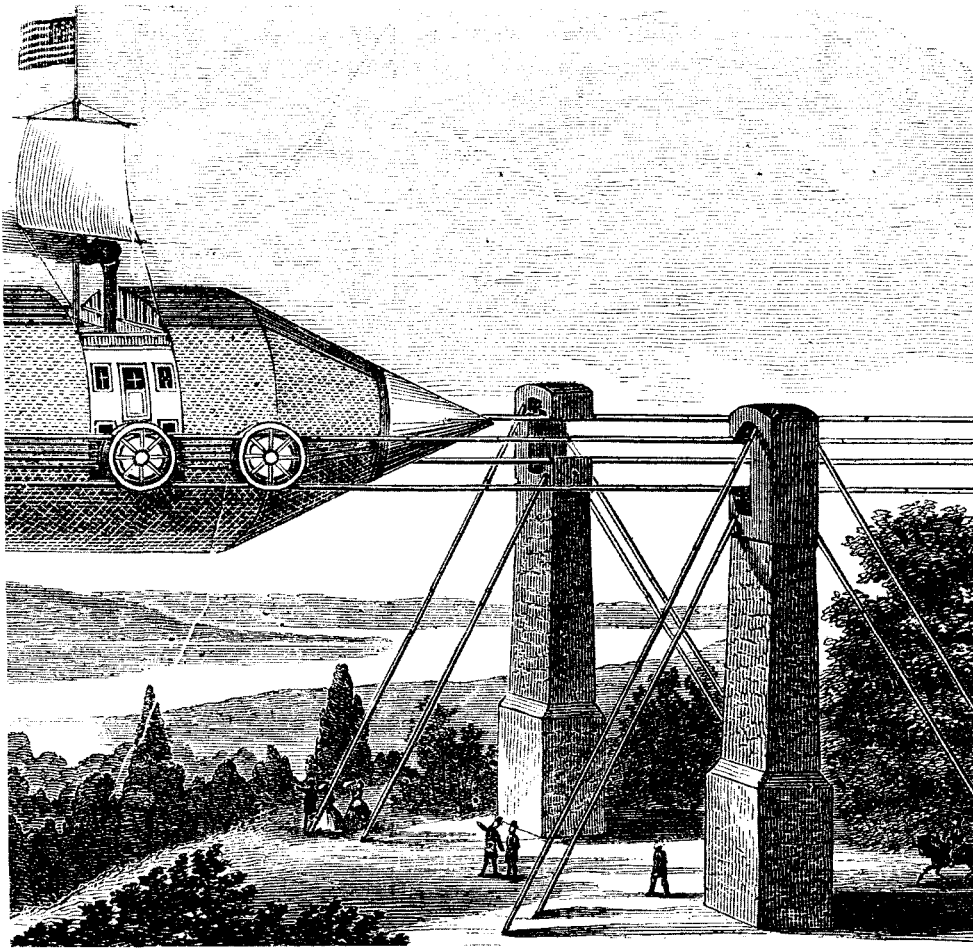

curiously anachronistic wind sails or "some other adequate means." Fontaine planned to push the sale of his invention by forming a joint stock company that would also promote another of his pet projects—an Aero-Self-Mover that promised to ascend mountains much as a ski lift slants up a slope. But neither ever got off the ground, as was the case with most of these inventions.

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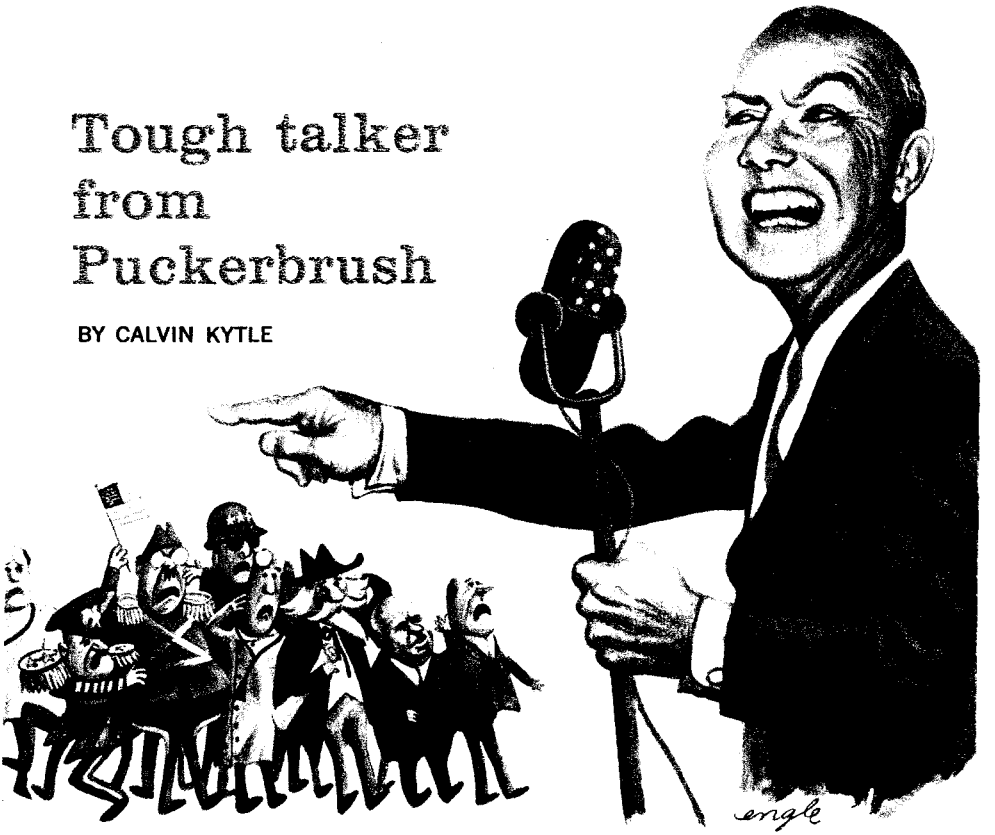
Tough talker from Puckerbrush

BY CALVIN KYTLE



Because he'd rather be right than re-elected, Senator Young chooses to slug it out with the pressure groups

STEPHEN MARVIN YOUNG, the junior Senator from Ohio, is 70 years old. He owes his election to no pressure groups, he never expected to be elected, and he has no plans to run for re-election. Thus, uniquely free to say what he pleases, he has been pleased to say plenty. For instance: "Our country's space program is more tangled than a landlocked octopus."

"Dear Sir: You are a liar."

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"Civil Defense is as outmoded as the Civil War cannon ball."

"So—you self-appointed censors and self-proclaimed super-duper 100 percent America Firsters censure me! I repudiate your resolution, Buster, and your pompous, self-righteous holier-than-thou title of 'Americanism chairman.' "

Nor has Young chosen to waste such opinions on small fry. Besides telling off a few hundred letter-writing constituents, he has assailed the U.S. military establishment, the American Legion, the National Association of Manufacturers and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. To Washington, which remembers him as a not especially colorful member of the House ten years ago, he has turned out to be the Big Surprise of the 86th Congress.

Young, a proud citizen of Puckerbrush Township (now part of Norwalk), is a bouncy, dapper man. He's five feet eight and weighs only 154. His hair is graying and there are noticeable bags under his gray-greenish eyes, but his skin is a healthy pink, as if he's just been scrubbed, and his body is firm. He has a bright, cheerful face and a manner that is almost ingenuous.

But both his lighthearted appearance and his publicized talent for invective have tended to disguise this essential fact about Steve Young: after 50 years of rough-and-tumble politics, he now has the opportunity to be a good U.S. Senator and is taking it seriously.

Nobody thought Young had a chance to defeat John Bricker for the Senate in 1958. Bricker had held the office since 1947, he had run as the Republican nominee for vice president with Thomas E. Dewey in 1944, and in a normally Republican state he was the champion Republican vote-getter. Still, Young beat him by the impressive majority of 155,000 votes.

While his victory may be accounted for partly by a strong labor reaction to Republican insistence on a Right-to-Work bill, and in part to a resurgence of Democratic strength, some of the credit has to go to Young's spirited campaigning. He visited 86 of Ohio's 88 counties, sometimes driving 400 miles and making as many as 15 speeches within 48 hours.

Young shocked conservative Washington on his first day in the Senate. When his turn came in the swearing-in ceremony, he spurned the arm of his fellow Ohio Democrat, Senator Frank Lausche, and walked down the aisle alone. His explanation: Lausche had refused to campaign for him. "I've made it this far without his support," he said. "I guess I can make it the rest of the way on my own, too."

Two months later he did what no Senator had ever done. To avoid conflict of interest with his Senate duties, he sold several thousand dollars worth of sugar and airlines securities. To have kept them, he announced, might be inconsistent with his work on two committees, Agriculture and Forestry, and Aeronautical and Space Sciences.

Young then filed with the Secretary of the Senate a complete list of his stock holdings—$234,000 worth

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—and gave a copy to the press. He said that he wanted his constituents to judge for themselves if the question of bias was ever raised in connection with any vote of his on pending legislation.

He is still the only Senator to make public a record of his private financial holdings.

But nowhere has Young's unorthodoxy revealed itself more clearly than in his letters. More than one Ohio voter has received a note from him beginning, "You are 100 percent wrong," or "You have been sadly misinformed," or "You are duped." A lawyer who accused him of underestimating the dangers of communism was told: "Don't give me any more of your unsolicited advice. I know it costs nothing, but that's exactly what it's worth."

When an Ohio minister attacked his vote against Lewis Strauss as Secretary of Commerce ("It must have been politically inspired and as such it stinks!") Young replied: "Your insulting letter demonstrates an un-Christianlike attitude. Possibly you would avoid that in the future if you would study the Gospels and try to learn about saving souls instead of insulting and untruthfully attacking the motives of public officials."

A Cleveland businessman who insulted the Senator by wire got his reply—collect. It read: "ANSWERING YOUR TELEGRAM WHEREIN YOU TERM ME A WEAK SISTER . . . I VOTED FOR THE KENNEDY-ERVIN LABOR REFORM BILL ALONG WITH EIGHTY-NINE OTHER SENATORS, INCLUDING THIRTY REPUBLICANS, SO AM WONDERING, BUSTER, IF YOU WOULD TERM THAT DYED-IN-THE-WOOL DEMOCRATIC STANDARD VOTING OR IS THAT TERMINOLOGY ONE WEAK SISTER USES IN ADDRESSING ANOTHER? . . ."

Friendly letters get friendly replies, but are sometimes disconcertingly brief. To a wordy invitation to attend a formal dinner, Young replied, "I'll be there." A Cincinnati woman wrote expressing concern over the Russian lead in the space race. She asked whether the Senate would investigate. Young's entire answer: "Yes."

Last fall he accepted a speaking engagement before the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee in New York City. The Committee was, in the opinion of the American Legion, a "Communist front." A news release from the Hamilton County (Cincinnati) Legion Council, representing 50 posts, urged him "to withdraw . . . so as not to become a tool of the Communist apparatus."

Checking with the Attorney General's office, Young found no record of the E.C.L.C. as a Communist-front organization. He stewed over the Legion's resolution for two days (his replies are never written in the heat of the moment), and let fly:

". . . you professional veterans who proclaim your vainglorious chauvinism have the effrontery to issue a press release gratuitously offering an expression of censure and making urgent demand that I cancel a speaking engagement previously made. I'll make that speech in New York."

A month-long word battle fol-

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lowed, during which the Legion was supported by Gordon Scherer, Republican representative from Cincinnati; the Cincinnati *Enquirer;* and Hearst columnist George Sokolsky. Editorial opinion ran better than five to one in Young's favor, about the same as that voiced in letters to his office.

But having so effectively defended his right to make the speech, the day before he was to leave for New York he lost his voice. His doctor ordered him to bed. "I'll make that speech," he said, "if they have to carry me in on a stretcher."

He made the speech. The episode closed a couple of weeks later with a resolution from the Hamilton County Council that Young be expelled from the Legion. Young said he was too busy to argue the point and has tried since then to forget the whole matter.

Young's Senate attendance record is nearly perfect; he missed only eight of 215 roll calls. He keeps his office open from 8:30 A.M. to 7 P.M. and usually is the first to arrive. He studies long hours at the Library of Congress for his committee work and takes a briefcase of pending bills home, to be reviewed before his 11:30 bedtime.

As a member of two subcommittees of the Aeronautical and Space Sciences Committee, Young has become increasingly concerned over America's slowness in space exploration and missile development. He attributes this situation to interservice rivalries and to "the complacency of those surrounding President Eisenhower."

He said not long ago that "were the Soviet Union to control outer space, it would have the power to compel us to sue for peace within 48 hours. Now that's serious, and what's more serious is that the American people aren't being told just how close Russia is to getting that kind of control.

"It takes the Soviet Union the same time to plan, produce and place into operation an intercontinental missile as it does us to merely plan that missile. Their last one was reported to be only a mile and a half off target and brother, considering the explosive power it carries, that's equal to hitting the target."

Young advocates doing away with the multiplicity of civilian agencies, simplifying the armed forces, and increased expenditures on space and missile development. He also was the first to propose that an Office of Space and Aeronautical Sciences be created with Cabinet rank.

He argues that civil defense is merely another aspect of national defense and should be the responsibility of the armed forces—"not politicians with armbands." He is especially proud of the fact that Lyndon Johnson has credited him with saving taxpayers $15,000,000 in reduced appropriations for civil defense.

Young resists all efforts to cast him in the mold of a Horatio Alger hero. Once at an Ohio political rally he was introduced as "a poor boy who'd worked his way through college." He corrected the speaker immediately. "My father was a local judge. He paid my way through

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college. I probably couldn't have made it if he hadn't."

Born on a farm near Norwalk, Ohio, on May 4, 1890, Young was one of five children. He was graduated in law from Cleveland's Western Reserve University in 1912, a year after marrying his first wife, Ruby Louise Dawley. Although he preferred to stay with the family law firm in Norwalk, his wife became overpoweringly homesick and at the end of the first year they moved back to Cleveland.

In 1912, he decided that the fastest way for an unknown young lawyer to acquire a practice was to get active in politics. He was elected to two terms in the Ohio General Assembly, then became assistant prosecuting attorney for Cuyahoga County (Cleveland).

After brief service in the field artillery during World War I, Young returned as chief criminal prosecuting attorney. From that time on, he proceeded to divide his time between political office and a fairly lucrative career as a trial lawyer. During World War II, he served 37 months with the infantry in North Africa and Italy, part of that time as Allied military governor of the province of Reggio nell'Emilia.

Cancer tragedies have struck Young twice. His wife died of cancer in 1952 and the elder of his two sons in 1958. His other son, Richard, practices law in South Euclid, Ohio. His daughter, Marjorie, lives in Cleveland with her husband, Robert Richardson. Young has five girl grandchildren.

In 1957 he married Rachel Louise Bell, an attractive brunette from Mount Olive, North Carolina, whom he'd met five months earlier while on vacation in Florida.

Young served four terms as Ohio Congressman-at-Large, the last time in 1948. For a man his age, Young is in amazingly good health, but to stay that way he fights a daily war against the irregular hours and rich menus of Washington's dinner parties. He works out at the Senate gym every day at noon, punching the bag, pulling weights, taking a swim and getting an expert massage before ending up in the steam room. He never rides when he can walk and in good weather he likes to play tennis at the Army Navy Country Club.

For relaxation he reads books about the Civil War and occasionally watches a TV western. But he is frank to say that what he enjoys most is being with other Senators. He particularly enjoys his friendship with Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, a relationship that dates to the time when they were both serving in the House. He and 14 other new Democratic Senators meet weekly in the old Supreme Court chamber to hear an expert discuss some subject in the news. The same 15 (they call themselves the Class of 1958) also meet in the Senate Restaurant at noon every Wednesday for a strategy conference.

One recent Sunday evening, relaxing in the study of his contemporary-styled four-room apartment, Young sipped on an Old-Fashioned and talked about his love for the U.S. Senate. He was dressed in a brown-tweed sport jacket, a brown-

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figured tie, and brown slacks. He looked almost youthful. But as he talked the customary sparkle went out of his eyes and a hushed, mellow note came into his voice.

"I remember when I was little," he said, "and I was at some county fair. Men were tipping their straw hats to some man and I said, 'Dad, that's awfully funny, men tipping their hats to a man.' He said, 'No, Pet, there's nothing funny about that. He is a United States Senator and they're paying respect to the office he holds.' "

He paused. "I'd rather be a United States Senator than hold any office in the world. Frankly, I never expected to be a United States Senator.

"I was alone in my law office the afternoon of election day, and I looked up Mr. Bricker's residence in Columbus and typed a very cordial telegram of congratulations which I expected to be giving to a Western Union messenger about 9 or 10 o'clock that night. But at 9:30 I still had that telegram in my pocket; I was 22,000 votes ahead. Then a few minutes later I was only 18,000 ahead, and I said, 'Uh oh, I've been through this before, the next time I'll be 5,000 behind.' But instead of that my lead went up to 28,000. Then along about 11 o'clock Ed Murrow called from New York and wanted a statement. I was beginning to feel pretty confident, but I've seen candidates make very foolish statements, so all I would say was I had a feeling of cautious optimism."

He frowned. "During the campaign I criticized John Bricker because he had organized a law firm at the time he was elected Senator, and this law firm had received approximately $60,000 a year from the Pennsylvania Railroad during the past three years, and $380,000 during 11 years; there was a conflict of interest, and I said that if I was elected I would do two things: I would close my law office and devote full time to the job of being United States Senator. And I would not only disclose at the outset all my financial holdings but sell any that I thought might possibly represent a conflict of interest.

"I've gotten to the age where all sorts of people are asking my advice. I'm just an ordinary fellow from Puckerbrush. Young people ask me how to suceed in politics. I tell them if they want to know how I got elected, it's because I kept hammering at the facts. I'm no orator. I'm a trial lawyer and I've always had to depend on the facts."

REASON ENOUGH

A MILWAUKEE LADY was prodding her three-year-old nephew to show a friend of hers how smart he was.

"Tell the lady how old you are," she said.

"I can't," the youngster retorted. "I've got my mittens on."

—DOYLE K. GETTER *(Milwaukee Journal)*

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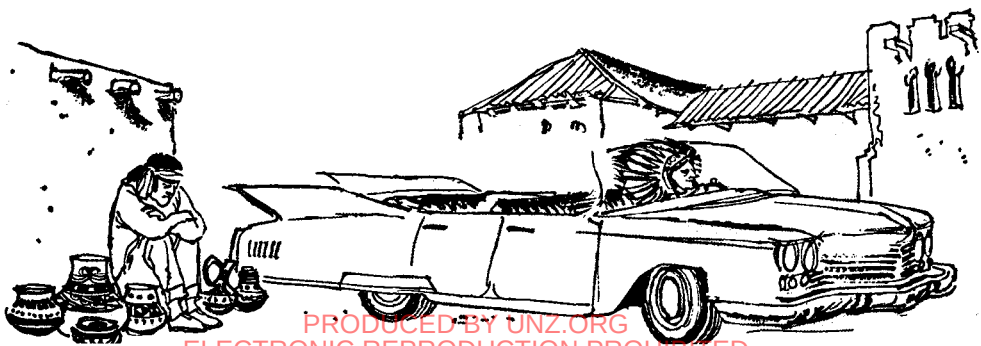
BY OLIVER LA FARGE

Our highest, oldest, least conventional state capital is run by Indian gods, artistic impulses and free spirits

NOT LONG AGO, some residents of Santa Fe, New Mexico, went out one night and cut down all the billboards which had been newly erected along U.S. Highway 285, where it runs through Indian land. This raid aroused a lot of local comment, but no surprise. Nor has the billboard company restored the signs.

This incident, and the fact that it was taken so calmly, are manifestations of the curious character of Santa Fe. It is a city in which the sight of an Indian in full native costume driving a late model sedan is perfectly ordinary; where the local art colony once roundly defeated the powerful Daughters of the American Revolution; where common citizens can teach some tough bridge builders a lesson in manners—and receive a thank-you. In the mountains behind the town there is a spring that is sacred to Indians and many Santa Feans are sure that this spring is the home of a group of ancient gods who intervene in the city's affairs in various ways.

All are parts of the place that our Chamber of Commerce likes to call "The City Different," but many of its lovers call "The City Difficult." With much of its area lying well above 7,000 feet, it is the highest capital city in the U.S. as well as the oldest, having been founded 11 years before the Pilgrims set foot in Massachusetts; and has undoubtedly the longest name of any, being in full,



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La Villa Real de la Santa Fé de San Francisco. It was part of the Spanish Empire, was run for 12 years by Indians, was taken over again by the Spanish, became part of the Mexican Republic, then of the U.S., and for two weeks the Confederate flag flew over it.

Until the 1840s this was a sleeping, 17th-century Spanish colonial town surrounded by 12th-century Indian villages. It was one of the largest cities in the Southwest, and lay at the end of the Santa Fe Trail. So when a railroad was planned to run from Kansas City to the West Coast, it was scheduled to pass through here. In anticipation, the road was named the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway. A group of leading citizens bought up all the land in the pass through which the tracks would have to be laid, set a high price upon it, and waited. The railroad bypassed the town and went through Albuquerque. The population of Albuquerque is now 198,856 and is still growing. Santa Fe has nearly 35,000 and looks upon the larger city with condescension. The City Difficult is not, and never was, a place for hustlers.

It is an earth-colored city hardly visible until you are right on top of it. There are no tall buildings. Most roofs are flat. In summer the town smells of sun and dust; when rain is coming, you can smell it clearly. In winter, the piñon wood burned in its fireplaces fills the streets with a pleasant fragrance.

Take those ancient gods mentioned earlier. From time to time the gods stir things up, as when they sent several good-natured bears into town, one of which visited the junior high school. One of the gods' commonest tools is the cloudburst, with which this year they took pokes at the outdoor summer opera, by far the most elegant and expensive cultural event in Santa Fe. They soaked it with rain and chilled it with cold winds, so that those who came to show off their frocks had to go back for mackintoshes and blankets. Santa Fe is as hard on chi-chi as it is on hustlers.

The Indians, from whom those gods derive, have their own peculiarities. Even other Indians find them confusing, partly because the outlanders, especially eastern Indians from Oklahoma, have forgotten what it means to be truly Indian. Some years ago an intertribal con-

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clave was held here. An elegant Oklahoman, a Choctaw I believe, spoke with horror of seeing aborigines around town who had long hair, wore moccasins and even blankets. He was especially outraged over a couple who peddled jewelry in his hotel. "You are being exploited!" he told the audience.

In that audience was one of those exploitees, a man I knew moderately well. His hair, bound in a queue, expressed his firm adherence to his tribe and its religion. He was handsome, intelligent, shrewd. He wore a small fortune in Indian jewelry which he would sell you if you were willing to part with a slightly larger fortune. While making the sale he would entertain you graciously. He often sold several hundred dollars worth in a day, and as he had a stiff markup and almost no overhead, his profit was considerable. Also, until age began to mark him, he was not infrequently offered, and politely accepted, the favors of lady visitors. When he heard the Oklahoman's exclamation, he half closed his eyes and smiled faintly.

If other Indians cannot figure out such a man, obviously it is even harder for palefaces to understand a redskinned white-collar worker at the Atomic Energy Commission center of Los Alamos who turns up in a costume designed 1,000 years ago and dances all day opposite, perhaps, a trained nurse or a woman schoolteacher in a costume of equal antiquity but greater coverage. Non-Indians are always looking for the gimmick, and the really tricky thing is that there is no gimmick, only faith and great pride in being Indian.

Among these Indians are found silversmiths and lapidaries, potters, weavers and painters of real talent. The artists and kindred souls of Santa Fe look upon them, naturally, as one with themselves. Great was the horror of the esthetes, then, when a tribe allowed an outdoor advertising agency to put the billboards already referred to all along that stretch of U.S. 285 running through their land.

Indians are practical people. They are poor, and, like most of us, glad to make an honest buck. The Anglo-Americans who use that road might consider the landscape beautiful, but to the Indians it is arid grazing land, and if it could be used to bring $200 or $300 a year into an almost equally arid tribal territory, that was really manna. The deal was made, the signs went up, the sound of gnashing teeth echoed off the mountains. Then occurred the assault upon the signs.

The Indians have been angry ever since. Who wrecked those billboards nobody knows, including the state police. To cut down an outdoor sign takes more than determination and a hatchet. A power-driven chain saw is more what's called for—not commonly used by the local painters or writers. The mystery remains.

You never know who will line up with whom. A few decades ago a bill was introduced into Congress which would have in effect deprived the Pueblo Indians of much of their land and irrigation water. An alliance of Indians, artists and club-

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women sparked the drive that defeated the bill and got one passed that was directly opposite in effect.

A few years later, the artists pretty much by themselves stopped the Daughters of the American Revolution from erecting a statue of a "Madonna of the Trail" on the plaza. The artists were able to get maximum publicity for their opinions that, first, the statue was ugly and, second, that the Madonna for New Mexico was not a big-boned Nordic in a poke bonnet but a trim Spanish woman wearing a comb and a mantilla. The proffered statue was, therefore, an insult to the original settlers. Incidentally, in the Spanish Southwest, settlement of which began late in the 16th century, the D.A.R. were a bunch of johnnies (or janes) come-lately.

People who have pulled up their roots, moved 2,000 miles and built their homes in a town because it has a certain unusual character want to protect their investment. The Spanish-Americans don't want their traditional way of life disturbed by unsympathetic newcomers. The most drastic actions taken in Santa Fe, therefore, are aimed at preserving or restoring the special qualities of the place.

One resident didn't like the street lights on the road in front of his place; he said they shone in his window. His solution was to go out with a ladder and put them out of commission. His activity was bound to be noticed and he found himself a minority of one, so, after a tussle with the City Council, he was forced to stop. There was no great surprise, however, that someone should try this.

"Madonna of the Trail" was no Nordic blonde, but a Spanish belle.

In the fall of 1957, after a free-for-all public debate lasting nearly a year, the City Council enacted an ordinance placing about a fifth of the city in a "historical zone," within which all future construction must conform to the general Spanish-Indian style traditional to Santa Fe. Two members of the art colony had an important part in drafting the ordinance. But some of our most notable and delicate esthetes led the opposition. The ordinance was modeled upon similar ones adopted by Santa Barbara and Monterey in California, New Orleans and Boston. What put it through was the solid support of the Chamber of Commerce, which recognized that if the character of Santa Fe was allowed to

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disappear, its most important source of income would come to an end.

Probably more than half of the streets of Santa Fe are unpaved. They are unusually narrow, winding, full of blind corners. Little by little the more important of these are being paved, a process which arouses great conflict.

Awhile back the city set out to pave El Camino del Monte Sol, the spinal cord of the art colony. On this, the artists split down the middle. The division seems to have been governed by whether a resident's principal concern was for his dogs, children (or, in a few cases, burros), in which case he was anti-paving; or to stop the infiltration of dust onto freshly painted pictures, which made him pro-paving.

The final decision was to pave, and at the same time the city set about replacing an old bridge over the Santa Fe River in the heart of town. These moves led to the war with a powerful, big-city concern from out of state. Undoubtedly it saw in these two contracts just two more jobs in a hick town. It could not have calculated on the power of The City Difficult.

When the very first bridge across the river was being built at that same point in 1866, the gods had sent a cloudburst to wash out the whole thing. But the corporation did not know about that. It saw a dry river bed in an arid land, and simply ran a dirt causeway across for a detour. The gods at the spring in the mountain waited until the construction got well under way, then they sent down a nifty cloudburst that took out the causeway and the first steps of new construction. Having done their bit, thereafter they relaxed.

The workers on the bridge behaved like an invading army. They failed to post notices that street approaches were being worked on, and they abused motorists who blundered into the area. Finally, a dump truck operator entertained himself by deliberately driving into a car, snaring the bumpers and partly spinning the car around. There was a local editorial, there were letters to the editor, phone calls to the Mayor and the City Manager.

On the Camino del Monte Sol, the curbing had been poured. The men worked fast. One day a sculptor stepped out of his house to find solid, concrete curbing, which he felt was too high for anyone but a horse. He took his pickax and demolished it, thereby getting his picture in the papers.

Meantime, the owner of the corporation read reports about his workers and came to Santa Fe to clear the matter up. He apologized publicly for the behavior of his personnel at the bridge and publicly instructed them to be courteous thereafter. The layout for the hard surface on El Camino del Monte Sol was realigned, and the work started over from the beginning.

I myself had written a short time before that the old Santa Fe was about finished, yet here was The City Difficult in one of its finest hours. No one knows what will happen next in Santa Fe, but there will always be something.

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JACK PAAR often has a feature on his program in which he interviews the relative of a famous person and by questioning him tries to guess the identity of the celebrity. One night his mystery relative was Princess Grace's athlete brother Jack Kelly, who identified his sister as "a housewife." Paar eventually guessed her as the former Grace Kelly who is now married to Prince Rainier of Monaco.

"What do you call her now that she's a Princess?" Paar asked.

"I just call her Gracie," was the reply.

"Is that all?" asked the surprised Paar.

"Well," said Kelly, "she still answers." —JOHN REDDY

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE Oliver Wendell Holmes was an avid scholar who never lost his zest for learning.

One day, when Holmes was 90, a friend found him reading Plato.

"Still studying at your age?" asked the friend.

Explained the jurist, "I'm preparing for the final examination."

THE MILD MANNER and even temper of Sir Anthony Eden are in marked contrast to the fiery temperament of his father, who indulged in classic rages.

One raw, windy day, climaxing a week of inclement weather, the elder Eden consulted the barometer in his country mansion. To his disgust, the instrument read "dry and sunny." In a burst of fury, he ripped the instrument from the wall and hurled it out of the window, shouting, "Go see for yourself!"

OSCAR LEVANT AND HIS WIFE were among a group who dined at the White House as the guests of former President and Mrs. Truman. Later, when they were about to leave, the pianist turned to Mrs. Levant and muttered:

"Well, now I guess we owe them a dinner."

AFTER THE DEATH of her husband, Prince Albert, to whom she had been devoted, Queen Victoria of England found solace in the company of statesman Benjamin Disraeli. She would spend endless hours with him, recalling her happy years with her husband, who was always in her thoughts.

When Disraeli was in his last illness, he received word that the Queen was coming to see him.

"I've been expecting her," he said. "No doubt she wants me to carry a message to Albert." —E. E. EDGAR

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Bargain
vacations, cut-rate
homes, free
medical services,
low-cost drugs,
cha-cha lessons,
even prepaid
funerals
are some of today's
labor union
bonuses

FROM THE BALCONY of Wallace Ciprietti's spacious four-and-a-half-room cooperative apartment in New York City he can see the Statue of Liberty and much of Manhattan's sky line. His apartment costs only $89.50 a month, compared to $200 and up for similar co-ops in his neighborhood. When Ciprietti needs medical services, he gets them free or at a very low cost. He can buy tickets to Broadway shows at a discount, gets a 20 percent price cut on books. For vacations, there is a 1,000-acre resort in Pennsylvania's scenic Pocono Mountains, where he can rent a "very nice" bungalow for $42 a week.

Ciprietti, a 40-year-old worker, holds the key to these benefits in his membership card in the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

Psychiatrists and cha-cha lessons

Today, labor unions are providing their members with such special services as summer camps and college scholarships for children, free eye glasses, cut-rate drugs, psychiatric care, cha-cha lessons, courses in oil painting or training the family dog. Some of these are financed by em-

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ployer contributions administered by unions; others from union dues.

The growing bag of benefits, which comes with a union card, serves as a valuable tool in recruiting new members and getting them to keep in good standing. "Here in Texas the closed shop is against the law," explains Roy Evans, president of United Auto Workers Local 893. "So it helps to offer something to attract new members."

The "something" includes advice from a union chaplain on family and emotional problems and a broad range of social events. Other unions have more elaborate lures. Deep in the forest of northern California, Local 38 of the Plumbers and Pipe Fitters Union is finishing a $1,300,000 vacation and retirement center.

"It's like living in a millionaire's paradise," says 66-year-old William Treber, a retired member of Local 38, after spending 30 days at the resort.

In Florida, the Upholsterers' International Union of North America is building 250 dwelling units in its Salhaven retirement village, where for $50 a month U.I.U. retirees will be able to rent a one, two or three-bedroom bungalow, completely furnished except for linen and silverware. Added benefits: free round-the-clock nursing and medical care for recuperating insured members, a 16- by 52-foot swimming pool for every ten homes, free electric lawn mowers and landscape aid.

The Seafarers' International Union offers liberal unemployment loans, meal tickets and dormitory accommodations for seamen "on the beach." And at sea, clothes for members come from S.I.U.-operated supply stores.

District 65 of the Retail, Wholesale and Department Stores Union runs labor's largest discount house for its 30,000 card-holders, along with a cut-rate pharmacy and optical shop. The union's 11-story headquarters contains one of the last bars in New York City still serving a ten-cent stein of beer. "Once a prospective member sees the building, he's sold," comments District 65's president, David Livingston.

Membership services provided by unions fall into several major categories—health, credit unions, retirement aid, consumer goods, legal guidance and recreational and cultural programs. By far the most important is health. Prepayment health plans, such as Blue Cross and Blue Shield, have come to be financed mostly by the employer and subject to union bargaining. There are now about 15,000 such plans, involving 18,000,000 workers.

Health clinics

Many unions now operate health centers with generous contributions from management. The United Mine Workers' chain of ten modern hospitals and clinics, supported by a "royalty" on each ton of coal purchased, is a notable example. The International Ladies Garment Workers has 17 such centers and six mobile units. At one I.L.G.W.U. center, recently opened in New England, doctors diagnosed 18 cases of cancer and treated some women

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who hadn't seen a doctor in 19 years.

The State Department likes to send visiting foreign labor leaders to the world-famous Labor Health Institute in St. Louis, supported by employer payments but operated by Teamster Local 688. Here, everything is free except drugs, dentures, prosthetic devices and eye glasses, which are offered at slightly above cost. A full set of dentures, for example, costs only about $45, compared to $200 to $400 outside.

Eye care in Cleveland

In Cleveland, 147 locals run the Union Eye Care Center, which offers members eye examinations at $3.50 and glasses for as much as 40 percent under going rates. Many labor groups operate blood banks where workers can get plasma free. This can be quite a saving in view of the standard hospital demand for two pints for every pint received by a patient or $25 to $50 a pint.

Local 770 of the Retail Clerks Union in Los Angeles gives psychiatric care to clerks who break down on the job. The plan is supported by employer contributions. The union will install an employer-supported dental clinic for its 15,500 members in 1962, and extend medical insurance coverage to retired members next year.

Free legal aid

Free legal service is provided by many unions, too. Building Service Employes Local 1 in Chicago, for example, retains a staff of four lawyers for its 8,500 members. "The union lawyers will handle practically any legal matter except divorce," says Joseph Ricker, chief counsel.

Sometimes this aid can be dramatic. Chicago flared into vengeful public indignation a few years back when a small girl, Susan Degnan, was kidnaped and killed. Suspected were two janitors, who were grilled unmercifully by the police. Local 1's attorneys speedily obtained their release and later, after the real murderer had been apprehended, won judgments of $25,000 and $5,000 for the two men for police mistreatment.

Workmen's compensation provides the biggest caseload for attorneys at most unions. "Thousands of dollars of insurance payments, that might otherwise have gone uncollected, have poured into our members' pockets because of our free legal service," says the president of a U.A.W. local.

Scholarship aid

Labor unions also are becoming an important new source of scholarship aid to needy students. Dr. John D. Connors, former director of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Department of Education, estimates that annual union-grant scholarships probably amount to $500,000. The Charles Weinstein Foundation, set up by unions and employers in Philadelphia's garment trades, offers ten four-year scholarships to union members' children every year. On a national scale, there are the Philip Murray, Sidney Hillman and William Green foundations.

The International Printing Pressmen and Assistants Union of North

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America operates a technical school in a 100 percent union community, Pressmen's Home, Tennessee. The school cost about $2,500,000. "A member can learn anything from color printing to the latest in lithographic offset here without charge," says George L. Googe, union secretary-treasurer.

Reading and "social issues"

Not all union education programs are limited to vocational training. The United Rubber Workers last fall set up a night program for its Akron members at the University of Akron, covering public speaking, reading improvement, labor law, parliamentary procedures and "social issues." Each course cost only $5.

Ventures in housing

Unions are becoming important factors in urban housing. In New York City alone there are about 12,400 cooperative-apartment units either built, under way or definitely planned by unions. The I.L.G.W.U. already has $15,000,000 invested in its East Side Village and is going to invest $20,000,000 more in another such venture. The retired worker also is getting more union attention. Last winter, the Central Conference of Teamsters authorized the construction of a $3,500,000 housing project for elderly people in Detroit. The 300 to 350 apartment structure will also include medical, recreational and social facilities.

Cradle to grave

Union benefits now stretch from the cradle to the grave. Witness the Seafarers' International Union, which makes a flat payment of $200 to members for each new child plus a $25 U.S. Savings Bond to the baby. Or take New York's District 65 of the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union, which provides an all-expense-paid funeral—casket, flowers, hearse and cemetery lot—in either of two cemeteries.

GOOD QUESTIONS

UPON HER HUSBAND'S return home from a meeting, the fond wife asked, "How was your talk tonight?"

"Which one," he retorted, "the one I was *going* to give, the one I *did* give, or the one I delivered so brilliantly to myself on the way home in the car?"

—HUGH DANIELS

IT WAS ONE of the first truly inviting spring days—a day made to order for starting our annual garden. I bundled my three-year-old son up, chose a shovel for me and a junior-sized one for him. We had been digging for quite awhile when he looked up at me with a very puzzled expression. "Mommy," he asked, "what are we *looking* for?"

—MARGARET B. WILLIAMS

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BY PARKE CUMMINGS

At home with my radar

No house should be without HAMLIP

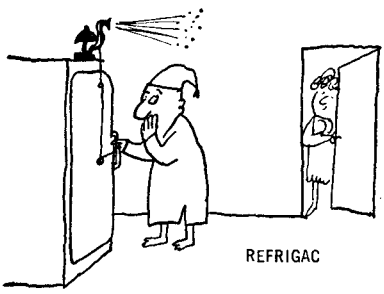
(Humorist's Answer to Man's Least Important Problems)

WE HEAR A LOT these days about warning devices to detect approaching hostile missiles or planes, all of them with catchy titles like SCRAM. (Well, maybe there isn't actually a contraption named SCRAM, but that could easily stand for Security Control to Repel Aerial Missions, couldn't it?) These devices undoubtedly serve a useful purpose, but why should they be confined solely to warfare, cold or otherwise? I mean why couldn't some attention be devoted to warning gadgets for the common ordinary household? I'm no inventor, but I have a few in mind.

REFRIGAC. This is a device to be attached to the door handle of your refrigerator, and it's turned on when the kids come home from school. The minute the door handle is touched a loud warning bell is sounded. It can also be set to function late at night—in the event, for instance, that your husband has promised to forego midnight snacks in an effort to reduce. My belief is that the gadget should pay for itself within a month.

Another boon I have in mind is GUESTWARN. If a car enters your driveway or pedestrians start up your front walk, they pass through a light beam which sets a brilliant red light—like that atop police cars—to flashing in your living room. Now, of course, I don't guarantee this to be infallible if you have a short driveway or walk, but in normal cases it should give you at least a fighting chance to get your shoes back on.

Have you carelessly left a breast of broiled chicken or a chunk of cold salmon on the kitchen table? If you're prone to such negligence you owe it to yourself to invest in CATALARM. Even the slinkiest cat that so much as sets a paw on the table sets off a siren that will bring you rushing to the rescue. It gives the cat such a scare that she won't attempt another raid for a long time—as much as 35 minutes.



REFRIGAC

Every wife knows what happens if the windows are open and it starts to rain after

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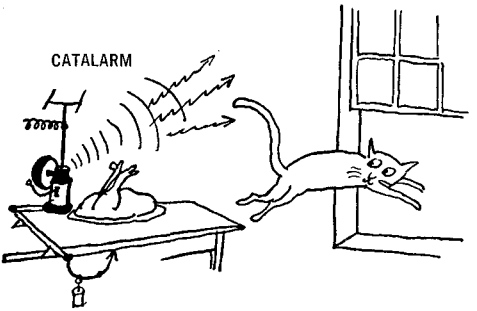
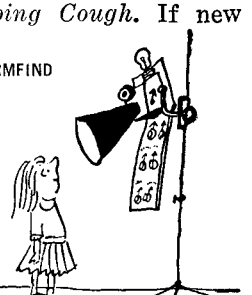


everyone has gone to bed: (1) Her husband will be asleep and won't hear it; (2) On being wakened, he will cock his ears, listen for a second, and then claim the rain is harmlessly coming down straight. Her recourse is a fiendishly intelligent device which I have christened RAINAR. Just let one drop of rain land on a curtain, slipcover or rug and RAINAR gives the man of the house a nasty shock that will get him out of bed and to his battle station in a twinkling. RAINAR may become unpopular with cleaning establishments, but I predict it will be the housewife's best friend.

Junior is presumably up in his room studying for that algebra exam, but he just *might* have climbed down from the porch roof with an eye toward spinning off in the family car to see the girl in the next county. But not if you've installed CARGARD. The minute he switches on the ignition CARGARD sets off a loud beep-beep-beep in your television set, enabling you to take quick preventive action. Even if the children haven't reached driving age, CARGARD can also come in handy for the woman of the house if her mate should take it into his head to sneak out and join a late stag poker session taking place over on Beverly Road.

Probably the most ingenious of all will be a real superdo called GERMFIND. Perfecting this will call not only for an electronics expert but also a skilled bacteriologist. The neighbor's kids come over to play with yours. They appear hale and hearty, but they are actually going through the incubation period of one of the common childhood diseases, and are certain to infect your own offspring unless contact is broken off promptly. Well, GERMFIND consists of a paneled instrument board to which a cone-like device is attached. The moment a germ or virus gets inside the cone the instrument board swings into action, and a button lights up. For a starter I envision five buttons marked *Measles, German Measles, Mumps, Chicken Pox* and *Whooping Cough.* If new children's diseases should materialize in the future—I'm just pessimistic enough to believe that possible—further buttons can be added.



And I hope some bright scientists will act on all these suggestions. What's sauce for the nation should certainly be sauce for the individual family.

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BY HAL LEHRMAN

The "dead" language that came to life

A lively new language, sprung from Hebrew's ancient roots, gives unity to Israel's polyglot population

THERE WAS TENSION with Moscow that day in 1956, and trouble with Syrians and Jordanians on two of Israel's embattled borders. But nobody was surprised when Israel's Foreign Minister Moshe Sharett dropped everything for two hours to teach a class in Hebrew.

Nobody was surprised because the drive to unify Israel's people through Hebrew, replacing the 50 languages immigrants have brought from all parts of the globe, is desperately important to the little Jewish state. Even shaggy-haired Israeli Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion often takes time off from affairs of state to pen a scholarly article on correct use of an obscure Hebrew conjunction or to fire a heated "letter to the editor" about some disputed point of grammar.

This passionate emphasis on Hebrew has paid off. And the story of Israel's success in reviving her almost-forgotten ancient language is as remarkable as anything in her dramatic struggle for independence and survival.

Consider these milestones:

In 1880, when the revival first began in Turkish-ruled Palestine (the land from which Israel was to be born), not a single Jewish family there or anywhere else in the world used Hebrew as a means of daily expression.

In 1917, when the British occupied Palestine during World War I, around 40 percent (34,000 persons) of the growing Jewish colony spoke Hebrew.

In 1948, at the moment of Israel's independence, 54 percent (351,000) of the 650,000 Jews already settled there spoke Hebrew.

By 1960, only 12 years later, Israel's population had soared beyond 2,000,000, of whom an estimated 1,800,000 (90 percent) were speaking Hebrew well enough to get by in their daily lives.

Another fascinating aspect of Hebrew's revival is that for nearly 2,000 years this antique language slumbered in the deep-freeze of history. Although one of the world's oldest tongues, Hebrew as spoken in

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Israel today is really among the world's most recent "inventions."

The Old Testament in Hebrew has a vocabulary of less than 8,000 words. But modern spoken Hebrew has over 48,000 words, most of them coined in the last 25 years.

Three living dialects—German-based Yiddish, Spanish-based Ladino and a form of Arabic—were rivals for the historic role of becoming the *single* language of Jewish Palestine. But classical Hebrew won out because the other contenders were regional dialects, while it was universal. It had been the language of the Bible, which *all* Jews revered, and of ancient Israel, from which *all* Jews descended.

In the days of Jesus (who spoke Aramaic), Hebrew was already fading from the lips of men. Today, no less than 11 Hebrew dailies and a whole shelf of magazines are published in Israel. More than 1,000 books come out in Hebrew each year. The great Hebrew University in Jerusalem, and four other Israeli colleges and universities teach exclusively in Hebrew. Three theatrical companies, an opera society and numerous traveling troupes play rich Hebrew repertoires.

Stamp honors Eliezer Ben-Yehuda, who coined new words, won fight to make Hebrew the national tongue.

HEBREW'S TRIUMPH, however, was only achieved after a long and bitter struggle, which began in 1879. In that year Eliezer Ben-Yehuda, an obscure 22-year-old, Lithuanian-born medical student in Paris, wrote a prophetic newspaper article. It proclaimed that a new faith known as Zionism would restore the Jewish people in a Palestinian homeland, and that Hebrew would be its language. Others scoffed at the idea of a Hebrew reawakening. Viennese-born Theodor Herzl, founder of Zionism, was quite certain that the language would be German!

Young Ben-Yehuda moved to Palestine in 1880 and began seeking converts. His first was Deborah, his own young wife, a native of Russia. She was wholly innocent of Hebrew, but the determined Eliezer told her: "Let me teach you one Hebrew word after another. As you

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learn, you will drop the equivalent Russian words from our conversation and use the Hebrew instead. So, by the time our first child is born, you will be able to raise him entirely in our 'national' language."

This is exactly what happened. A Ben-Yehuda baby, Itamar, born in 1882, became the first child in modern history raised with Hebrew as his mother-tongue.

As the boy grew up, scandalized neighbors reported to their rabbis that Mrs. Ben-Yehuda was profaning the holy language of scripture by calling out the window to her little son at play such admonitions as "Itamar, darling, blow your nose!"—in Hebrew.

The outraged rabbinate moved against such "atheism," first by pronouncing the impious father theologically dead, then by denouncing him to the Turkish authorities as a "dangerous rebel."

Gradually, Ben-Yehuda's campaign attracted support. More and more Zionists adopted his credo that a national language was vital to national survival. *"Rak Ivrit!"*—"Hebrew Only!"—became a Palestinian battle cry. Hecklers began hooting at public orators unwilling to speak Hebrew. Noses were punched in street fights over the merits of Hebrew vs. Yiddish.

The struggle finally was resolved in the classroom. In 1892 teachers who had once derided Ben-Yehuda's "fanaticism" met in an all-Palestine congress and voted for Hebrew as the exclusive language of instruction in elementary schools, ousting English, French and German.

In 1906, a new Hebrew *Gymnasium* in Jaffa gave Hebrew control of a high school for the first time. Seven years later, when the directors of a new technical high school in Haifa ruled that mechanics, surveying and other specialized subjects would have to be taught in German, children and teachers in schools around the country went on strike. They marched defiantly from their classes and stayed out until the Haifa school fell in line. Thereafter, Hebrew spread through the whole Palestinian school system.

The victory in the schools was decisive. A child absorbing Hebrew at kindergarten age came to speak it effortlessly. An anecdote illustrates the point:

Strolling with a friend in Tel Aviv one day, the poet Chaim Bialik stopped to pat a small boy on the head, then suddenly tweaked his ear. The boy ducked out of his reach, crying angrily: *"Hamor zaken!"*—"You old donkey!"

"Now that's what we need—instinctive Hebrew!" chuckled Bialik.

The real test, however, came with the establishment of the State. In the 1930s successive waves of immigration from Nazi-persecuted countries had increased the importance of Hebrew as a linguistic common denominator which every newcomer had to learn in order to get along. But this immigration was relatively small compared with the deluge pouring in after 1948. In Israel's first four years the new influx had doubled the original 1948 population of 650,000, an increase without precedent in world history! And this

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massive invasion came mainly from backward regions such as the Atlas Mountains, Anatolia, Kurdistan and Bombay, where people spoke dozens of languages and were totally unfamiliar with life in a Western-style democracy.

If Israel were not to be splintered by a clash of conflicting cultures, a cement to bind all these peoples together had to be found. Hebrew was that cement, and all of Israel was transformed into a classroom.

TODAY there are ten full-time Hebrew institutes for immigrant professionals, dozens of part-time language courses in Israel's cooperative *kibbutz* farms, and at least 150 morning or evening schools for immigrant workers in towns and villages.

Every immigrant doctor, engineer or other professional who could start contributing swiftly to Israel's progress, if only he knew some Hebrew, is "kidnaped" from pier or airport on arrival and rushed to an *ulpan* ("training center"), where he is crammed with Hebrew for five uninterrupted months. Modeled after a special language-training system developed by the U.S. Army, the *ulpan* permits nothing but Hebrew to be spoken within its walls. The meaning of words is acted out in pantomime.

But the biggest target in "Operation Hebrew" is the mass of Oriental immigrants who are illiterate even in their own native languages. For these, the Government has pooled some 5,000 volunteer teachers and a fleet of trucks and jeeps that carries the instructors to the immigrant villages. And every immigrant rookie in Israel's defense forces takes a compulsory Hebrew course as part of basic training.

Radio programs, newspaper columns and phrase books also are used effectively to spread the understanding of the national tongue among newly arrived citizens.

Every established settler in Israel does his bit for the newcomer. The butcher and merchant take time off to teach a customer the Hebrew word for an item or two. The social pressure is insidious. "Aren't you doing something about your Hebrew?" the neighbor blandly asks a newly installed American or Australian family on the second exchange of visits. Nobody escapes it.

One of Israel's distinguished *ulpan* graduates, Ephraim Kishon, now the country's most popular Hebrew newspaper humorist, was sure he'd never be able to earn his living in Hebrew when he arrived some years back from Budapest. "I'm supposed to write things that make people laugh," he worried. "But in Hebrew people can only cry."

What he meant was that Hebrew to him—as to millions of Jews outside Israel—was primarily a written, religious language, to be read in worship, prayer and lamentation.

The first modern pioneers of Hebrew speech couldn't find existing words to express such commonplace things as pencil, shoelace, postage stamp or engine. Applying Hebrew to ordinary living was like building a house from the roof down. All that was available was the Bible, the

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Talmud and a vast collection—mainly medieval—of dusty volumes of science, philosophy, poetry and religion.

Certain Hebrew writers in the early 19th century tried to adapt the mummified language at least to modern literary needs. But their efforts were windy and bombastic. They called gloves "houses for the hands." The word for "microscope," concocted from two Biblical phrases, was "a glass by which the moss that springs out of the wall shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." One writer, straining to translate "telegraph," fell back on *Psalms* 19, 4: "Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

Real progress wasn't made until the time of Ben-Yehuda. He and his colleagues actually began inventing words. They dug into 3,000 years of Hebrew writing, borrowed from Aramaic, an ancient tongue about as close to Hebrew as Latin is to English, and they even adapted Arabic. Before Ben-Yehuda's death in 1922 he finished the first five volumes of the new 16-volume Hebrew dictionary, finally completed in 1958. Ben-Yehuda also helped establish a Hebrew Language Committee, which selected and published lists of approved new words for use in modern living.

The Ben-Yehuda generation gave Hebrew its first elbowroom by devising elementary vocabularies for the *things* of the visible world. The next generation made up the *idea* words—the terminology of thought, art and inner experience.

In this the Hebrew University was a prime contributor. The only vocabulary for philosophy, for instance, consisted of terms from medieval Jewish writings. Hebrew was also absurdly skimpy for the natural sciences. The same was true for world literature, economics, medicine and a hundred other areas of up-to-date knowledge. By "exercising" the language on lecture platforms and in professors' writings, the University put intellectual muscle and tendons on Hebrew's ancient bones.

The third generation of word-makers arrived with the State, which created for Hebrew a world of new subjects: the Army and all the intricate nomenclature of armament and tactics; the Foreign Service and international treaties; the Supreme and lower courts; the Budget; all the complicated bureaus of a sovereign modern community.

Lately Ben-Yehuda's old Language Committee has been promoted to "Language Academy" and entrusted by Parliament with final authority over Hebrew words and grammar. Although most current Hebrew words are close to the 3,000-year-old Biblical language at least in their root, this doesn't mean that Elijah or Joshua could pick his way comfortably through a page of modern Hebrew. Some widely used words spring directly from other modern languages without benefit of scripture at all: "cotton" was trimmed into *kutana* and "gasoline" poured into contemporary Hebrew as just plain *gas*.

The most prolific word-maker in

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Israel today is the lyric poet Abraham Shlonsky. "Any new word," Shlonsky explains, "should rise out of something which the reader already knows. The trick is to use the consonants of a familiar word."

For example, take the ancient Hebraic origins of the ultra-modern word for "air-raid alarm." In the Bible, a "bugle" was *shofar* and a "bird" was *tsipor;* in the Talmud, *tsafor* meant "whistle"; put them together and you have *tsofar* for "siren."

Then there is slang, usually inspired from abroad. When the Israeli motorist picks up a hitchhiker, he is giving him a *tremp* (an extension of "tramp"). A *traffik* is a traffic cop. Anybody courteous or considerate is a *gentelman;* a lady possessing such merits is entitled to the feminine ending: *gentelmanit.* Job is *job* in popular Hebrew, and the fellow who always knows how to find and keep an easy one is obviously a *jobnik.*

The Academy's Hebrew is not impeccably spoken in every nook of Israel. But, whatever the variety of accent or grammar, Israelis all speak the *same* language. Hebrew is making the polyglot peoples of Israel into a single nation.

CAUTION! WIVES AT WORK

AFTER HAVING RUN INTO A WILD CROWD at the basketball game one evening, the referee picked up his wife and told her it might be better if she stayed away from the remaining games to which he was assigned.

"After all," he said, "it must have been pretty embarrassing to you when everyone around you stood up and booed me."

"It wasn't so bad," she replied. "I stood up and booed, too." —*Quote*

THE WEARY HUSBAND was met at the door with sad news. "We'll have to go out for dinner," his wife explained cheerfully. "I couldn't prepare anything because the electricity went off."

"Electricity?" he growled. "We have a gas range!"

"I know that," she replied, "but we have an electric can opener!" —FRANCES BENSON

FOR A CAMERA BUG'S birthday, his wife decided to present him with 50 flash bulbs. She knew little about cameras, so before wrapping each bulb in gold paper, she carefully tested it in the camera. She was delighted that every bulb "worked," and happily presented them to her husband—who still hasn't the heart to tell her the facts about cameras. —EDYTHE RABIN

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Florida's lifesaving "Operation Splash"

BY BEN FUNK

Aghast at the outbreak of child drownings, Dade County launched an all-out teach-'em-how-to-swim drive that has become a national model

SOUTH FLORIDA is a subtropical Venice hemmed in by ocean, bay and gulf, and laced with canals, lakes, rock pits and swimming pools. Amid these cool, enticing waters almost every child lives within walking distance of death by drowning.

In Dade County, in which the city of Miami lies, these waters have claimed many lives. But nobody did very much to curb this menace until March 21, 1959. On that tragic Saturday, in a six-hour span, three children drowned, alone and helpless, in Dade County waterways. In the wake of this triple tragedy, responsible residents wondered what could be done to prevent it from happening again. Closing down all canals and rock pits was deemed too extreme a step. Dade County needs its attractive waterways, which afford year-round swimming, boating, fishing and other

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water sports. The canals not only were essential for drainage, but enhanced property values.

There had been demands for fencing off unsupervised waters, but as County Manager O. W. Campbell explained: "The cost would be fabulous, and anyway, any kid can climb a fence. Let's face it: every child in Dade County will always have the opportunity to drown himself until he learns to swim."

This was the only way—to teach the children to swim. And the triple tragedy of March 21 set in motion "Operation Splash," a massive drive to do just that. Spurred by newspapers, radio and television, Dade County exploded into action.

At a conference in the editorial offices of the Miami *Herald,* "Swim For Your Life" clinics were proposed to carry the water safety program into every neighborhood. This program was aimed at the 75,000 county children of pre-school age, who often fall into family swimming pools or wander away to drown in nearby canals.

The first clinic was held in Miami on April 13. Thereafter, five nights a week for three weeks, others were held in school buildings all over the county. Worried parents turned out in force, bringing their children. At these clinics, the famed Red Cross manual, "Teaching Johnny to Swim," came alive for thousands of people. It was used to show parents how they could teach their toddlers basic water-survival skills which would enable them to keep afloat until help came. After the clinics, workshops for parents were conducted at the public swimming pools. Parents learned how to swim and how to teach swimming. After teaching their own children, many parents organized classes in private pools and reached out to help other youngsters.

In the early days of "Operation Splash," some people, like Mrs. Jack R. Moon, looked at their infrequently used back-yard swimming pools and felt guilty because so many children needed that water for swimming lessons. But Mrs. Moon, like hundreds of others, decided to act, not fret. She and her husband and two daughters all took swimming and lifesaving courses. Then they opened their pool as a community center for beginner, junior and senior courses in swimming and lifesaving. Some neighbors qualified as Red Cross instructors and served as non-paid teachers.

In block after block, in neighborhoods all over the county, this same scene was repeated.

Some parents worked harder than others because they had lost a child to the water. Johnny Shropshire, 11 months old, toddled away from his mother. When he was found only a few minutes later, he was floating face down in the family pool. "We thought we had been so very careful to keep the pool gate closed and locked," Mrs. Shropshire said. "But somehow it was left open."

Out of the Shropshires' personal tragedy grew a fierce determination to fight the menace that had taken Johnny. Mother, father and six other children took courses as swimming instructors. Then they started

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classes in the pool in which Johnny had died. "I would do anything," Mrs. Shropshire said, "to save another woman's baby."

And the lessons weren't restricted to kids. "The mothers need instructions as much as the children," Mrs. Shropshire explained. "Mothers who can barely take care of themselves in the water will take three or four kids to a pool. They couldn't help them if they got in trouble."

Dade County's fathers helped as best they could, but their time was limited. It was the mothers, available during the day, who became the most important force in "Operation Splash."

The Miami *News*, seeing the potentialities of militant mothers, enlisted the cooperation of the Parent Teachers Association in forming a group of Aquatic Mothers Clubs, under the supervision of Mrs. Frank Orcutt, county P.T.A. safety chairman. Application forms were published in the *News*, and mothers were reminded that they did not have to be swimmers to join. As they volunteered, Mrs. Orcutt assigned them to pools where Red Cross instructors worked with them. Those who could not qualify as swimming teachers acted as baby sitters.

There was a ready-made pattern to follow in setting up the clubs. Three years earlier, at the Sunkist Pool in North Miami, Mrs. Julia Mayo had hit upon the idea of enlisting mothers as volunteer helpers. Thirty joined her, and in one summer they taught 1,000 children to swim. The next year they turned out 1,500 swimmers.

Mrs. Mayo herself was a volunteer, unpaid worker at Sunkist. When she was 15, she had promised a girl friend that she would teach her small brother to swim. In anticipation of the lessons, her friend bought the little fellow a swimsuit. He tried it on and slipped away to go wading in a river near his home. When they found his body in the river, Julia vowed that she would devote herself to averting this type of tragedy.

After her two years at Sunkist, the city of North Miami employed Mrs. Mayo as lifeguard and instructor at its municipal pool. Some of the Sunkist volunteer mothers transferred to the new pool and others joined her until she had a club of 100 mothers aided by 27 teenagers. During the 1959 campaign, they put 3,000 children through their courses.

While Julia Mayo was working with mothers at Sunkist, Ken Schoonmaker, director of the West End Municipal Pool, was doing the same thing. At first, his West End Aquatic Club had only 19 members, who took courses from Schoonmaker, then tackled a group of children. It became a fascinating hobby, and 17 other women joined the club. In two summers, this little band graduated 1,000 swimmers.

"Whenever the husbands start beefing because their wives are away from home so much, we throw a splash party at the pool," Schoonmaker says. "They stop complaining when they see what those women are accomplishing."

From the pattern set by Julia Mayo and Ken Schoonmaker, large

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Aquatic Mothers Clubs were formed at every public swimming pool. Other smaller groups operated in private pools. In neighborhoods where there were no pools near at hand, the mothers went looking for water. In suburban Opa-locka, a group of mothers pestered U. S. Navy brass until they won permission to use a big pool at the Navy Reserve Base.

In the far northern end of Dade County, a group of 48 mothers headed by Mrs. Frank Lewis drove ten miles to Hallandale in neighboring Broward County and talked their way into using that city's municipal pool. They persuaded the Broward County Red Cross to furnish two instructors to teach them. Then they corralled 700 kids who couldn't swim and went to work on them.

A FEW mothers even experienced the satisfaction of knowing that their instruction had saved a life. One boy who was taking lessons from Mrs. Lewis fell into a canal. "I remembered," he told her, "how you showed me how to tread water. I kept myself up and hollered until somebody came and pulled me out."

"Except for me, that little boy would have been dead," Mrs. Lewis said. "It didn't sink in all at once, but when it did, I glowed all over."

Steadily, agencies such as the Y.M.C.A. broadened their water-safety programs. In salt-water lagoons in Dade County's four ocean parks, Red Cross-trained volunteers assisted the regular instructors in running hundreds of children through assembly-line courses. The recreation departments in municipalities throughout the county threw facilities into the fight, while policemen and firemen also worked with groups of children.

There weren't enough public pools to handle such a massive campaign, so to fill the gap, many of the luxurious hotels and motels catering to South Florida's big tourist trade offered their facilities. At the Rancher Motel, pool manager Si Forman had made a hobby of giving free lessons to promising young swimmers. When "Operation Splash" started, the North Miami Beach recreation department asked Forman to take on some children who had no public pool available to them. Forman agreed—and then came the deluge. In a few days, 650 children came to him.

Teaching all of them wasn't going to be Forman's big problem. How, he asked himself, could he pacify the motel management and guests who might resent the intrusion of noisy youngsters?

One morning a woman guest complained to him that there was no room for her children in the pool. Forman thought quickly. If this woman went to the management, she could wreck the whole program.

"Lady," he said, "we charge $25 for a course of lessons here, but if you will allow me I would like to teach your children for nothing." The woman beamed and turned her children over to Forman, who tossed them in with the others.

Forman contributed 450 hours of time to "Operation Splash," work-

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ing from 8 A.M. to 11 P.M. But every child he taught was a swimmer when the summer was over.

By September, over 75,000 children had taken swimming courses in Dade County, four times as many as in any preceding summer: 35,000 were taught to swim by their own parents, 15,000 by the Aquatic Mothers Clubs, 15,000 by informal groups operating in private pools and 10,000 by staff instructors of regular water-safety agencies.

By the fall, there were hard statistics to show the effectiveness of the campaign. In the first quarter of 1959, there had been 25 drownings. In the second quarter, as "Operation Splash" built up emphasis on water safety, the number dropped to 20. In the third quarter, *the peak swimming months,* drownings were down to 13.

Even more encouraging was the knowledge that "Operation Splash" was beginning to spread. Other Florida counties adopted it and inquiries came from cities all over the nation. Some of these were inspired by water-safety officials who vacationed in Miami and saw the program in action. The Red Cross took the story to its national convention this year in Kansas City and from there the idea went out to the entire country.

"This isn't just a Dade County problem," Russell K. Townsend, director of First Aid and Water Safety of the Dade County Red Cross, pointed out. "The Florida drowning rate has been matched in several other parts of the nation. Water claims at least 7,000 lives a year in this country. If other areas follow our example, that unnecessary death toll can be cut way down."

BARTLETT'S QUOTATION

AT ADEN, the entrance to the Red Sea, the operators of a telegraph company work in a large, lofty room. During a particularly warm spell one of the ceiling fans stopped working, and a mechanic was attending it, perched on the roof outside. When he had it fixed, he wanted someone to see if it functioned properly. So he called down to one of the telegraph operators: "Bartlett!"

Bartlett looked all around to see who had called him.

"Bartlett!" came the call again. By this time the whole room was looking around.

"Bartlett!" came the unknown voice from on high. Bartlett, assuming a hushed, reverent voice, said: "Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth."

For ten minutes afterward, communications between Europe and the Orient were at a standstill.

—*Healthways Magazine*

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Charley Weaver's cuckoo kin

His mythical family tree—heavy on the sap—keeps Charley Weaver flourishing as TV's top slick hick. On the following pages is a new gallery of some of his zaniest kinsmen

Reprinted courtesy Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., from the book, CHARLEY WEAVER'S FAMILY ALBUM by Cliff Arquette, © 1960 by Cliff Arquette.

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his is a picture of my father when he was
a young'un.
I wouldn't say he was fat, but around Christmas
time his folks used to hide him for
fear somebody might stick an apple in his
mouth and roast him.
He was an awfully good baby, but a bit
nearsighted. His folks were worried about him
because he liked to suck his thumb—
they worried even more when he still did it at
the age of forty-eight. He claimed it
was the only fresh meat he ever got in the house.

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his is my great aunt, Kitty Weaver.
She was the first airline stewardess. Aunt Kitty used to say, "In my day, when a stewardess won her wings, she *really* won her wings."
Auntie was hostess for the Hard Cider Flight from Mt. Idy, over Snyder's Swamp to Lompock. From this flight came the aviation term "flying blind."
In those days the cabins on airplanes were so small the stewardess had to ride outside on the wing. Great Aunt Kitty was promoted for her quick thinking the day the landing gear wouldn't work. She had all the passengers poke their feet through the floor of the plane and run along the runway for a landing.
Her worst day occurred the day some wise guy hung a sign that said "Gentlemen" on the emergency exit door. They lost seven passengers.
All in all, Auntie loved her work, except for the weekly chore of putting new rubber bands on the engines.

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his here one is a picture of me when I was
a baby. For the first year I had snow-white
hair. Mamma was so nearsighted she
always powdered the wrong end. People used
to say I was either the oldest baby or
the youngest man they had ever seen. When
my father first saw me he went right out and filed
a claim for accident insurance.
I was a good baby, but my brother Norby
was spoiled. A steam roller ran over him. For
several years after that I had a very tall,
thin, flat brother.

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his here is Father's other brother, Elwood,
when he and his bride went on
their honeymoon to Niagara Falls. Later, his
wife said the Falls was her second
disappointment.
They were married by a Justice of the Peace,
and Elwood always said that was the last
time there was any peace in their marriage.
They used to fight like cats and dogs
—she'd scratch him, and he'd bite her. Even the
picture is scratchy.
For twenty years of their married life they
never spoke to one another. They had twelve
children. Yes, I know what you mean,
but then, that branch of the family was always
rather unusual.

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ut you know, when I look through my old family album, the one I remember most is my sister, Winnie Ethel Weaver.

Fun-loving, carefree and vicious to a fault. She was in the show business.

She left home when she was nine years old after a slight disagreement with my father. Fractured both his arms. Next thing we heard of her she was appearing on the stage in New York in an act called "Winsome Winnie Weaver—World's Weirdest Weight Lifter."

Yes, she was strong all right, in more ways than one. In one part of her act she used to stand on a cement block while her assistant (fellow named Slug) would hit her on top of the head with a forty-pound sledge hammer and break the cement block. She finally had to cut that part out of her act because she started to get fallen arches.

Yes, I remember Mamma, Father and my brothers and sisters, but most of all—I remember Winnie!

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"I made a million dollars

BY WILLIAM NICKERSON

WHEN WE WERE in our 20s, my wife and I looked around for a way to supplement my low salary. Accidentally, we stumbled on a method for making money that overshadowed my other work; so that we became, literally, millionaires without really setting out to achieve this goal.

We started with only a hard-saved $1,000; and we pyramided our money under circumstances that were more difficult and dangerous than today's conditions.

You can start out with average savings today and make $1,000,000 in real estate as I have. The opportunities for the average investor are greater than ever before in history.

Saving the initial nest egg to get started was by far the hardest task on the road to our $1,000,000. On a 1933 telephone company starting wage of $15 a week, along with raises and bonuses, my wife and I managed to save $1,000 in three years. We bought a run-down house that needed fixing, but was basically sound. We painted it, inside and out, and put in a garden and new plumbing and electrical fixtures. This increased its value.

In two years we traded our house for a basically sound pair of apartments that needed painting and other work. We thus stumbled into an almost foolproof formula for making money. We had no spectacular goals in mind, like making $1,000,000. But by the time I was 42, our net estate had mushroomed to $500,000. My wife said, "Why don't you retire?"

The phone company's steady employment had given me a chance to save and establish good credit. But it was one of the sweetest moments of my life when I told the Boss, "Dear Boss—I quit!"

You could start today with $1,000 as I did, and buy income (rent-producing) property. There are many

Mr. Nickerson is author of the current runaway best seller (300,000 copies), "How I Turned $1,000 into a Million in Real Estate—in My Spare Time."

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—in my spare time!"

rental houses on the market which you can buy with that little down. A California widow writes that after reading my book she bought a triplex with only $1,000 down.

But on today's real estate market, the average person needs a minimum of $2,500; this is often the average savings of a typical family whose head is between 25 and 34. It would be the result of about four years' savings, including interest, at $50 monthly.

The one million dollar formula—first step

You take your $2,500 savings and borrow on a first or second mortgage three times as much, $7,500. This makes a total of $10,000, with which you buy a basically sound but run-down rental house or pair of apartments. You fix up the property in your spare time, painting and renovating and modernizing fixtures. Expenses and loan payments come from the income from your property. You plough back the rest, plus your continuing $50 monthly savings. You don't *have* to put in more savings. But for one who starts with a small sum, it will accelerate progress to continue saving after buying the first property.

After the property is fixed up it is worth more to a tenant, so you raise the rents 25 percent. This increases the value of the property (the basic yardstick for valuing apartments is ten times the net annual income).

In two years you sell your improved property at the increased value; giving you a gross profit of 25 percent on the total investment, including the amount you've borrowed. A nominal return for your risk, imagination and work. You pay a realtor's sales costs, about five percent. (I am not a broker, but I advocate trading through realtors and paying Board commissions. This helps you find more good buys and make better deals.)

After selling your first property your net worth including profit and two additional years of savings, and after paying off your mortgage and the realtor's commission, would be $5,800. You trade your capital for a

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larger piece of income property, perhaps four to six flats, again with borrowed money.

A Massachusetts serviceman wrote me recently of buying a four-plex with tremendous opportunities for improvement. He paid only $3,000 down, and his total purchase price was $15,000.

Maximum borrowing—the very heart

Maximum borrowing is the very heart of making money, because you thereby make a profit on the other fellow's savings. This is the way the banks and insurance companies make money. Many people are afraid to borrow, because they feel that they should not go into debt. But it is sound to borrow money to make money.. Borrow the most you can at each step of your progress, as long as you can handle loan payments and expenses from your property income.

Faster turnover possible

My example of the first step is typical—two years and 25 percent gross profit. I know of many profitable resales within a few months of purchase; and many recent deals show profits ranging from 50 to 100 percent. For example, a house painter told me that he read my book when he had only $400 in the bank and couldn't wait to save $2,500 before getting started. He bought a run-down house and painted it, and inside one month turned his property over for a $4,000 profit. This is 1,000 percent profit in one month. But let's stick to a conservative formula: an average 25 percent gross profit on an average turnover time of two years.

The pyramid

In two more years, four years after your start with $2,500, you would be worth a net of $11,575. In six years you would have $21,681; in eight years $39,363; and in ten years $70,548. At first your progress is not spectacular. That is why many persons become discouraged, and don't keep at it. This is not a get-rich-quick process.

In 12 years you start moving faster, still using the same profit ratios, and are worth $124,884. In 14 years you would have $219,972; in 16 years $386,376; and in 18 years $677,583. In 20 years you would top $1,000,000 with a net of $1,187,195.

400 to one—in your favor

Does this seem a little fantastic? It actually works out for anyone who keeps at it. If you keep moving forward on the track of income property investment, authoritative studies show that your chances for success are 400-to-one.

Some become so enthused about making money in apartments, they think they can do as well in any field. They may go off on a tangent. There are many ways to make a fortune, but rental dwellings are the surest road, meeting a vital necessity of life. My formula is based on buying property that pays for itself from income. You get a sound return while you are waiting for an increase in value.

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You put something into property

Moreover, you put something into the property, fixing it up to increase its value. This is, therefore, not a program depending on inflation, and it also gives you a built-in safety factor in case of a recession. Each dollar spent to improve property should increase value a minimum of $2. After fixing up a property, you can often borrow as much as you have put into it. I know of many who have done this.

A Rhode Island salesman writes, for example, that he recently put a total of $7,500 into buying a dilapidated eight-room house, and converting it into a modern duplex. He was then able to borrow $10,000 from his bank on this property.

Present real estate loans are self-amortizing. You just make monthly payments from the income and there is no problem of renewal.

Comparatively free from income taxes

Pyramiding and operating profits can be comparatively free from income taxes. The maximum tax is 25 percent on your profits, which are "capital gains" if you've held the property for six months. If you, the seller, take back a mortgage of 70 percent or more your tax can be spread out over as many years as the mortgage. That is why many sellers will turn their property over to you with a small down payment.

In a trade, there are no taxes on profit, as this is considered a continuation of the same investment. Thus, I advocate trading up when you start with smaller properties. With a larger building, like an apartment house, it often pays to hold it and refinance to obtain funds for buying and pyramiding other properties.

A Texas investor paid approximately $100,000 for a piece of income property, and later borrowed $150,000 on it, thus reaping $50,000 in extra cash to start new pyramids. You don't have to pay a cent in tax for money you get by borrowing—even if you borrow more than you invested in the property.

Most of the operating income, which you bank, can be offset on your tax return by depreciation and interest charges on the money you've borrowed. An advantage of older property is that you can take a heavier depreciation. Investing in improved real estate is one way to make a fortune and not have it eaten up by income taxes.

In 1955, to retest my theory, I began shopping from ads that realtors had put in metropolitan papers. This is the best way to shop, as it leads you to other good properties.

I wanted to prove there were good buys still available on the open market. My wife, Lucille, and I were satisfied to sit back and enjoy the fruits of our $500,000. But I found so many good buys I could not resist them all. I borrowed on my apartments and used the money to buy and fix up more properties. In two years I doubled my net worth to over $1,000,000.

I have continued to shop current real estate markets personally in various parts of the U.S., from Massachusetts to Hawaii, and I

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continually run into good buys.

Many up-to-date examples of success

Financing has grown tighter, although it is now loosening, and prices are moving upward. These factors may discourage some investors, but they do not stand in the way of success.

A neophyte New Jersey investor tells, for instance, of buying a run-down two-unit apartment house in late 1959 for $10,500. He was able to make improvements, chiefly of painting and better heating, at a cost of $1,500. This made a total outlay of $12,000. In three months he has increased rents sufficiently to raise the market value to $19,000.

In January 1960, a southwestern general contractor phoned that on a $40,000 investment he stood to make $250,000 in two years by astute financing and major improvements to a large block of apartments. I double-checked his figures, and his profit estimate proved conservative.

Film star Dana Andrews on the May 6, 1960 television show, PERSON TO PERSON, told of the property investment opportunities he had found after starting out to follow the guidance set forth in my book.

Time and the stork and automation

The field of financing capital improvements and pyramiding to $1,000,000 or more in real estate is wide open. Three major factors are *time* and the *stork* and *automation*. Because of these factors over 1,000,000 new dwelling units are needed in the U.S. each year. This number will keep expanding as the war babies have families.

Time keeps wearing away each day, and there are already about 14,000,000 dwelling units in need of some rehabilitation. Needing complete rejuvenation are 300,000 additional units that drop below the slum line every year. In New York City, still under rent controls, more slums are created each year than the number of additional apartments being built by Government-sponsored redevelopment.

These dwelling units can be renovated for desirable living by private investors. Both Congress and the Administration are working on long-term financing to encourage improvement of older property, probably to be backed by the Federal Housing Administration.

Automation means increased production, resulting in higher personal incomes. In the last ten years, average family earnings have jumped $2,350 to a 1959 peak of $6,520. This means that tenants will earn the income to pay for the improved housing which they desire.

Always opportunity

In the boom times which we are now enjoying, opportunities keep knocking for the average investor. All you have to do is reach out and open the door.

You cannot expect the fruits of free enterprise to drop in your lap. But the opportunity to make $1,000,000 awaits you today, if you set on a worthwhile goal, and keep striving to achieve it.

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BY AL SILVERMAN

If you're
a hollow shell
it's for you:
for it's loaded
with protein—
and sticks
to the ribs

IF YOU THINK peanut butter is for the birds, you are absolutely right. In cold weather, ornithologists suggest smearing it on the bark of oak trees to nourish pine and myrtle warblers and chickadees.

But peanut butter is also an inexpensive, pleasant-tasting food, highly popular with human beings—mainly Americans—125,000,000 of whom consume it in astonishing quantities. In 1958, sales of the thick brown spread totaled $161,220,000, and an estimated 300,000 tons of peanuts are used to make about 400,000,000 pounds of peanut butter annually—accounting for more than half of the nation's edible peanut crop.

And peanut butter is eaten in many curious ways—with raw onions, inside a slit-open banana, mixed with sour cream or yogurt, or by the tablespoon. Mainly, however, it is a food for children. According to a U.S. Department of Agriculture survey, 94 percent of households with children 16 and under, use peanut butter.

In the author's house there is a three-year-old rebel who subsists, it seems, on nothing but peanut butter. However, our pediatrician, Dr. Donald Weisman of White Plains, New York, who writes for national publications on children's eating habits, told us: "Let him eat it until it comes out of his ears. It fills his caloric needs."

Miss Dorothy Bates of The American Dietetic Association agrees. "Peanut butter can be an important source of nutrients," she explains. "Peanuts are similar to dried beans and peas in nutritive value. They are one of the few foods of vegetable source which contain proteins of high quality."

Thus the Department of Agriculture suggests four tablespoons of peanut butter as an alternate to a meat, poultry or fish dish, and a spokesman for the American Medical Association terms peanut butter

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"an excellent item to include in a varied food diet." But he does not recommend eating only peanut butter day in and day out, since "it is entirely lacking in vitamins A and C."

For diet-conscious individuals, though, peanut butter, with its high fat content, is not the best food. Recently, a Congressman from a peanut-growing state, was interviewed by a woman TV commentator. At the end of the interview, the commentator handed the Congressman a tray containing peanut butter and crackers. "Won't you have some peanut butter?" she asked.

The Congressman irked not a few of his constituents when he said, with obvious distaste, "No, thanks, I have to watch my waistline."

Despite such sentiments, the peanut butter industry continues to push ahead. More than 95 percent of the peanut butter produced in this country today is manufactured by about 50 companies. Most of the large concerns make both smooth peanut butter and the chunky variety, which is rapidly growing in popularity, although it is still far behind the smooth peanut butter in sales. (Chunky peanut butter is made by simply adding chopped peanuts to the mixture.)

Basically, peanut butter is produced by grinding up roasted peanuts which have been shelled and blanched, and from which the heart of each kernel has been removed. The most common way of grinding peanuts into peanut butter is to force the peanuts through rotating steel plates, which convert the solid peanut into a semi-liquid. The actual amount of peanuts in peanut butter varies. One company recently changed its label from peanut butter to "peanut spread" because it contained only 75 percent ground peanuts. The Food and Drug Administration recommends that there be at least 95 percent ground peanuts in peanut butter.

Peanuts are graded according to size. The grades known as Number 1 and 2 are the smallest peanuts and are the ones most commonly used for peanut butter. The size of the peanut does not affect the quality. Three principal types of peanuts are grown in this country—Virginias, Runners and Spanish—but the latter two are used most frequently in peanut butter. The companies get their peanuts from two main Southern areas—Georgia-Alabama and Texas-Oklahoma.

The peanuts are shelled and cleaned at crushing mills, and are graded after the hulls are removed. Those unsuitable for eating are crushed into peanut oil. During the grading process, a conveyor belt carries the shelled peanuts past a covey of keen-eyed inspectors.

In addition, there are electronic machines which detect even the slightest moisture on a kernel. Later, when the peanuts reach a manufacturer, they are inspected again for imperfections.

Nobody is quite sure how peanut butter originated, but historians generally credit the pre-Inca Indians of Peru who, centuries ago, ground peanuts between stones. They called the peanut *mani,* or ground-seed, and it was an object

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of worship. Almost every Incan and pre-Incan mummy was provided with a ration of peanuts to feed the spirit on its journey into the afterworld. An American explorer, A. Hyatt Verrill, tells of roasting and eating peanuts found in Inca tombs. He says they were "well-preserved and delicious."

Peanut butter became popular in the U.S. in the 1890s, through the efforts of a number of physicians who put peanuts through a meat grinder and fed the paste to patients as a high-protein, easily digested food. Later the mixture was recommended to invalids by some sanatoriums.

By 1914, 23 brands of peanut butter could be found in the markets of Kansas City alone. In those days, grocers ground it out in their stores on request. An important spur to the spread of peanut butter was the invention of a chemical stabilization process in the late 1920s. Before that, the peanut oil invariably rose to the top. Grocers received their peanut butter in tubs or pails and were advised to "use a wooden paddle and stir it frequently" to get a uniform mixture. The stabilization process not only prevented rancidity, but made peanut butter smoother and less dry.

It also helped to lessen another big problem: peanut butter's tendency to stick to the roof of the mouth—especially among people who have dentures or bridgework. The National Peanut Council explains that peanut butter sticks because it is a paste with a fat content of approximately 50 percent. But the Council hastens to point out that peanut butter will not stick excessively unless taken in excessively big bites. "Properly eaten, especially with bread and crackers, it should pass through the mouth without too much sticking."

However, a better formula has recently been suggested by an Ann Arbor, Michigan, housewife whose four young children are avid consumers of peanut butter. "I spread the peanut butter on bread, then turn the bread upside down and eat it that way," she explains. "It never sticks."

What more can you ask of peanut butter?

CURFEW COMPLAINT

A FORMER RESIDENT of a small Missouri town was asking about the old town.

"I understand they have a curfew law out there now," he said.

"No," his informant answered, "they did have one, but they've abandoned it."

"What was the matter?"

"Well, the bell rang each evening at 9 o'clock, and almost everybody complained that it woke them up."

—MRS. CATHERINE NOBLE

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Versatile electronic "simulators" now train our jet pilots and future spacemen with speed and safety. They duplicate all the rigors of flight—without ever leaving the ground!

BY DON MURRAY

I HUDDLED in the cockpit of the world's hottest airplane, the black, missile-shaped, rocket-powered X-15, listening to the final count down while fear and anticipation quickened my pulse. I was suspended under the mother ship, a B-52 jet bomber flying just under the speed of sound at 38,000 feet.

"Four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . ." I dropped from the wing, fired my two rocket engines and pointed to the reaches of the sky where man has not yet flown.

In just 270 seconds the rocket engines would burn out; in less than ten minutes the entire mission would be complete. As I flew the plane, my right arm was cradled in an arm rest so I could more easily "gentle"

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the controls of this sensitive ship, for a nervous twitch, a tremble, a momentary loss of confidence could give an accidental nudge that would drastically alter the plane's angle.

Suddenly my rocket engines had burned out, and I was higher than man had ever flown before, silently coasting upwards at 3,500 miles an hour. The air was so thin my right hand could no longer handle the ship, no matter how carefully I caressed the conventional controls. I had to fly with my left hand, laid in another arm rest, operating the infinitely more delicate controls of the tiny jets to maintain the plane's angle. That one hand also had to control the plane in three directions. A hair-trigger move forward or backward would change the attitude of my plane, now racing into the black world of space, and cause it to roll or zigzag erratically.

Then I reached the peak of my mission: 220,000 feet, over 40 miles in the sky. I edged the X-15 over the hump and dove towards Earth, falling half a mile a second. At 80,000 feet I pulled out and started back to my base. In less than ten minutes I had completed my flight and gone over 200 miles in ground distance.

But I had never left the ground.

I had been flying from the same seat in which such test pilots as North American Aviation Company's Scott Crossfield, Major Bob White of the Air Force and Joe Walker of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration have spent hundreds of hours. I had flown the X-15 simulator, an amazing $300,000 device anchored firmly to the cement floor of a North American hangar in Los Angeles.

It is an exact replica of the X-15, with the actual instruments and controls of the plane hooked up to a monstrous, tennis-court-sized analog computer, which electronically receives each action of the pilot, computes its relationship to wind, speed, fuel, the other controls and hundreds of additional factors. Instantly, the evidence of what would happen in the air flashes before his eyes on the instrument panel. The results are computed almost as fast as they happen in flight—even 4,000-miles-an-hour flight.

The X-15 simulator, which "flew" two years before the plane itself, actually helped to design the real ship. When the pilots started to fly the simulator, the computer showed that they needed a different damper (an artificial stabilizing device); a strange tail that extended as far below the plane as it did on top; and special gyroscopes to keep the sleek craft under control.

The simulator even showed the engineers that special instruments had to be created, such as a slide-slip control, if the pilot was to fly the plane. The handle on the control had been worked out by top flight designers and checked by experienced engineers and the test pilots themselves. But when they flew the simulator, they found that they couldn't operate the control handle. It had to be changed.

The X-15 simulator is one of the most dramatic of the amazing machines that make believe, but not one of the most sophisticated. The

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simulator business has become a huge one since World War II. It grew larger with the jet age, and will become even more important as we reach into space, since simulators are the next best way known to train men, outside of actual flying experience, to do hundreds of complicated tasks that require instant decisions and tolerate no error.

All Air Force and Navy pilots are simulator-trained sometime in their career, and they keep using simulators to practice emergency procedures and check on their instrument skills. And the Federal Aviation Agency now accepts simulator time for one of its two annual checkups of airline transport pilots.

SIMULATORS for commercial jets are enormous installations which cost more than $1,000,000, but they aren't luxuries. Capital Airlines estimates it will save about $175 an hour by training pilots in a simulator instead of a Viscount turbo-prop. American Airlines has a Curtiss-Wright Mobile 707 simulator on a 62-ton truck; United Airlines, a DC-8 simulator at Denver; Trans-World Airlines, a 707 version at Kansas City; Pan American, both a Boeing 707-320 and a Douglas DC-8 simulator in the New York area. They are all in constant use.

I visited a 10,000 square-foot building in Lawndale, California, owned by the Douglas Aircraft Corp. and saw their million-dollar DC-8 simulator, which was ordered before the DC-8 was on the production line. Actually, the first test pilot to check out the DC-8 spent more than 40 hours in the simulator before he flew the huge jet.

This astonishing device is a far cry from the Link Trainer, the stubby blue sweatbox which has trained more than 2,000,000 fliers since the early days before World War II, teaching them the rudiments of aviation, and later checking them out for instrument flight. The Link Trainer only crudely approximates the principles of flight as experienced in all planes; a modern simulator duplicates all the reactions of a specific airplane.

When I climbed into the cockpit of the DC-8 simulator, it was arranged exactly as a plane's cockpit would be except there's no stewardess to bring in a cup of coffee. Each one of the DC-8's more than 120 instruments and controls are duplicated in the simulator, and they are hooked up to an enormous computer with 118 miles of wiring.

The radio crackled orders from the "tower," a special room in the building where even static is simulated, and Scott Flower, assistant chief pilot for Pan-American's Technical-Overseas Division, "took off" with me. I felt the "plane" tense and sway as it lumbered down the runway. As we picked up speed, the concrete whizzed by before my eyes, the result of a tricky closed-circuit TV system. The ceiling was 600 feet, and soon after we were air-borne we pushed into the clouds.

Even for experienced pilots like Captain Flower, illusion becomes reality in a matter of moments. There is no joking or carelessness in a simulator. The pilots behave as

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they would in flight. When we cut through the clouds on an instrument landing and saw the runway loom up right on the button, you could feel the emotion of relief.

No detail is ignored on these simulated flights. When you take off from Denver, for example, 5,280 feet above sea level, the computer makes the simulator react the way a real plane would in that high altitude. Any airport in the world can be simulated with accuracy, and every known instrument-landing system operates as it does on airstrips around the globe. The weight of the plane changes as fuel is used or ditched in an emergency. The plane bounces around in a cold front, reacts to a cross wind, and, most important, over 100 malfunctions can be accurately simulated so pilots can learn on the ground how to handle control situations that might be fatal if they faced them in the air.

In the simulator, I saw more hazardous conditions recreated than would occur on any flight. We had icing, radio failure, fires, and even lost two engines—yet we were able to land safely using the techniques and equipment that had been worked out in flight and in simulators.

There are stories about pilots screaming and breaking down in simulators. I cannot document them. I have seen pilots look back at the wings, grey-faced with anxiety, when an engine "catches fire," but I have never seen an instructor push a man to the breaking point. There is good reason for this. The simulators are so frighteningly realistic that it would be easy to push a man beyond his capability, to rob him of one of his most precious possessions—confidence.

The purpose of the simulator is not to break a man, but to give him confidence, to let him see under controlled conditions if he will make mistakes—and then to help him learn how to stop making them. Today, the flight simulator is as much a part of modern aviation as the goggles were a part of the barnstorming era.

Yet it was back in those barnstorming days that the Link Trainer was born, and the little-known story of how it came about is one of the most inspiring and important stories of aviation. Ed Link of Binghamton, New York, the man who built the first trainer, was a pilot and flight instructor. He loved to fly, but he also wanted to live. Link never had an accident, but there was one hazard he couldn't overcome by good planning: the unpredictable behavior of a student flier when he got his hands on the stick.

Link spent many terrifying hours with cocky pilots who didn't realize the dangers of flying or with nervous students who choked up in a crisis. Even the best ones had to learn the hard way. They could not discover how to pull out of a spin until the plane spun out of control. Link realized that if flying was to become a major means of transportation, there would have to be a way for a student to learn how to handle a crisis in the air before he left the ground.

Link's father had a piano and

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organ factory, and young Ed used an organ bellows, some abandoned motors, pieces of scrap wood and metal tubing to create a funny-looking, snub-nosed, short-winged "thing" with a cockpit. A student could climb into this trainer and practice all the basic principles of flying. When he put the stick forward, the plane went into a dive; when he pulled it back, the nose went up. For the first time, you could safely go into a dive or a spin and practice how to recover. Using this trainer, Ed Link's brother, George, soloed in less than an hour of flying.

Link had solved a major problem of the air age—how to train pilots safely and effectively—but nobody cared. For six discouraging years he kept working on his trainer, vainly trying to convince aviation experts of its merit. Link transported his trainer to Washington many times, and had appointments with various officials but to no avail. He then took his trainer to the St. Louis Fair to enter it as an aviation exhibit. He was turned away and had to sell rides in it for 25 cents apiece to raise enough money to get home.

Then, in 1934, President Franklin D. Roosevelt ordered the Army Air Corps to fly the U.S. mail. Earlier, the Army had told Link that it had no need for ground training; that while his contraption was a good way to teach instrument flying, the Air Corps didn't need instruments, since fighter pilots would never fight in bad weather. But when the Air Corps tried to fly the mail on regular schedules, at night and in poor weather, nearly a dozen pilots were killed in the first week.

During this same week, Link had a date to demonstrate his trainer at the Casey Jones Aviation School in Newark, New Jersey. Distressed by the crashes, the Air Corps sent officers to observe, but they decided to leave the field when it began to rain, certain that nobody could fly in such foul weather.

Suddenly a plane roared out of the clouds and came in for a perfect landing. Ed Link, who had taught himself instrument flying on his own trainer, was at the controls. That convinced the Air Corps. Ten Army flyers were sent to the school immediately. Then the British came through with an order for 200 trainers. Ed Link started an assembly line, and went to work on it himself, the grease-monkey president of a company that would make him a millionaire many times over.

When war came, the Link Trainer helped make it possible for us to create the world's largest air force in a few years. U.S. airmen came back from dog-fighting with Japanese Zeroes or German Messerschmidts, and used the Link Trainer to teach new pilots instrumental techniques that they could apply in combat.

Today, more than 2,000,000 American flyers have logged millions of hours of Link time. Compared to the giant jet simulators, the old trainer seems crude, but it still is a valuable tool used by flyers all over the world.

To see what the Link Trainer could do, I climbed into one at the

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Teterboro, New Jersey, School of Aeronautics and pulled the canopy down over my head. Abruptly, I was cut off from the world, except for the headphones and microphone that connected me with my instructor. I faced a busy instrument panel with 14 dials and a radio control; in my hands I held a live stick. My feet touched realistic rudders, and there was even a working throttle.

When I climbed out 15 minutes later, the instructor laughed at me—a 220-pound ex-paratrooper. I was dizzy, my head ached, I was puffing, and I knew why fliers call it the sweatbox. It was the middle of winter and the hangar was cold, but I was wringing wet.

The important thing, however, was that I'd had an experience where I could learn from it. Experience is still the best teacher, and that is why simulators are booming. Air Force missile crews are being trained on simulators, and so are the men who run automated oil-processing plants. There are atomic submarine simulators, and even one which specializes in the problems of submarine docking. The astronauts who will ride the Mercury capsule into space are being trained in special National Aeronautics and Space Administration simulators at Langley Field, Virginia.

Already men are working on the design of space ship simulators. When American pioneers are finally launched into space, they will know what to expect and how to do their job properly. They will have spent hundreds of hours on Earth—flying through space on the amazing machines that realistically make believe.

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

IN A RECENT POLL, voters were asked if they favored their state buying voting machines. One person replied: "Definitely not. I think that people ought to vote for themselves."

—AREJAS VITKAUSKAS

THE HOSTESS was a delightfully proper English lady who had never been to the U.S. but her conversation revealed some knowledge of Americans.

"I am a great admirer of Thomas Jefferson—and your country's motto," she said to an American guest. "It is magnificent . . . 'Life, Liberty and the Happiness of Pursuit!' "

—ROBERT ADAMS

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER was testing the knowledge of a group. "What are the sins of omission?" she asked. After a few minutes of silence, a lad in the rear timidly answered, "They're the sins we should have committed—and didn't."

—MRS. ED P. ANDERSON

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How words work

BY DR. BERGEN EVANS

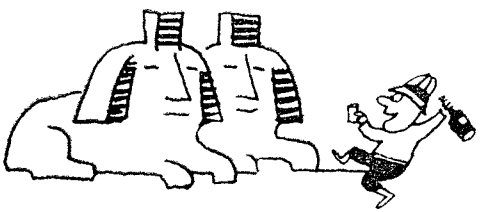
Author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

Why do schoolgirls call a compliment a "trade-last"?

Not every compliment is a trade-last (or a T.L., as they are often called). A trade-last is a quoted compliment and it is offered only on condition that the person to whom it is given reciprocates by quoting something nice that she has heard about the speaker. It seems to mean just what it says: "I'll trade you compliments, but mine will have to come last; that is, after yours." This is probably to insure high quality in the first. Only the very innocent or the very corrupt could deal in such hypocrisy bait.

What is the plural of *sphinx?*

There are very few plurals that an English-speaking person is likely to need less, but if on a trip to Egypt one has had a drink too many and happens to see several of them, he may refer to them as *sphinxes*—though in that condition *sphinxes* would be a very difficult word to pronounce. If he wants to be absolutely correct, however, he will say *sphinges*. The only drawback will be that no one will have the faintest idea of what he's talking about.



Is *tizzy* an accepted word?

Yes, every dictionary lists it. Most class it as slang, which doesn't mean it's not accepted but that it is not used in formal speech or writing. It's an American word and its origins are mysterious. It may be a humorous mixture of *terror* and *dizzy*. It may have something to do with *phthisis* (pronounced TEE s's), an old word for consumption, suggesting faintness and wasting away. Or it may be connected with *tizwin*, a home brew that the Indians of the Southwest used to drive themselves crazy.

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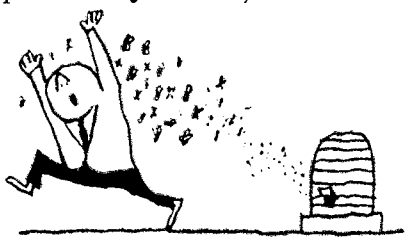
What do we mean when we say that someone is "stung to the quick"?

The original meaning of *quick* is "living." Pregnant women used to be said to be "quick with child" when the movements of the foetus could be perceived. Quicksilver, the old name for mercury, was so called because in its liquid form it seems alive. A quickset hedge is one grown from live cuttings set in the ground. We refer to the sensitive area under the fingernail as the quick. When we say someone is "stung to the quick," we mean he is stung deeply, into the living, sensitive tissue where it hurts—and where the hurt usually produces some vigorous action. The ordinary meaning of *quick*—swift, speedy—is derived from one aspect of certain forms of living things.



How do you pronounce *bayou* and where does it come from?

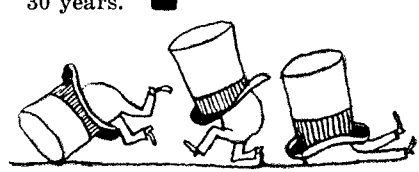
The pronunciation seems to vary as much as the spelling, which has been variously *bayou, bayoue, bayoe, bayeau, bayau* and other assorted forms. Originally it was a Choctaw Indian word for a river or creek. The English transliteration of the Choctaw word was spelled *báyuk*—but that may have conveyed a very vague idea of how the Choctaws pronounced it. The dictionaries recommend BY oo. Many Northerners pronounce it BAY oo. Those who live in them call them BY oes. It's a swampy subject.

Why does "to boot" refer to something thrown in as extra?

The *boot* of this phrase has nothing to do with a high shoe. It is an old word, related to an earlier form of the word *better*. It has been in the language for at least 900 years and means "to the good" or "besides."

Why is a hatter madder than anyone else?

He probably isn't today. But he used to be, or at least he seemed to be. Hatters were poisoned by the mercurial compounds formerly used in making hats. Their gait was lurching, their speech often incoherent and their minds confused. Tenniel's famous drawing of the Mad Hatter in *Alice in Wonderland* is said to be a good clinical representation of the appearance of these unfortunate men. Lewis Carroll didn't invent the Mad Hatter. He simply included him in *Alice*, along with the March Hare, because he was proverbially mad. The expression "as mad as a hatter" antedates *Alice in Wonderland* by at least 30 years.



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The desert's deadliest trackers

THE ARABS of Saudi Arabia tell this fantastic story about a tracker of the Murra Tribe:

A blindfolded Murra was led into the desert on a three days' journey. He was then made to bury a silver coin in the sand. A year later the Murra unerringly returned to the spot and found his coin.

Possibly this story is somewhat extravagant but the tracking ability of the Murras is truly remarkable. A Murra can inspect blurred, windblown camel tracks in dry, shifting sand and tell the age, sex and color of the animal. If the camel is a female, the tracker knows if it is pregnant and for how many months. If the camel is blind in one eye, the Murra knows this from the relationship of the hoofprints to the way the animal grazes.

For over 1,000 years, with their large herds of camels and sheep, the Murras have ranged Saudi Arabia from near Qatar to the forbidding Empty Quarter, an appalling sea of sand which other Bedouin Arabs fear and shun. As a result, Murras are master trackers. Today, each Saudi Arabian police station has one or more expert Murra trackers on the payroll to aid in bringing criminals to justice.

As an example of a Murra in action, consider the story of a young camel herder named Ali. On a blazing afternoon in July 1956, near the holy city of Mecca, Ali dozed in the shade of some desert brush while the herd of camels he tended munched scrub grass. Abruptly, there was a dull crack. Sand spurted up within inches of Ali. As he instinctively reached for his gun, a slug tore through his chest. The shepherd boy twitched and lay still forever.

Startled by the first shot, the camels interrupted their grazing. The second shot sent them lumbering off. Two hours later the camels appeared at the tent of their owner, Mohammed bin Jassim.

"That boy," he snorted. "I pay

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The Amazing Murras who can read murder in a footprint have, for 1,000 years, been avenging crimes of the Arabian desert

BY REGINALD R. LEWIS AND FAHMI Y. BASRAWI

him six riyals a day and he lets my camels find their way home alone."

Later that night when Ali had still not returned, Mohammed became concerned. Next morning he hurried to the Emir (Mayor) of Mecca to report Ali's disappearance. Mohammed was quickly granted an audience. The Emir acted quickly. Soon, Police Captain Mahmood; Rafek, a Murra tracker; and Mohammed were slicing across the desert in a jeep to the area where the camels had been grazing. Ali's body had disappeared.

Here Rafek, the tracker, took charge. He climbed out of the jeep and paced about, his eyes darting over the blurred hoofprints in the wind-blown sands. Now and then he stopped, stared piercingly at the ground and muttered. Suddenly he knelt down, stared and spoke.

"Three Bedouins crept up behind that scrub over there," he said. "Two of them had rifles and shot at the boy, probably hoping to steal the camels, but the animals stampeded. Two of the men are tall and heavy-set. One is skinny and has poor sight in one eye."

Rafek got into the jeep and looked over the top of the windshield as they ground through the sand. "Bear a little to the right. Now straight," he directed as they drove through the labyrinth of tracks.

A thousand yards away the footprints of three men became apparent. Gradually the soft sands gave way to a rocky, gravel plain stretching to the horizon. Captain Mahmood nudged Rafek with his elbow.

"Which way?" he asked. Rafek got out and started a wide circle. He stopped far to the left of the vehicle and waved.

"Here they are," he shouted. "They turned south."

Progress was slower now. Rafek sat on the hood of the jeep where he could more easily detect the imbedded and displaced pebbles. Another hour brought them to a sandy

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spot with a water hole and a few desiccated palm trees.

There were three men, two strong and muscular and one scrawny with a sightless left eye, just as Rafek had read from the sands. "*As Salaam Aleikum,* peace be upon you," they greeted as they eyed the official license plate on the jeep.

"There will be no peace for you who have murdered the boy Ali within sight of the holy city of Mecca," warned Rafek.

"That is a bad joke you make with pious pilgrims," said the one-eyed Bedouin. "We know nothing of a murdered boy. We will report this insult to the Emir."

"You'll have that opportunity," retorted Captain Mahmood. "Get in."

Back at the Mecca police station the three suspects were jailed and subjected to a relentless cross-examination.

But after two days the men still insisted they were innocent. Major Sharaf, Chief of Police, pondered the case. His only evidence was the word of Rafek. The Major had always placed implicit trust in the tracker's testimony, but this time it seemed that the man had erred.

"Rafek, those men are innocent," Major Sharaf said. "They have been interrogated for two days without results. We can't even be sure the boy is dead. We don't have his body."

Rafek extended his arm. "Cut off my hand if I am wrong. I didn't look for the body. I brought you the murderers. The two big men shot the boy but the skinny one was with them," he declared emphatically.

The Major knew Rafek was not merely making a dramatic gesture. He had sincerely pledged his right hand on the truth of his accusations. But how to secure conclusive evidence for a trial?

Major Sharaf ordered a new gold-trimmed robe, a pair of ornate sandals and a bag of gold sovereigns to his office. Then he commanded the guard to bring the skinny Bedouin.

"Why is this man still in jail?" stormed the Major. He thought he detected a flicker of amazement in the sullen face of the Bedouin.

"My dear brother," said the Major, "you should have been freed yesterday. The Emir has ordered me to present you with these clothes and money with our apologies. But next time mind whom you choose for companions.

"Yes," continued the Major, "your two friends have confessed."

"But," the Bedouin said, "we pledged never to mention the affair to anyone. They threatened to cut out my tongue."

"There is one thing you can do to ease our job," continued Major Sharaf. "Show Captain Mahmood where the boy's body is."

The Bedouin swallowed. "They cut off his head. They buried his head one place and the body another."

"Then show the Captain where the head is."

That afternoon Captain Mahmood returned carrying a burlap sack. The Major put a square of cardboard on his desk.

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"Put it on here," he directed. "Turn it to face the door. Now bring those two men here."

The door flung open and the two Bedouins stood transfixed at the sight of their victim's head. They confessed, pleading for the mercy of Allah. There is no mundane mercy for murderers in Arabia. That afternoon they were executed.

But Rafek derived no great satisfaction from this tracking job. It was ridiculously simple. The crime had been committed in soft sand and there had been no violent storm to obscure the evidence. The tracks of the three men he easily separated from the maze of camel prints. Long strides and subtly deeper impressions told him that two men were tall and heavy. Behind the desert scrub he saw impressions of their elbows in the sand made when they sighted their rifles. The shape of these impressions reflected the recoil of the guns so that Rafek knew there had been at least two shots.

Knowing that the third man had one bad eye was a little more difficult but trachoma is a common disease in Arabia. The cautious shuffle of a completely blind man is well known. Loss of sight of one eye changes footprints, too. A one-eyed man turns his head slightly from time to time to favor his good eye. This causes a shift in body balance which results in altered prints.

Rafek had a few difficult miles over the gravel plain when he lost the signs, but he knew his quarry must be heading for water so he just glanced at the sun for his bearings and made for the water hole. A few zigzags across this course and he again picked up the tracks.

Really simple—after 1,000 years of father-to-son training. And there are no correspondence courses in Murra-style tracking. The Murras' working vocabulary is estimated at about 1,000 words of Arabic dialect, sufficient for simple communications, but hardly enough to talk about the subtle judgments made in tracking.

BEFORE he was seven years old Rafek could recognize the tracks of his father, mother and three brothers as well as he knew their faces. By the time he was 13 he could scan day-old tracks and deduce that they were made by a brown female camel, four or five months pregnant, carrying an adult and a small child.

When he was 20, Rafek could read entire stories from the sands as readily as a commuter reads his newspaper. One day a lone soldier mounted on a camel bearing the brand of the Emir of Mecca rode into the camp of Rafek's tribe. The soldier said the Emir needed another tracker. Rafek had never entered any town, much less the holy city of Mecca. He volunteered.

But Rafek first had to pass a test. The Police Chief commanded ten of his 50 men to march through the sand in front of the barracks out of Rafek's sight. Rafek had to identify the ten. They had walked a path only five feet wide, their tracks intermingling. The Chief then ordered the 50 men to pass Rafek in single file. He studied their prints, now

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and then pushing a man out of line.

When the line had completely passed, Rafek had selected only nine men.

"You missed one," the Chief pointed out.

"Major," smiled Rafek, glancing at the spot where the Chief stood, "you are the tenth man."

Rafek got the job.

He was amused, the test was so simple. He might have had difficulty if the tracks had been made a week ago instead of minutes before.

Crime detection in the West often relies heavily on the fingerprint expert. In Arabia, the Murra tracker corresponds to the fingerprint sleuth. But when a criminal wears gloves, the fingerprint man is out of business. The tracker is not so easily foiled.

Once a mechanic drove into the camp of an oil company drilling a well in the forbidding Empty Quarter. The mechanic left the ignition key in his truck while he ate lunch. When he returned the key was missing. He reported to the local Emir who sent a soldier and his Murra tracker to investigate. The camp area was a maze of tracks. The tracker circled about a few minutes and then headed across the desert. A couple of miles away they came upon a Bedouin camp. The tracker beelined for one tent in which four men were drinking coffee. He pointed to one man.

"He has the key," he said.

The Emir's soldier pulled the startled man to his feet and demanded the key. The man produced it from his robe.

"How did you know I took the key?" he asked in amazement. "I wore my friend's sandals."

"I know," he explained. "I could see by the way the heels scuffed that you weren't used to the sandals. I could also tell from your tracks that I was looking for a man with a maimed left arm. I see your left arm is crippled. Do not try to trick a Murra merely by changing your footgear."

A tracker's ability to recognize a man from his tracks even though he has changed his footwear is a mystery that Rafek cannot explain clearly. This may be a partial explanation: characteristic postures and strides must result in characteristic footprints, however subtle. In the case of the key thief, a man with a maimed right arm tends to place more weight on his right foot than on his left.

The Murra tracker keeps his records in his head, hence needs no filing system. For example, recently a man was stabbed to death in his house in Thugba, a little village on the main road from Dhahran to Al Khobar. The investigating tracker had no difficulty in following the prints from the slain man's house to the paved road. Here he could no longer follow. But the tracker memorized every dimension of the footprints to the nearest millimeter.

The Chief of Police rounded up a number of suspects who were known to have dealings with the slain man, including all the man's local relatives. They walked before the tracker. He peered at the sand intently.

"You," he shouted, pointing.

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The man he indicated, the slain man's brother, was seized by the police. The accused offered no defense. He was guilty, and he knew well the futility of attempting to contradict the Murra tracker.

Saudi Arabia has a low crime rate. In the evening you may stroll through the back streets of a Saudi town confident you will be unharmed. Murders are very few and unsolved murder cases a rarity. Prompt trials without complicated legal bickering, and severe, well-publicized penalties for wrongdoers are powerful crime deterrents. But the foremost scourge of the criminal is the implacable and unerring tracking of the Murras. They invariably get their man.

CASUAL COUPLETS

Shapelies, though brainless,
Never go swainless.

Her hat is old and faded,
Her spouse can't be *pursesuaded.*

—*Wall Street Journal*

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ALMOST ANY AFTERNOON, an ascetic-looking Roman Catholic priest in a monastic robe may be seen strolling through the Boston suburb of Brookline, seemingly lost in meditation. But every once in a while he pauses, breaks into a broad grin or an outright chuckle, then digs into his pocket for a three-inch pencil stub and a golf score pad. Scribbling a note to himself, he solemnly walks on.

Eventually, these scrawls turn out to be ideas for a unique cartoon series featuring a puckish, roly-poly apostle called "Brother Juniper." Completely unorthodox as far as cartoon characters go, "Brother Juniper" appears in 102 newspapers in the U.S. and 13 foreign countries, giving his creator, the Rev. Justin McCarthy—a Franciscan priest—a vast parish with some 15,000,000 daily communicants.

In less than three years, the cartoon's popularity has burgeoned phenomenally. Gift shops are now briskly selling 60 varied "Brother Juniper" ceramic items—figurines, plates, cups and saucers, planters, clocks and children's lamps; three Juniper cartoon books have hit the million copy mark; and "Brother Juniper" appeared on TV last year as a symbol of Brotherhood Week.

Brother Juniper fans consider their cartoon favorite a saintly sad-sack in sackcloth, but Father Mc-

BY THEODORE IRWIN

From his "pulpit" in 102 newspapers, Father McCarthy's cartoon cherub tickles the funny bone to elevate the spirit of 15,000,000 faithful

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Carthy, who signs his cartoons "Fr. Mac," modeled him after a 13th-century friar. Holy without suspecting it, Juniper saves souls with an appealingly mischievous personality so distinctly his own that a devoted fan, F.B.I. chief J. Edgar Hoover, once remarked: "I have a hard time realizing that Brother Juniper is not actually a real person."

The blithe expression and features of Brother Juniper bear a striking resemblance to those of his cartoonist-mentor. Sometimes people who meet the 42-year-old, Boston-born Father McCarthy blurt out, "Why, *you* are Brother Juniper!" Unlike the plump cherubic Juniper, however, Fr. Mac is five feet, eight inches tall, wears glasses and has an athletic physique. But the twinkle in his eye is undeniably that of the heavenly-minded jester.

"Juniper," he admits, "is an extension of myself—or vice versa."

Fr. Mac lives with seven other priests at St. Francis Friary in Brookline. His spacious, sparsely furnished room is dominated by three large work tables. A rickety lamp, too low for his drawing board, has to rest on a thick volume of Shakespeare.

"The Bard," he says, dead-pan, "is indispensable to my work."

Like other priests, Fr. Mac offers daily Mass, hears confessions, preaches and holds himself available for counseling. In the afternoon he takes a three-mile hike or keeps circling the secluded garden at the rear of the Friary, thinking up his gags. After supper, he reworks and sharpens them before doing his rough sketches. He draws with a swift southpaw—"the fastest draw in the East," he claims. Each week he illustrates 20 gags, of which six must be good enough for publication.

All his rough cartoons are reviewed by Fr. Mac's "censorship board," composed of the Rev. Father Gerard Fitzsimmons (his superior at the Friary) and Msgr. Francis Lally, editor of *The Pilot*, the diocesan newspaper. Fr. Mac, who worries that he may unintentionally wound someone's feelings, insists that he finds this censorship helpful. "I want my cartoons to be clean as a hound's tooth, to be wholly unobjectionable to anyone," he says. "My board picks the funni-

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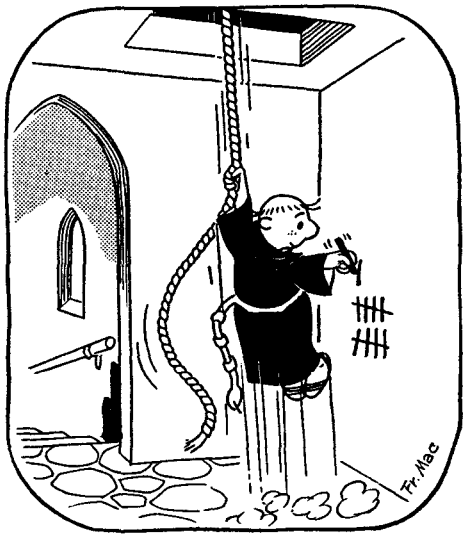
est, those with the broadest appeal."

To free himself for his religious duties, as well as for creative thinking, the priest then passes on his approved roughs to Len Reno, a professional cartoonist who performs the chore of inking them into finished form.

During Mass and confession, Fr. Mac's mind is completely off Juniper. But at all other times, whether it's at table or during a community social at the Friary, he'll whip out his pencil and pad the moment a waggish notion strikes him. His inspiration often comes from acute observation of human frailties as well as from his wide reading. His favorite humorists are England's A. P. Herbert, Canada's Stephen Leacock, America's Damon Runyon —and the famous Jewish comedian Menasha Skulnik.

As a youngster, Justin McCarthy started drawing cartoons with a box of kindergarten crayons; by 12, he was the only child on his block with a collection of rejection slips from *The New Yorker* magazine. At Boston College, he did some cartooning for football programs and the college weekly. But at the end of his sophomore year, when he was 20, McCarthy decided to become a Franciscan priest. "The life and spirit of St. Francis," he recalls, "appealed strongly to me. He had a popular approach, preaching the love of God to the common man simply and directly."

Those who accept the Franciscan calling must take a vow of poverty. McCarthy's father was a well-to-do engineer-architect, and the young man had been brought up in what he calls a very comfortable environ-



"Bulbsnatcher!"

Cartoons courtesy Publishers Syndicate

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ment. Yet poverty didn't faze him. "Instead of being burdened with all the encumbrances of civilization," he says, "I wanted to go back to the simplicity of the original gospel as St. Francis did."

Ordained in 1944, Fr. Mac's effervescent sense of humor soon bubbled to the surface through his yen for cartooning. During World War II, a newsletter was sent to the many Franciscan chaplains scattered throughout the world. On a page devoted to cartoons, Fr. Mac's "Friar Sad Sack" became the progenitor of Brother Juniper.

About ten years ago, Fr. Mac developed a serious throat condition that made him fear he would lose his voice. A priest without a voice, he felt, couldn't preach and would find it hard to help his parishioners. So he cast about for another form of communication. "Following my natural bent and talent," he recalls, "and hooking it up to the Franciscan tradition of appealing to the masses in a popular manner, I hit upon the cartoon as my medium."

Fortunately his throat trouble cleared up after three years and he is now able to accept a stream of public speaking engagements.

As art director of *Friar*, a national Franciscan magazine, Fr. Mac introduced a number of cartoon features. His work impressed an author's agent, Jules Fields, who sold the idea of a religious cartoon to Harold H. Anderson, editor of Publishers Syndicate of Chicago. "It was a case of a Catholic cartoonist being sold by a Jewish agent to a Methodist editor," Fr. Mac observes.

Before he could launch Juniper

"... But first, a message from Our Sponsor."

"Say Ah-men!"

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Fr. Mac had to clear it with his Provincial, the Very Reverend Celsus R. Wheeler, O.F.M., and Cardinal (then Archbishop) Richard Cushing of Boston. Juniper made his first appearance on December 9, 1957, and ever since has been brightening the day for readers of the Los Angeles *Times*, Chicago Daily *News*, New York *Mirror* and other newspapers.

Juniper has brought financial rewards—$30,000 a year from syndication alone—but Fr. Mac, sworn to poverty, doesn't accept a dime. He uses the money chiefly to help Franciscan seminary students.

Significantly, "Juniper" is not a pure figment of Fr. Mac's imagination. Actually, the cartoon character is based on a real Brother Juniper called "the holy clown of the Franciscan order," who lived during the early 13th century. Father McCarthy had read legends about him in *The Book of Fioretti*, a medieval classic. In one story, for example, the kindly little friar let some poor thieves take the robe off his back so that they wouldn't go away empty-handed.

Traditionally, the original Juniper was small and mercurial, a bumbling benefactor who was always tripping over his feet. But no matter how rudely he was treated, Juniper always bounced back with a smile, and was said to have enormous power against the devil.

As Father McCarthy conceived his 20th-century Juniper, he is "one part Friar Tuck, two parts Victor Moore, three parts George Bungle, four parts Everyman, a pinch of Pogo and a *soupçon* of Bishop Sheen."

Through this goodwill envoy, Father McCarthy feels he is doing God's work in a humanistic way. "I try," he says, "to get in a gentle message, and as long as he is making people happy, Brother Juniper is fulfilling his destiny and mine, too."

The message may be subtle or obvious. Fr. Mac's favorite cartoon is one depicting a fence on which youngsters had written "Debbie Loves Pete," "Andy Loves Betty" and similar sentiments. But Juniper letters in his own endearment: "LOVE THY NEIGHBOR." Another of his pet cartoons has Juniper in a pulpit announcing to the congregation: "But first a message from Our Sponsor."

Public reaction to "Brother Juniper" has been preponderantly favorable. Rev. Everett R. Clinchy, past president of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, has given the cartoon his "wholehearted endorsement," while a Congregationalist minister in Evanston, Illinois, once wrote that Juniper is "catholic with a small 'c'. . . . his warm and tender humor is part of the universal language."

Among those who voiced an objection was one reader who didn't like to see Juniper smoking a cigar. And occasionally, Fr. Mac goofs. Once he showed Juniper milking a cow, with the caption reading, "How about one for the road?" A barrage of letters and phone calls reminded Fr. Mac that "You NEVER milk a cow from the left side." For a while after that, he confined Juni-

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per to urban chores. Another cartoon had the little friar playing a piccolo with a bird perched on the instrument and Juniper imploring it to "Get your foot off B-flat!" Again a flood of letters, mostly from children, gently advised him that he had misplaced his B-flat.

How has Juniper affected Fr. Mac? Do the cartoon capers of his alter ego express an unclerical desire to be out in the world of men? The cartoonist-priest contends that his vocation does not require him to be a recluse. "I try to strike a happy medium, combining the active and the contemplative," he says.

Father McCarthy is a rabid Baltimore Colt pro-football fan, and also takes in an occasional big-league baseball game. A spare-time sculptor, he did a figure of Christ writing in the sand which won second prize several years ago in the New England Art Festival. In the summer, when he serves his religious order at Wareham, Massachusetts, he often teaches children how to swim.

Recently, he was the first to complete a six-mile swim to the Cleveland Ledge Light, off Cape Cod.

On the streets of Brookline, Fr. Mac plays softball with the boys, which explains why many Juniper cartoons show the merry friar in baseball situations with kids. One showed a couple of small fry announcing to an astonished monk: "Brother Juniper said we could keep our bats in your belfry."

Most of the Brookline children he plays with happen to be Jewish, which may account for one cartoon in which Juniper stands on the shoulders of a colleague to peer over his monastery wall and call out to a passer-by: "Happy Chanukah, Mrs. Goldberg!"

Fr. Mac believes his brand of humor has wide appeal because of the public's identification with the undefeated underdog. "People recognize that whatever happens to Brother Juniper could happen to them," he says. "It's a lesson that helps teach us there should be no place for pride on earth."

For his 15,000,000 communicants, Fr. Mac's daily sermon is "Keep smiling, no matter what." Could this be considered an 11th Commandment? "I wouldn't say that," he grins. "Who am I to make up a new religion? But if Brother Juniper tickles the funny bone, it's not far to the heart—and from there it's only a hop-skip-and-jump to touch the public soul."

OH, COME NOW!

A PERSONNEL CLERK at Fort Baker, California, received a document in the ordinary course of business, initialed it, passed it on to the officer for whom it was intended, and promptly got it back with this note attached: "This document did not concern you. Please erase your initials and initial the erasure."

—HERB CAEN *(The San Francisco Examiner)*

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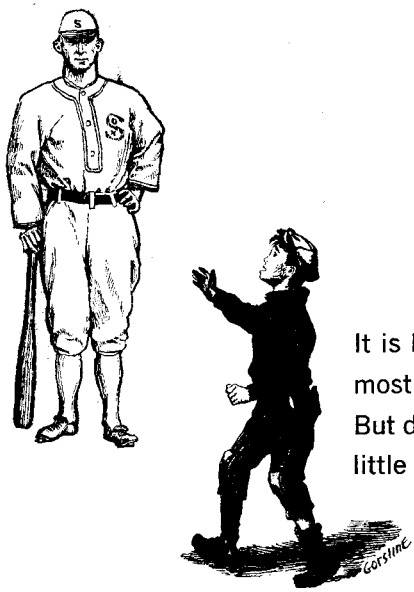

It is baseball's most enduring quotation. But did the little boy really say it?

BY DICK SCHAAP

FORTY-ONE YEARS AGO, the White Sox of Chicago changed color. By conspiring with gamblers and deliberately losing the World Series to the Cincinnati Reds, five games to three, the 1919 White Sox became known, thereafter, as the Black Sox. Today most of the details have faded into vague memories. But through four decades, one has remained vivid. It is the heartbreaking story of a barely literate outfielder from South Carolina—"Shoeless Joe" Jackson—whom Babe Ruth called the greatest natural hitter of all time.

On September 28, 1920, Eddie Cicotte, a brilliant Chicago pitcher, and Jackson confessed to a Cook County grand jury that they had accepted bribes to fix the outcome of the 1919 World Series. After his confession, the story goes, Jackson slipped out of a side door at the Chicago Criminal Court building. As Jackson hurried away, a small boy, dressed in tattered clothes, tearfully grasped the slugger's sleeve. "Say it ain't so, Joe," the boy pleaded. "Say it ain't so." Jackson hung his head. He turned away.

Of all the millions of words that have been uttered by and about baseball players, no other phrase has stayed so fresh and poignant as "Say

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it ain't so, Joe." Through repetition, the memorable expression has endured and become a part of the American idiom.

Under close scrutiny, however, the story seems to develop one flaw. In all likelihood, no one ever came up to Joe Jackson and said, in precisely these words, "Say it ain't so, Joe."

In 1949, two years before he died, Jackson himself insisted the entire incident was fiction. "It just didn't happen," he told an interviewer. "Charley Owens, a sports writer, made it all up." But a contemporary, Bob Stanton, who still works for *The Chicago Daily News*, maintains that Owens had nothing to do with the story. "I think either Ring Lardner or Jim Crusinberry wrote it first," Stanton says, "but I'm not sure. Ask Warren Brown. He'd know."

In 1952, Warren Brown, an able Chicago newspaperman who covers baseball for *The Chicago American*, wrote a history called *The Chicago White Sox*. In his book, Brown dutifully reports the standard version of the Jackson story without question. But, in person, Brown is more cynical. "I don't think it ever happened," he says. "It's like most good stories. It was made up."

Brown's skeptical opinion is not an uncommon one, but there are two men who stick rigidly to the opposite view: Donald Ewing and Jim Crusinberry. Their reasoning is basic. They were there. On September 28, 1920, both Ewing and Crusinberry covered the grand jury hearing and followed Joe Jackson out of the building after his testimony. In his dispatch, Ewing, then night city editor of the Associated Press in Chicago, described this scene: a group of youngsters confronted Jackson and one spoke up, asking, "It isn't true, is it Joe?"

According to Ewing, Jackson faced the group and answered, "Yes, boys, I'm afraid it is."

Ewing, now 64 and associate editor of *The Shreveport* (Louisiana) *Times*, admits he didn't think much of his story when he wrote it. "We didn't even put it on the wire," he says, "until five or six hours later. I certainly never expected what happened afterward. Some song writers took the original quote, changed it to 'Say it ain't so, Joe,' and came up with a popular tune."

The other surviving witness, Crusinberry, tells the story slightly differently. He remembers a youngster grasping Jackson's hand and begging, "Say it isn't so, Joe. Say it isn't so." Then, Crusinberry recalls, Jackson moved silently away and stepped into a waiting car.

As Jackson mellowed with age, he seemed to forget his confession and often protested his innocence. "Suppose," a reporter asked Jackson, who was then in his 60s, "someone had actually said, 'Say it ain't so, Joe,' what would you have done?"

Joe Jackson, the man who once batted .408, drew himself up. "I would have said," he replied, "it ain't so."

I.O.U.: another one of those paper waits. —DAN BENNETT

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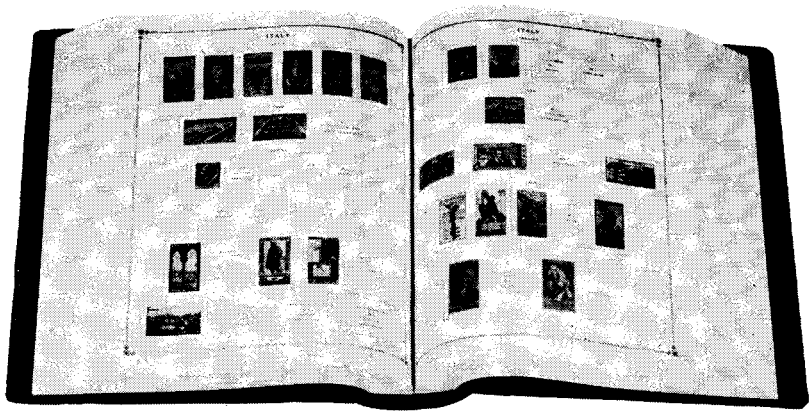

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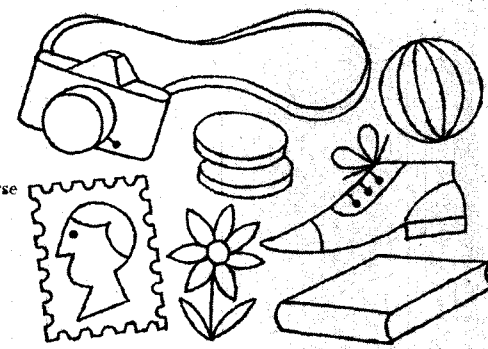

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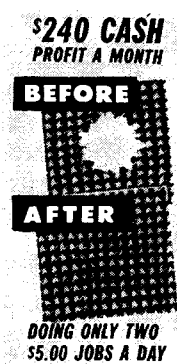

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GRIN AND SHARE IT

A POLITICIAN WAS ASKED, "What did the audience do when you told them you never paid a dollar for a vote?"

"Well," was the reply, "some of them cheered and some of them got up and left." —THE PIPE LINE

FREDERIC FRADKIN, former concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, relates that one evening as he was leaving a concert, he tripped and fell down a flight of stairs. Although he was fortunate in not being hurt, he did break his valuable violin. Several days later he ran into an old friend of the family who very solemnly asked, "How are you feeling? I heard you fell down and broke your Stradivarius." —STEPHEN BROWN

WHILE INSPECTING a new group of draftees the colonel was somewhat astonished to find a gray-bearded old gaffer standing conspicuously among the smooth-faced youngsters. "Good grief, man," he asked, "how on earth did you get drafted?" "Well, sir," was the reply, "I happen to have a twin sister who, like all women, is sensitive about her age. Everyone in town knew we were twins. Now I don't rightly know what age she was giving out—but here I am!" —MARIE H. BREWER

(Continued on page 177)

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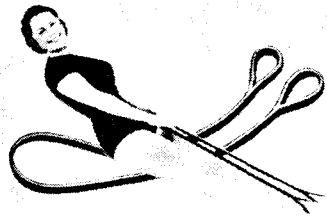

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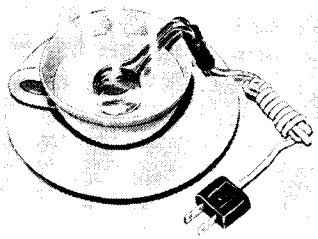

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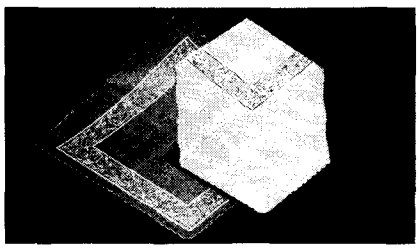

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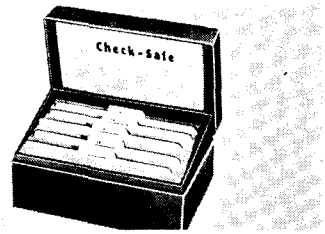

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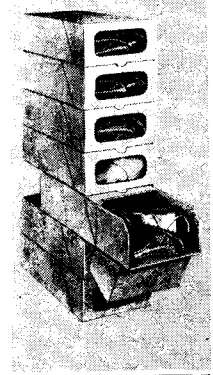

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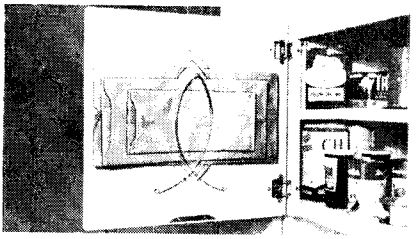

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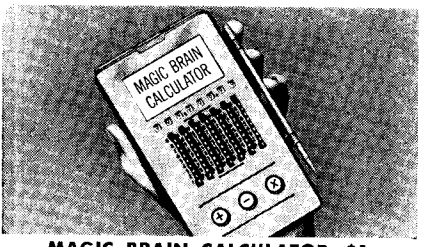
This newly designed Bag Caddy holds up to 40 bags neatly in place. No more jamming bags into drawers, wedging them where they pop out again, stuffing little ones into big ones. Plated wire loops hold every bag you have—big ones, little ones, wide ones, narrow ones, odd ones. Easily fastened to inside of any closet or cabinet door with two screws included. Guaranteed or money back! Only $1, postage paid. Order Bag Caddy from Sunset House, 821 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

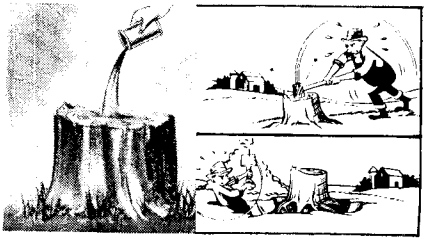
INDOOR GARNISH GARDENS—59¢

Grow Parsley, Chives, Watercress right in your kitchen! Pick it Fresh for flavoring and garnish! Put these handsome golden aluminum containers on your window sill, add water . . . you'll have a fresh grown garden in days. Complete with soil-less nutrient and preplanted seeds. You must be pleased or your money back! Garnish Gardens, only 59¢ each, postage paid. Specify Parsley, Chives or Watercress. Get all 3 for only $1.49. Order from Sunset House, 821 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.



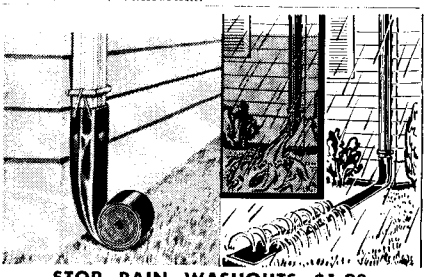
MAGIC BRAIN CALCULATOR—$1

Pocket-size adding machine does all your math problems with ease. Adds-subtracts-multiplies to 99,999,999. Magic Brain Calculator balances check books, adds grocery tapes, bridge scores, children's school-work, income tax statements, car mileage. Gives you all the answers in seconds. Simple to use . . . all steel mechanism works fast. For housewives, professional men, businessmen, students . . . Guaranteed to please or your money back! Magic Brain Calculator, only $1, postage paid. Sunset House, 821 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.



MAKE STUMP REMOVER—$1.50

Don't dig! Don't chop! Don't blast or get rid of those ugly tree stumps on your property. Remove them like magic with wonderful new chemical which quickly decomposes wood fibres all the way to the root tips. Simply pour it into center of stump. Final removal's a cinch. Harmless to nearby planting. 8 oz. (for 1-2 stumps). You must be pleased or your money back! Stump Remover only $1.50, postage paid. Order from Sunset House, 821 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.



STOP RAIN WASHOUTS—$1.98

Rain-Drain eliminates gutted, gullied, washed out lawn areas around downspouts automatically! Rain-Drain is a 12 ft. rolled up green plastic sleeve . . . easily attached to downspouts. When water flows through downspout Rain-Drain unrolls carrying away the rushing water. Sprinkler holes at end soak and spray without damage. Wear-proof! Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back! Rain-Drain, only $1.98, postage paid. Order from Sunset House, 821 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

REMOVE HAIR FROM NOSE AND EARS—$1

New, automatic Nose Clippers gets rid of unsightly hair from the nostrils and ear lobes fast! Just a twist of the handle and the job's done! It's easy and painless! Scientifically-designed rotating scissors clip the superfluous hair gently and with absolute safety. Made of fine chrome-plated surgical steel. This good-grooming aid is great! Guaranteed to do the job or your money back! Only $1, postage paid. Order Nose Hair Clipper from Sunset House, 821 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

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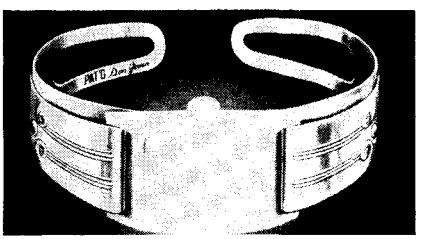
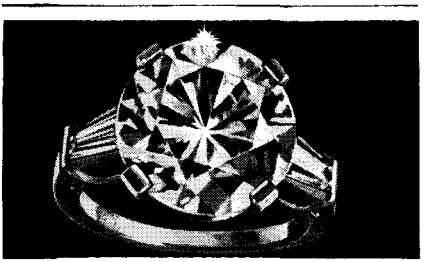
IT'S GREAT TO BE TALLER

Now at last it's easy to add all-important inches to your height! Just step into a pair of height increasing "Elevators" shoes and instantly you are almost 2 inches taller. You are a big man—with new poise and *confidence—the kind of man everyone looks up to!* "Big" men everywhere wear "Elevators" with no one the wiser—"Elevators" look exactly like other fine shoes. Feel comfortable the minute you put them on. Send today for exciting free booklet. 34 styles. Write Brockton Footwear, Inc., Dept. 2-109, Brockton 68, Mass.



CLASP-ON WATCH BAND FOR MEN

Contoured to comfortably fit the wrist, will not twist or turn, maximum dial visibility. Non-magnetic, perspiration-proof. Can be taken apart with ease and cleaned—no other band has this feature. Sml-Med-Lge 5/8" or 11/16" lug widths. All stainless steel only $4.95. With beautiful embossed yellow gold filled adj. clips, $9.95 fed. tax incl. At your jewelers or order direct. Free brochure on request. Don Juan Watch Bands, 29 E. Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.



FREE DIAMOND BUYING GUIDE

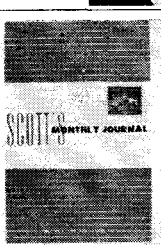
Free illustrated Diamond Buying Guide furnishes all the facts you should know before you ever buy a single diamond anywhere! Describes hundreds of styles in genuine diamond jewelry mounted in latest 14 K gold or platinum settings. Bargain prices from $25 to $5,000—cash or credit—defy competition! Guide explains Standard Diamond Grading System and Bonded guarantee that protects you 100%. Send for this valuable free money-saving guide today. Kaskel's, Dept. 14-J, 41 West 57 St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

YOUR OLD FUR INTO NEW CAPE, STOLE

. . . or jacket, for only $22.95. Let Morton's remodel your old, worn fur coat, jacket or cape into a glamorous new fur fashion for only $22.95. Includes restyling, new lining, interlining, monogram, cleaning, glazing. Order from Morton's, world's largest fur restyling specialists. Get selection unmatched at any price (more than 40 styles). Greater value. Styling praised by Harper's Bazaar, Mademoiselle, Glamour, other fashion experts. Thousands of delighted customers all over U. S. Send no money. Just mail us your old fur, state dress size and height. Pay postman, plus postage, when your new restyled fashion arrives. Or write for Morton's new Free Style Book. Morton's Dept. 150W, 312 7thN.W., Washington4, D.C.

NEW BLEUMETTE BRA

Heavenly comfort! Just two cups to lift sag to youthful highlines. No shoulder straps. No wires, no bones. The ultimate in bosom loveliness . . . highlights natural beauty. Holds you firmly and securely with absolute comfort! Perfect for backless and strapless gowns on glamorous Special Occasions. Created by a top New York bra designer. Velvety soft and pliable yet sturdy material . . . Flesh Color . . . . . Sizes A, B and C . . . . . Package of 2 pair for only $2.98 postpaid with primer to restore adhesive edge of bra. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or MO to Blumette, Inc. . . . . Department A-234 . . . . . 509 Fifth Avenue . . . . . New York 17, N. Y. . . . . .



STAMP COLLECTOR'S JOURNAL

Keep yourself posted on latest stamp-world developments; Keep your Scott catalogs current and up to date with the authoritative Scott's Monthly Journal. Carries latest prices, new-issue information, catalog changes, articles, illustrations, facts of interest to both the specialist and the average collector. 1 year (11 issues) $4. Canada $4.50. Foreign $5. Each copy sent by first class mail. Payment with order, please. Write today: Scott—Dept. CL—Portland Pl.—Boulder, Colorado.

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(Continued from page 173)

A PROMINENT ATTORNEY was recently defending a man in a murder case in Texas. The case had been a long one, and after the case, the attorney surprised everyone by getting up and addressing the jury as follows:

"Gentlemen, this has been a long case, and I know that you are tired and all of you want to get home to your families. If it's all right with the prosecutor, I will waive my rebuttal speech so that you may wind up the case and go home."

This put the prosecutor on a spot, and there was nothing he could do but agree. Then, the jury found the defendant "Not Guilty." —GARVIN PARK

A CHARITABLE WOMAN noticed a down-and-out sort of a man standing at the corner of the street near her house. One morning she took compassion on him, pressed a dollar into his hand and whispered, "Never despair."

The next time she saw him, he stopped her and handed her nine dollars.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"It means, Ma'am," said the man, "that 'Never Despair' won at 8 to 1."

—JIM PINKSTON

WHILE PERFORMING some duties at the hospital during the last year's Christmas season, there was an air of gay excitement as nurses and

$13.95

Crompton Corduroy Classic You Will Live In All Fall

Tailor-made to take you smartly thru a busy day's schedule unruffled. Has easy-to-get-into snap front and self belt. Finely tailored of Genuine Crompton Corduroy—washable and color-fast. Also available with ¾ cuffed sleeves. Choice of Desert Tan, Pink, Coral, Avocado Green, Flannel Grey or Blue.

Sizes 10-44—12½-24½

Sizes up to 20....$13.95 Sizes over 20.....$15.95
Satisfaction Guaranteed Add 50¢ postage
Send check or money order $3 deposit for C.O.D.'s

OLD PUEBLO TRADERS
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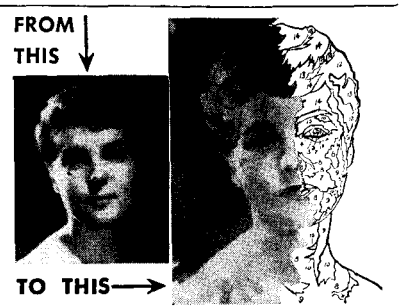

OIL PORTRAIT KIT . . . $9.95
No Experience Necessary!

Send only $9.95 & a Photograph Portrait, Sharp Clear Snapshot or Color Slide (Any Size, Black and White or Color) to receive a "Portrait-Kit" which includes a 16" x 20" Canvas Panel Diagrammed to Paint the Portrait by Numbered Blanks; All Oil Paints; Two Fine Brushes; Full Instructions and Your Unharmed Photo. Indicate Hair and Eye Coloring. Our new Paint-By-Numbers Process (Pat. Pend.) Results in a Professional Style Portrait Without the Usual Patchwork Appearance. Thousands of Satisfied Customers. Send only $9.95 to:

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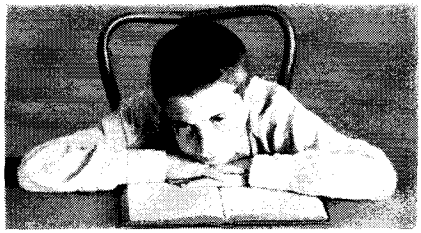
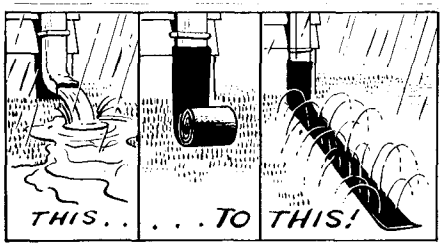


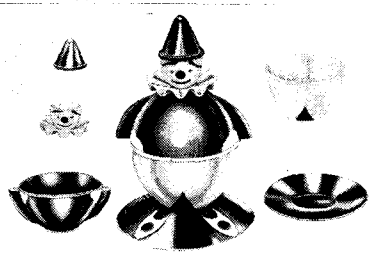
IF YOUR CHILD IS A POOR READER

See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show that children gain up to full year's grade in reading skill in 6 weeks. Write today for your free illustrated folder and low price on The Sound Way to Easy Reading. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Department GR-16, Wilmette, Illinois.



ENDS RAIN WASHOUT! NOW ONLY $1

Automatic Rain Sprinkler prevents washouts, mud holes, soil erosion & lawn damage! Sturdy wear-resistant plastic tube 8' long, attaches in a moment to round or rectangular spout. Remains rolled up till it rains. Then, as water rushes thru sprinkler it automatically unrolls—conducts water away from house—gently sprinkles where it can do no harm. Saves expense of installing dry wells. Protects lawn! Thousands sold for $1.98. Now only $1 ppd. Money back guar. Spencer Gifts, Z-15 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.



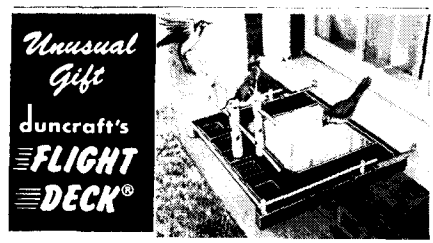
CHILD'S TOY BECOMES EATING SET

Exciting new take-apart toy clown turns into a cup, bowl, plate, egg cup and salt shaker. Children from 6 months to 9 years old love this brand new, irresistible plastic clown. As a colorful, educational toy it keeps children amused and occupied for hours. As a 5 piece eating set it perks up appetites . . . makes food more appealing . . . makes mealtimes a real pleasure for children and parents too. $1.98 each, 2 for $3.49, 3 for $4.95 Ppd. Ridgewood Products, Dept. 9-CO, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

young internes, carrying beribboned packages, hurried by me toward a certain room near the X-ray department. Finally my curiosity got the better of me and I asked my nurse if anything special was going on.

"No," she explained laughing. "It's just that when anyone on the staff gets a 'Do Not Open Until Christmas' present, they bring it down here to have it fluoroscoped so they can tell what they are getting."

—DR. L. BINDER

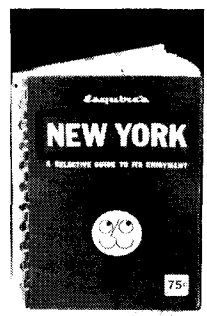


LURE WILD BIRDS TO YOUR WINDOW

Identify birds, their songs, calls, markings, courtship, feeding of young! Flight Deck is a quality product that will last for years. Ideal for shut-ins, youngsters, all bird lovers. Clips on or off any window sill instantly—no tools. Large 17" x 15", all weather lifetime duralon, green, white trim, 4 seed wells, water pool, hardwood perches, feeding stick. Gift packed with card, only $5.95. Add 60¢ each, shipping. Money back guarantee. Duncraft, Dept. C-9, Penacook, N. H.

ESQUIRE'S NEW YORK GUIDE

Planning a visit to New York? Then you'll want a copy of Esquire Magazine's new Guide to the world's biggest and most interesting city. Its title is "Esquire's New York—A Selective Guide to Its Enjoyment." And enjoyment is exactly what you will get out of it, for this Guide is a joy to read—gay, witty and sparkling! When you visit New York, you'll double your fun by following the tips in the Guide on where to go, what to do, what to see, where to dine. Read famous writers such as Mort Sahl, Gay Talese, Joseph Wechsberg, Gerry Mulligan, and many others. To order your copy send 75¢ check, coins or money order (no stamps), to Reader Service Department P. O. Box 402, Radio City Sta., New York 19, N. Y.



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A SCOTTISH FARMER went to Glasgow to buy a new radio. Two days later he returned to the store, bringing the radio with him.

"Don't you like the way it sounds?" the salesman asked.

"Sounds fine," the farmer answered. "But it's the wee light bothers me. I canna read by it."

—MICHAEL VALENTI

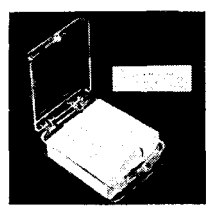
ISN'T IT HARD to keep a budget straight?" wailed a housewife to her neighbor over the back fence.

"My dear, it's terrible," confided the neighbor, "this month I had to put in four mistakes to make mine balance."

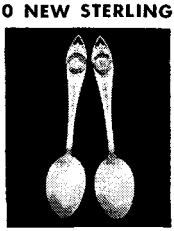
—ANNE WILLIAMS

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-KT, Lynn, Massachusetts.



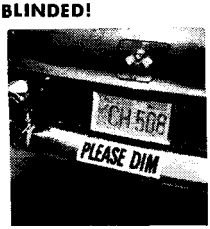
50 NEW STERLING SILVER STATE SPOONS



Each coffee spoon has authenticated state seal with name, date and number of Statehood. Spoons are 4¼ inches long, weighing over 5½ pennyweight of sterling silver. Complete price, $2.00 each, includes taxes and postpaid. No C.O.D. Satisfaction guaranteed. Chandelier House of Gifts, P. O. Box 681, Central City, Colorado.

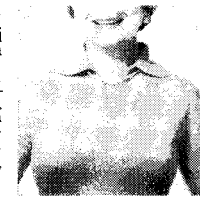
DON'T BE BLINDED!

The driver behind you doesn't know his bright lights are bothering you. Visible well over 200 ft., this courteous reminder on your bumper tells him so. Safe-Glo sign is 3" x 12" with large 2½" letters. Made of highly fluorescent and reflective materials. Self-adhesive backing. Only 50¢ ea., ppd. Garitty Co., 5011 Elton St., Baldwin Park, Calif.



AFTER BREAST SURGERY

Look and feel normal again . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C. Identical Form Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.



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"The talk of the country." Save up to 50% buying direct from one of the world's well-known diamond cutters. Over 5000 diamond ring styles $50 to $50,000. Ring mailed to you for inspection without payment if reference given. Credit Terms. Write for Catalog C-4, Empire Diamond Corp., Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y. Free Diamond Catalog C-7.

LOOK MANY YEARS YOUNGER

Temporary Wrinkle Remover. This is the sensational liquid you heard beauty editors rave about. It won't banish wrinkles forever But it will remove wrinkles for a period of about 6 to 8 hours (wonderful for that special date). Works instantly. Special Offer! Return this ad with $1 & receive a regular $2.50 bottle ppd. Lechler, 560 (C-9) B'way, N.Y.

FREE SHOE CATALOG—SIZES 1 TO 5 ONLY!

Specializing in beautiful shoes designed to fit and flatter your little feet—catalog shows style variety for all occasions—spikes, midways, casuals, formals, flats, even bed slippers! Illusion-heel pump beauty shown in briarwood or in black softie calf, $12.95. For best fit in your size see all in our catalog . . . Cinderella of Boston 85T South St. Boston 11, Mass.

LIFE INSURANCE FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

If under 80, you can still apply for a $1000 regular Old Line Legal Reserve life insurance policy. Entire transaction handled by mail. No one will call on you. Mail post card or letter today. Give name, address & year of birth. Complete info. sent by return mail. Address Old American Insurance Company, 4900 Oak, Dept. L925M, Kansas City, Mo.

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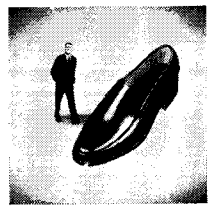
FOR BIG OR TALL MEN ONLY

We specialize in large sizes only! Sizes 10 to 16; widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf *shoes, insulated boots, sox,* slippers, jackets. Also dress and sport shirts with bodies cut full 4" longer than usual. Sold by mail only, satisfaction fully guaranteed! Write for your free style book today! King-Size, 3250 Forest Street, Brockton, Mass.



NEW NATURAL HAIRPIECE

An amazing new natural hairpiece — complete or partial—has been developed by Louis Feder. So lustrous, so real (it's human hair!). You can comb it, set it any way you like. Swim in it, sleep in it—absolutely secure. Individually styled to your needs. Write for illustrated booklet "C-5" House of Feder, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

WHY DRESS OLD-FASHIONED?

For only $10—we can change your double-breasted suits and overcoats into up-to-date narrow lapel, single-breasted styles. Also wide lapel, single-breasted suits made narrow lapel. No fitting necessary. Bring in or mail your coat with $5 deposit. Goodwin Master Tailors, 3248 3rd Avenue (at 163rd St.), Bronx 56, New York. WY1-4350. Open 9 AM to 7 PM.

FREE NORTH AMERICA, FLAG STAMPS

Exciting valuable collection of genuine, all-different postage stamps from Greenland (North Pole), St. Pierre, Newfoundland, *U. N., Colonial & Civil* War Commemoratives, scarce 1857 Canada Map Stamp, British Columbia. Extra! 87 Foreign Flag Stamps; big bargain catalog, other exciting offers. Send 10¢ for mailing. Kenmore, Milford, EF-148, N. H.

MAKE MONEY SELLING THE FINEST

greeting cards. Call on friends with beautiful new Christmas Cards, everyday and birthday cards, toys, gifts and household items. New catalog and samples will be sent on approval. 87 free samples name-imprinted Christmas Cards, stationery, wedding announcements, napkins and matches. Big commissions. Mitchell Greetings Co., Dept. CD-960, 47 W. 7 Mile, Detroit 3, Michigan.

TWO MALE GOLFERS were highly annoyed by a pair of female duffers on the links in front of them. The women stopped to chat, picked flowers, admired the scenery, and generally made life miserable for the players following.

At one point, the two men stood on a tee for nearly 25 minutes while one of the women apparently looked for her ball about a hundred yards down the fairway.

"Why don't you help your friend find her ball?"one of the indignant golfers finally shouted to the second woman who stood watching her companion search.

"Oh, she's got her ball," the woman replied sweetly. "She's looking for her club." —GEORGE CRAFT

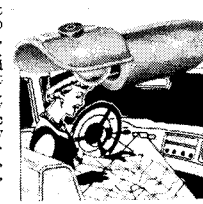
A MAN WAS SAILING in the channel between Southern California and Catalina Island in a fog when a new 40-ft. power boat loomed up.

DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE!

Draw any person, still life, map, photo, landscape without talent! Anything is automatically seen on paper thru Magic Art Reproducer. Reduces, Enlarges. Follow lines of "picture-image" with pencil for artistic drawing. $1.98 postpaid with order, or C.O.D. plus postage. Money back guar. after trial. Norton Dept. 392, 296 Broadway, N. Y. 7.

HANDY PLUG-IN DASH LITE

Plug into car lighter at any angle. Light's on to read maps, count change, write. No battery, switch. Hood prevents windshield reflections, sheds light safely below driver vision. Magnet "stores" it on any steel part. Sturdy plastic with replaceable bulb, only $1. Full moneyback guaranteed. Jarco Products Co., 6568 N. Sheridan Rd., Chicago 26. Ill.



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"Which way to Catalina Island?" shouted the man at the wheel of the power boat.

The yachtsman got out his parallel rule and laid a course on the chart. "West by north by half a north," he called.

"Don't get technical," cried the other. "Just *point*." —QUOTE

A FEW YEARS AGO the Yankee star, Mickey Mantle, stumbled in the field and reinjured his bad knee. He was rushed to the hospital and went through a series of x-rays and examinations. One day between tests he sat on the terrace and talked to another patient, an elderly lady who knew nothing about baseball.

"How did you hurt your leg?" she asked.

"Playing ball," was the reply.

"Oh," said the lady, "won't you boys ever grow up?" —A. M. A. JOURNAL

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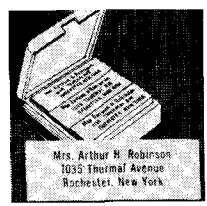

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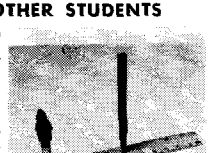

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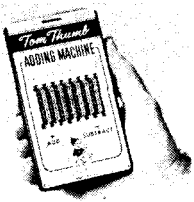

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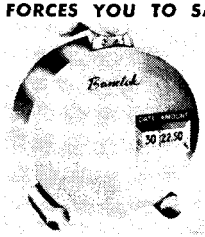

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JUST AFTER A TORNADO which ruined a small town in Texas, a newspaper reporter was talking to one of the elderly natives who was watching the clean-up job.

"Were you in the tornado?" asked the newspaperman.

"Well, son, it all depends on how you look at it," replied the old fellow. "When the roof fell in, she fell just right. And when the walls caved in, they only nudged me. The hot stove got pushed across the room, but it stopped just before it hit me, and while it set the house on fire, I got out just in time."

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The old man stopped talking and considered the situation for a long moment. "I guess you couldn't say I was *in* that tornado," he said slowly, "but I was gettin' gosh-awful close to it!" —DAN BENNETT *(Quote)*

ONE OF THE SILLIEST reasons for the cancellation of an order to buy a plot occurred in a Newark cemetery when a chap explained, "I notice that my plot is near a lake and that's undesirable—it would affect my rheumatism." —HY GARDNER

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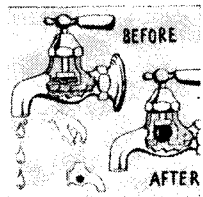

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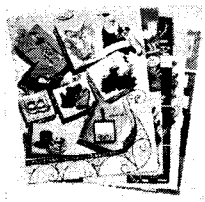

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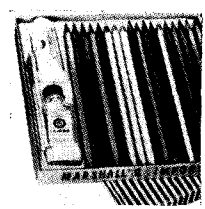

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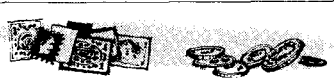

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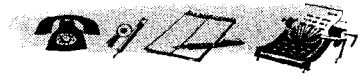

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by Will Bernard

IN MICHIGAN, a singer and an orchestra leader went to court to settle a contract dispute. The legal issues were complex, and the judge, after announcing his decision, suddenly burst into song, crooning a few bars of *April Showers*.

"I just wanted you all to know," he explained to the startled litigants, "that I was musically qualified to decide the case."

IN GEORGIA, a prosecutor became disgusted with the tactics of an opposing lawyer. "Don't you think," he asked the judge point-blank, "that defense counsel is the greatest liar you ever saw?"

"I wouldn't say that," parried the judge, "but he certainly wrestles with the truth harder than any other lawyer on the circuit."

IN NEW YORK, a judge listened attentively to both sides in a paternity suit brought by a stenographer against her boss. When it came time to announce his verdict, he drew a cigar out of his pocket and handed it to the defendant with a flourish. "Congratulations!" His Honor said. "You have just become a father!"

IN MISSOURI, jurors were being selected to try an accused wife-slayer. One man asked to be excused on the ground that, as a bachelor, he knew very little about women. With a sigh, the judge rejected the plea. His Honor explained that, as a husband, he himself knew even less.

IN ALABAMA, a broad-minded judge let petty offenders roll a huge pair of dice to determine the number of days they would get in jail. After the judge's death his secret came out: the dice were loaded.

IN MISSOURI, a justice of the peace posted a set of rules for the guidance of the attorneys practicing in his courtroom. Rule Number Nine read: "Please don't ask me to step out for a drink during business hours. I can't go, and I don't want to get into the habit of refusing."

IN NEW JERSEY, a motorist was arrested for almost running down a policeman. At the trial, he acknowledged that he had downed four beers just before climbing into his car. "But that didn't affect me at all," he assured the judge. "It was the cigar I had afterward that made me dizzy."

"Twenty-five dollars," snapped the judge, "for driving while under the influence of a cigar."

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